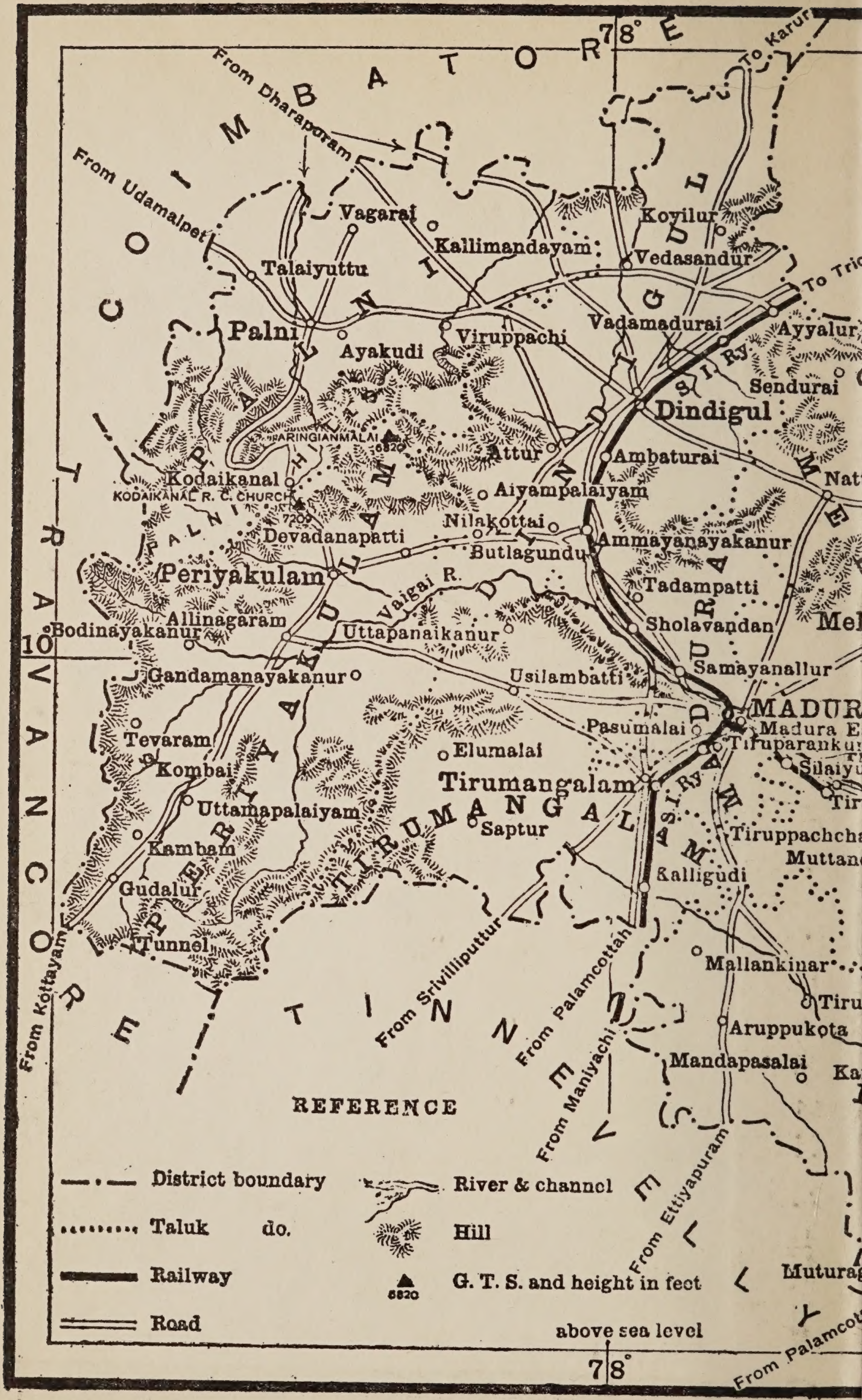
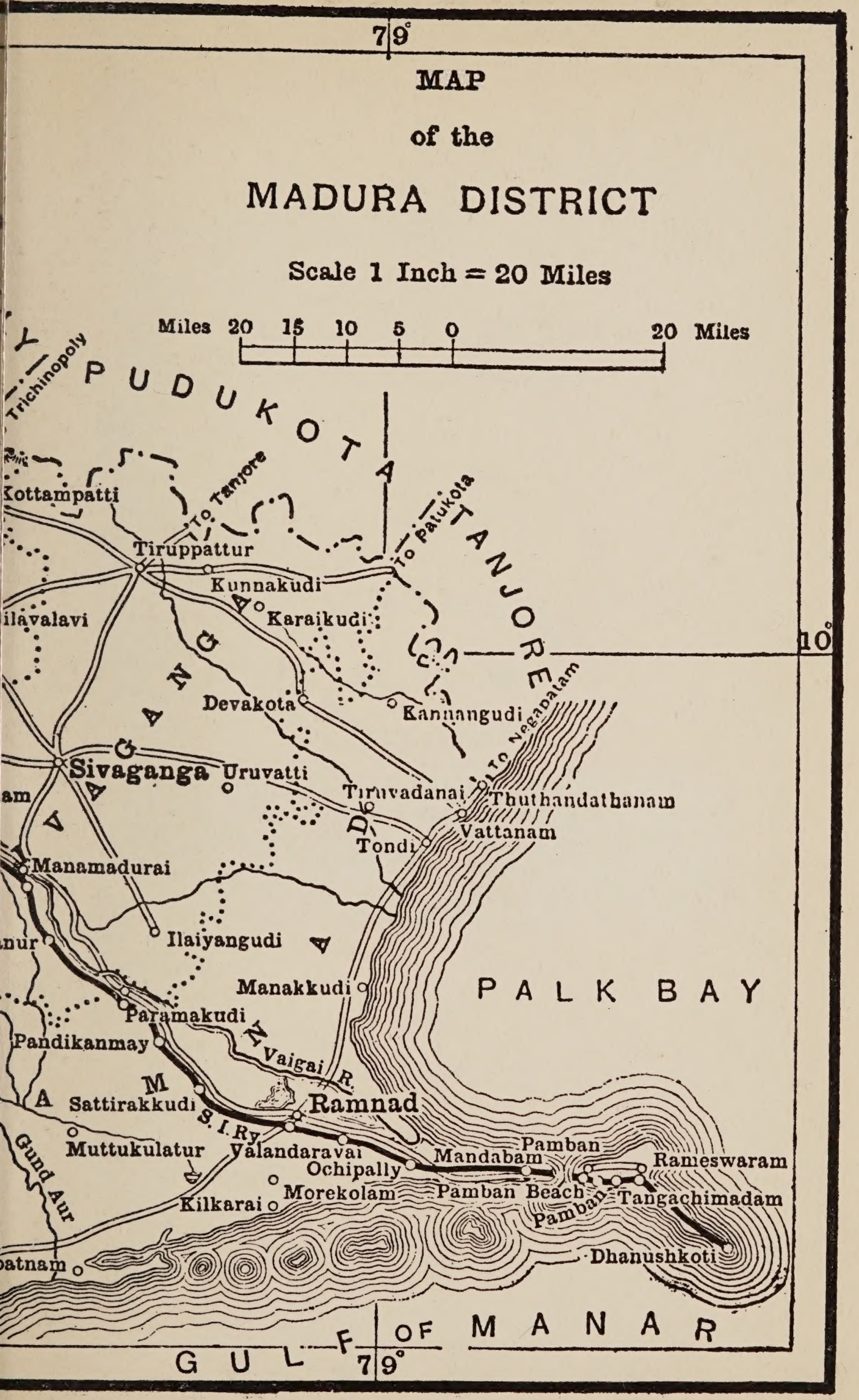

78°
COIMBATORE
From Dharapuram
From Udamalpet
To Karur
To Tric
DINDIGUL
Vagarai
Kallimandayam
Koyilur
Vedasandur
Talaiyuttu
Palni
Ayakudi
Viruppachi
Vadamadurai
Ayyalur
S. I. Ry.
Sendurai
Dindigul
PALNI HILLS
PARINGIANMALAI
6820
Attur
Ambaturai
Kodaikanal
KODAIKANAL R. C. CHURCH
7200
Aiyampalaiyam
Nilakottai
Devadanapatti
Butlagundu
Ammayanayakanur
Nat
Periyakulam
Vaigai R.
Tadampatti
Allinagaram
Bodinayakanur
Uttapanaikanur
Sholavandan
Mel
10
Samayanallur
Gandamanayakanur
Usilambatti
MADUR
Madura E
Pasumalai
Tiruparanku
Tevaram
Elumalai
Silaiyu
Kombai
Tirumangalam
Tir
Uttamapalaiyam
Saptur
S. I. Ry.
Tiruppachcha
Kambam
Muttan
Gudalur
Kalligudi
Tunnel
PERIYAKULAM
TIRUMANGALAM
MADURA
MELUR
TRAVANCORE
TINNEVELLY
Mallankinar
From Kottayam
From Srivilliputtur
From Palamcottah
Tiru
Aruppukota
From Maniyachi
Mandapasalai
Ka
From Ettiyapuram
Muturag
From Palamcot
REFERENCE
District boundary
River & channel
Taluk do.
Hill
Railway
G. T. S. and height in feet above sea level
6820
Road
78°



MAP

of the

MADURA DISTRICT

Scale 1 Inch = 20 Miles

Miles 20 15 10 5 0 20 Miles
79°
10°
PUDUKOTA
TANJORE
Trichinopoly
Kottampatti
To Tanjore
To Patukota
Tiruppattur
Kunnakudi
Karaikudi
ilavalavi
Devakota
Kannangudi
To Negapatam
Sivaganga
Uruvatti
Tiruvadanai
Thuthandathanam
Vattanam
Tondi
Manamadurai
Ilaiyangudi
PALK BAY
Manakkudi
Paramakudi
Pandikanmay
Vaigai R.
M
A
Sattirakkudi
Ramnad
S.I.Ry.
Muttukulatur
Valandaravai
Ochipally
Mandabam
Pamban
Rameswaram
Pamban Beach
Pamban
Tangachimadam
Morekolam
Kilkarai
Gund Aur
Dhanushkoti
patnam
GULF OF MANAR
RAMNAD

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A CENTURY IN THE MADURA MISSION

South India

1834 to 1934

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A Century In The Madura Mission

South India 1834-1934

BY
✓
HARRIET WILDER

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“The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.”

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Introduction

JUST AS India was fully opened to the Gospel by the new terms of the East India Charter of 1813, a group of missionaries sailed from Boston under appointment of the newly established American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. On arrival at Calcutta, they met the unexpected opposition of the East India Company, and were ordered to leave at once. Of this group, Judson and Rice united with the Baptists and found their way ultimately to Burma; Hall and Nott received passports to Bombay, where they established the first mission of the American Board. The Newells went to Mauritius, then called the Isle of France, where Harriet Newell died, "without one regret at leaving her native land for the cause of Christ." In February, Mr. Newell started to join his friends in Bombay, but was providentially landed on the island of Ceylon.

Anticipating that the brethren might be forced to leave Bombay, he decided to remain there. For ten months he preached in English to the foreigners and Eurasians, then called "Hindu Britons," in Colombo, and gained a knowledge of the Tamil language and of the situation in Ceylon. He wrote urgent letters to the Board advising the establishment of a mission which would move to the continent of India at the first opportunity. On the conclusion of peace with Great Britain after the War of 1812, the American Board sent a group of missionaries to join him in Ceylon. Dr. Edward Warren, Mr. Richards, of haystack prayer-meeting fame, and Messrs. Bardwell, Meigs and their wives sailed from Boston in August, 1815.

With the Governor's permission, they hired a house in Colombo, and, while studying the Tamil language, assisted the English missionaries. After about a year they settled in Jaffna, at the extreme north of the island. Jaffna is a coral island rich in agricultural resources. Here they were separated only by Palk Strait from the Tamils of South India, the land of their hopes. The Governor gladly gave them permission to occupy the ruined Dutch churches and houses in the stations they chose.

They opened schools and began evangelistic work among the

Tamils, descendants of Tamils from India, who had colonized North Ceylon in the second century B.C. In 1818 Dr. John Scudder, the Spauldings, Winslows and Woodwards arrived. But the mission was informed that the government would not grant permission for more missionaries to join them.

In 1833 a new governor removed the restrictions on the mission, and the next year the American Board sent out seven new missionaries with their wives. With these accessions, the time seemed at hand when the mission could carry out its original purpose of entering the harvest fields of India. But in spite of the permission set down in the charter of the East India Company, the directors did not regard the new charter as opening the way to American missionaries. Even the British missionaries who first applied for admission were refused.

An opportunity for seeking permission to enter India arose from an apparently sad circumstance, the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Woodward. In February their condition had become so low that they were advised to go to the Nilgiri Hills, in the hope of benefiting by the coolness of the high altitude of these southern Indian hills. There they found Lord William Bentinck, governor general of India, and Sir Frederick Adam, governor of Madras.

One day, when Mr. Woodward was dining with the Governor, Sir Frederick remarked that he was not satisfied with the missionary operations in Madras.

"What would you regard as a better mode?" asked Mr. Woodward.

"I have given this matter much careful thought, and will describe a plan I have worked out," replied the Governor.

When he had explained his idea of what a mission might best do, Mr. Woodward replied, "It gives me much pleasure to tell your Excellency that the course of the American missionaries in Jaffna is, in all important respects, that which you have just outlined. I can send you our printed reports, which show this."

He went on to explain the work of the Jaffna Mission, while the Governor listened with great interest. Some days later, when Sir Frederick had carefully examined the reports, he said, "I am much pleased with the plan of work these reports demonstrate."

"Would you object to having the same things done in your district?" asked Mr. Woodward.

"No one could answer that but the 'Governor in Council,'" replied Sir Frederick.

Sir Frederick was supposed to be in Madras, but had come to the Nilgiris to be near the military operations against the Coorg Rajah, who had rebelled against British authority as vested in the East India Company. So Mr. Woodward wrote him an official letter of application, duly sending it to Madras. It was forwarded from the Governor's office there to the Nilgiri Hills, where the Governor wrote granting the application, and sent his reply back to Madras, whence it returned to Mr. Woodward.

One can well imagine the thrill of exaltation with which Mr. Woodward wrote to his co-workers in the Jaffna Mission. But the added excitement in his frail state of health sapped his strength, and he decided to return to Jaffna if he could get so far, or at least to Madura.

CHAPTER 1

The Jaffna Mission Seeks New Fields

ON MONDAY, the 21st of July, 1834, a little company of American missionaries stood on the sandy shore of the Gulf of Manar, in the Bay of Bengal, near the village of Vartakottai in Jaffna. The hot breath of the southwest monsoon stirred little whirlwinds of sand and rustled the dry fronds of the lofty coconut palms against the brazen sky. Behind them were the scenes of their former labors and around them were their fellow laborers from various stations in the Jaffna Mission, both American and Ceylonese, bidding a fond farewell to their friends about to embark for the mainland of south India.

The leader of the party was the Reverend Levi Spaulding, who had been for fifteen years in the Jaffna Mission. He was a tall man with dark eyes, thick curly hair and beard and a commanding dignity of appearance. With him were the Reverend William and Mrs. Lucy Brownell Todd, and the Reverend Henry R. Hoisington, somewhat younger than the others. Mr. Todd, not so tall or imposing a figure as Spaulding, though about the same age, had a closer-clipped light beard and mustache and an anxiously lined face.

With them were three natives of Ceylon; Francis Asbury, Edward Warren 1st, and Edward Warren 2nd. They had come from their work in the boarding school and seminary of the Jaffna Mission, sent as missionaries to the continent by the Native Evangelical Society of Jaffna. This was to them a perilous voyage to unknown shores, far from kindred and friends, to dwell among strangers with strange customs, exiles from home in the Name of their Lord. The missionaries and their friends in Jaffna considered them well qualified both in experience and character for the great adventure.

Their craft was a dhoney. With unpainted sides, lateen sails, low masts and square bows, it was a picture of uncouthness and awkwardness. Over the greater part of the vessel was a roof of sticks and braided coconut leaves to keep off the sun and rain, under which the passengers must accommodate themselves. With the help of native coolies, they got their baggage and boxes of Scripture portions and tracts aboard, then embarked after many last farewells and promises to write, and with prayer for a safe voyage and a blessing on their future work. The palanquins in which the Todds had been carried were lashed to the bottom to serve as cabins. It is only about thirty miles to Tondi, where they expected to land, but it might take several days, as the wind was not entirely in their favor.

"Brother Spaulding," exclaimed Todd, "this seems to me more perilous than the whole journey I took from America last year!"

"I only hope we land safe at Tondi," replied Spaulding. "When I came this way in January, I landed with my three native assistants and load of literature at Devapatam next day at noon. My palanquin and bearers brought me to Ramnad at half-past five. I visited Palamkottah, Nagercoil, Dindigul and Madura. But when I started home, I left Madura by palanquin at two on Monday morning and got to Tondi, seventy miles away, on Wednesday. The winds were so contrary that it took me nine days to get back to Jaffna. And I had to help with rowing, pulling and sailing. In no situation in India have I been more uncomfortable than in that rolling, tossing dhoney, without room to sit or lie, baked by the sun, and suffering from headache. There was no drinking water, and though I was hungry, I had no appetite for the half-cooked or spoiled food."

"We must expect some hardship and danger," said Todd, "but we can trust our Lord who brought us here and whose work awaits us. His purposes are sure, and He will protect His own."

Mr. Hoisington nodded his head. He was thinking of his wife, whom he had left in Jaffna because her health was not good enough to brave the journey. He sent up a silent prayer that God would indeed protect them all.

Now he broke his silence and asked Brother Spaulding to tell more particularly about the great town he had visited on that journey of January and February. For in that town or near it, God willing, Hoisington hoped to work many years, establishing the inland mission of the American Board. Mr. Spaulding was conducting the party to their new field of labor, and expected to return to his own work at Oodooville, leaving the

Todds and Mr. Hoisington in the new mission, where as soon as possible not only Mrs. Hoisington but other recruits from both Jaffna and America would follow.

Though all had heard something of the exploration trip in many conversations with Brother Spaulding, as well as in the mission meeting when the whole project was discussed and voted, yet such was their vital interest in every detail of their new home and work that they listened with unabated interest, asking many questions and making many comments and conjectures as Spaulding whiled away hours of their tedious journey with tales of the two months he had spent exploring South India and especially the Madura District.

Todd's face lost some of its grimness, and his eyes sparkled as he looked out over the rough water to the horizon, behind which somewhere lay the land of their desire.

"If only God will send us enough workers and His Spirit in full measure, I have hope that the sound of the Gospel in English and Tamil, and in all the common languages of Madura, will never cease until all shall know Jesus and acknowledge Him to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father," said Brother Todd.

And this high faith never left him through all his griefs and trials in the short years of his experience in the Madura Mission.

Only their enthusiasm over their high venture, and their trust in God's sustaining power, kept up their courage during that voyage. For they were crowded into the dirty boat, their food half-cooked and stale, the men often weary with helping out in navigation, in frequent danger and anxiety. The boat was blown out of its course, and they were eight days on a voyage that should take only one or two, given favorable winds.

The poor Ceylonese helpers became more and more convinced that they were about to give their lives in the cause of Christ before ever they could arrive at the scene of their labors. And when at last they landed, they could not get horses, as they had hoped. But they found bullock carts for their luggage, and Hoisington and Spaulding started bravely to walk the seventy miles to Madura, accompanying the Todds in their palanquins. They traveled by night, and during the midday hours rested under the bullock bandies for shade.

Each palanquin had eighteen bearers, eight or ten working on a shift. The torch bearer carried his long rod, a rag soaked in oil burning on the end, and an extra tin of oil in hand. A kavardy coolie carried two strong square boxes of clothing and food for the journey, hung from a bamboo pole over his shoulder, and ran ahead so that he might arrive before the palanquins at each halting place.

Other luggage was put into the palanquins. They were long green-painted boxes, six feet by four, made of teakwood, with sliding doors and Venetian blinds. A strong pole for carrying them extended about six feet from each end. Inside, on a rattan bottom, was a mattress covered with chintz for the traveler's seat and bed. At one end was a wide leather strap to lean against, and there was a small pillow to put under the knees. Above the feet was a shelf for books, a watch-pocket and other conveniences for a long journey. Under the top was a covering of dark cloth to shield the traveler from dust and the glare of the sun. Mrs. Todd's had a second top, about four inches above the first, to make it somewhat cooler. On the roof was an "imperial," or black tin box for clothing. A gurglet, or baked clay cusa of water, was encased in a wicker basket and slung on a pole.

Into the palanquin went one article after another, until the poor coolies began to think the master's money and favor were to be obtained at the expense of no small fatigue. Their complaints were little noticed. Each adjusting a pad to his shoulder, the bearers at last took their places and started off, shouting in monotonous measure, "He, he, ho, ho," and sometimes replying antiphonally to the words of their leader:

She's not heavy, carefully, carefully,
Carry her softly, carefully,
Nice little lady, carefully,
Here's a bridge, carefully,
Carry her carefully, carefully,
Sing along cheerily, carefully,
Carefully, carefully.
He, he! Ho, ho! He, he! Ho, ho!

The country through which they passed was a desert of sand for miles inland from the shore, with cactus and a few palms and thorn trees to relieve the monotony. The people seemed poor and dispirited. Most of them lived in small villages of from ten or fifteen to a hundred houses made of mud and thatch. They passed a town of three thousand or more inhabitants and two or three others of about a thousand. Each town displayed temples, some very large and fine. The country near Madura was well cultivated and prosperous, with green rice fields and coconut and other palm groves.

As they topped the rise ten miles from Madura, they got their first view of the city, with its towering wedge-shaped temple gopurams above a double wall with many bastions and a broad ditch, covering a circumference of more than two miles. Well might they tremble at the prospect of storming that strong fortification of entrenched rebellion against God, where thousands of immortal souls were chained in prisons of idolatry and sin.

The little caravan arrived in Madura on Thursday, the 31st of July, 1834. Spaulding took his party to the Travelers' Bungalow, built on the wall at the West Gate of the city, to rest a few days while they looked for more permanent quarters.

Their arrival was saddened by the news of Mr. Woodward's death. Attempting to return to his home in Jaffna, his strength had failed before he could press on so far as Madura to meet the missionaries. He died at Coimbatore on August 3, 1834, in the hospitable home of the Reverend Mr. Addis of the London Missionary Society, and was buried in the mission chapel churchyard. One of Mr. Spaulding's first duties on arriving in Madura was to go to Coimbatore, at the foot of the mountains, and bring Mrs. Woodward and her three little children to join her friends in Madura.

More comfortable quarters were soon found for the Todds in the house opposite the English Chapel in the Fort. They went freely among the people, and wrote their friends in Ceylon that many were eager to hear the Gospel and receive books and tracts.

The Todds and Mr. Hoisington knew little of the language of the people, as they had been in Jaffna only nine months when they were transferred to Madura. They spent much time in study, and had an interpreter in constant attendance when they went among the people. Mr. Todd struggled with Tamil in great discouragement, as his health did not permit persistent application to study, and he feared he would not be able to endure the fatigue and mental anxieties of missionary life. But Mr. Spaulding began preaching in Tamil, and the missionaries and their helpers all united in circulating tracts and Scriptures, and in opening schools for boys and girls.

One day the assistants went near the great temple of Meenatchi where they read their tracts aloud and gave to all who would receive them. As they were discussing a tract with some who had previously received them, a crowd began to collect, and soon there were not less than two hundred Hindus and Mohammedans in a noisy mob around them. At first the voices were good-natured enough, as the people pushed in to the center of the crowd to see what the excitement might be. But their curiosity soon gave way to violent antagonism. Some began shouting and threatening the messengers of Christ.

"These missionaries of yours surely don't mean to stay here! Didn't they come only for a visit? Tell them for us they can't stay! We will see that any who take up your new religion will not live long!"

A sepoy remarked, "Even a stone, if you people talk to it, will become a Christian!"

Others cried, "Soon the Big Temple of Meenatchi will be deserted! Our religion is in danger!"

"Come!" came the shout, repeated by many as they ran, "Come, let us go to the missionaries' house! These are only their servants!"

A crowd of fifty or more appeared at Todd's house, shouting and tearing up tracts in their rage and demanding that the missionaries come out. Fortunately, there was no one at home, and only the neighbors witnessed the wild clamor.

On Sunday, the 24th of August, the three men, Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Woodward, with the Jaffna assistants, gathered together in Todd's house to celebrate their first Lord's Supper in Madura.

"It is the spreading of the table of the Lord in this moral wilderness," said they, "the erecting of the Gospel standard on the most fortified places of the enemy." They were deeply impressed by the large and inviting field opened before them, and by the great walled city of Madura, with its formidable stronghold of idolatry in the Great Temple. They wrote the Prudential Committee of the Board in Boston, urging that twenty-seven missionaries be sent at once to occupy the district.

In September Mr. Spaulding returned to Jaffna, and with him went Mr. Hoisington and Mrs. Woodward, leaving the Todds to carry on the mission until the Jaffna Mission or the American Board could send them help. They had to encounter single-handed the difficulties usually attendant upon the establishment of a new mission—getting sites for houses and schools, building, making acquaintance with the chief people of the town, learning its geography, occupations, openings among the different groups of people. They had to learn how to procure their household supplies and building materials and to secure themselves against the dangers and diseases around them.

Mr. Todd finally found a fairly satisfactory rented house in Sandaipet, outside the city walls on the road to Ramnad. Most of the houses in Madura were built of mud, with thatched roofs, one story or less in height. There were two conspicuous buildings in the town. The great Temple of Meenatchi, the Fish-eyed One, tutelary goddess of the place, stood in the center. The old ruined palace, built two hundred years before by Tirumalai Naick, the great rajah of the Madura country, was just inside the East Gate of the city.

Mr. Todd supervised Warren 1st in teaching the English school they had established and two Tamil schools, while Mrs. Todd supervised a small day-school for girls. These were established as a means of getting acquainted in Madura and the surrounding country, with the hope that they would eventually become a means toward the evangelization of the people. They required constant vigilance, as the Hindu schoolmasters were apt to neglect the lessons assigned, and especially the Scripture lessons. When the missionaries visited the schools, they were accompanied by their Tamil teacher, a young man named Joseph, who had been educated by Rhenius of the Tinnevelly Mission.

Because of Mr. Hoisington's poor health, the Jaffna Mission sent the Eckards, instead, to Madura. When they arrived, in February, 1835, the lonely exiles felt that their prayers were being answered and that God would glorify Himself through their mission in the Madura District.

But the Eckards had been in the Jaffna Mission only a year when they were transferred to Madura, and knew as little Tamil as the Todds. Mr. Eckard had been teaching in the seminary, while Mrs. Eckard had established an infant school in Jaffna like those just beginning in America.

The men maintained the Anglo-Vernacular school near the site where they hoped to build the new mission bungalow, while the ladies taught in the little Girls' School. All continued their study of Tamil. At the same time, they secured from the government, on Todd's application, nine and a half acres of land on a ninety-nine year lease, just outside the East Gate of the city. There they built the East House, with money saved from their salaries, living with the greatest economy until they could get the money appropriated by the Board. They moved into the new house with great rejoicing on July 17.

The new house was well back from the road, in a large compound outside the high walls of the city and away from the dust and tumult of the idol processions. While living there Mr. Eckard was building the West Bungalow, much the same in plan, with three large rooms in a line and wide verandahs along the front and back. Each room had two wide doors opening on the verandah. The houses faced north, the coolest possible arrangement, as the winds of the southeast and northwest monsoons could blow in through the shady verandahs. The East House was built with a terraced roof, the west with a tiled one. The total cost was 4,947 rupees, of which the missionaries contributed 1,604 rupees. There were kitchens, carriage houses and stables at some distance from the bungalows. The walls were of plastered and whitewashed brick and mortar.

The Todds had visited the notable places of Madura, in company with Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Hoisington and Mrs. Woodward. They found constant tumult in the ever-varied temple processions of the gods as the cycle of the new moons and other celebrations progressed according to the Hindu calendar. They now took Mr. and Mrs. Eckard to see the special sights of the city.

In May Mr. Todd wrote his impressions of the place:

"Madura is a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and a stronghold of religious debauchery. An influential and numerous priesthood dwell here. Tens of thousands of votaries crowd the city during the frequent Hindu festivals, where a vast temple receives them into its deep recesses. Tumultuous processions, wild and fantastic as the dreams of a maniac, then pervade the city day and night, making the idolators drunk with the excess of glare, noise and folly. Heathenish abominations reign in full malignity. The Temple is one of the greatest in southern India. It is quadrangular, enclosed in a stone wall twenty-five feet high and almost two-thirds of a mile in circumference.

"The entrances are through four immense portals, one in the center of each side. They are ornamented like the doors of a majestic Gothic cathedral, and they lead through four vast pyramids, one over each entrance. Each of these pyramids is a hundred and fifty feet high and fifty or sixty feet square at the base. The first two stories are carved in rock, and those rising above them are made of brick, plastered over with gigantic figures in stucco. The entire exterior of each of these massive piles is completely hidden to the top with figures of human or superhuman forms of gods and animals well executed in plaster, many of them as large or larger than life.

"At the entrance there are very large and high-roofed halls leading off into a labyrinth of magnificent porticos, colonades, open squares, dimly lit rooms, courtyards and gardens. In the midst is a large square tank for ceremonial bathing, with stone steps all around leading down into the water from the porticos. Beyond the rooms and broad porticos are deep and dark shrines which we are not allowed to enter. In these are kept the images of the goddess and her husband and other idols figuring with them in the stories related in their scriptures.

"There are several pyramids on the inside, like the ones over the gates, but somewhat smaller. It is said there are ten thousand columns; one hall alone contains a thousand. Most of these are highly wrought with the figures of men, gods and brutes. The mind is confused with the endless variety of these ornaments, all in barbarous taste."

The deserted palace at the southeast corner of the city was of another and higher artistic order, though not so extensive as the temple. It was somewhat dilapidated through being unoccupied. The closely built part, originally much larger, covered an acre or more. The entrance was by a hall a hundred and fifty feet long, sixty wide, and about the same in height. The roof was supported by massive stone pillars upholding pointed arches. From this magnificent room the visitor passed into another very large one which opened upon an inner court. In one place there was a dome about eighty feet high and sixty in span. Bas-reliefs and paintings on the ceilings indicated the wealth of the monarch who resided there. The entire place bore a resemblance to Byzantine architecture. A narrow, winding brick stairway led to the terraced roof. There domes and cupolas rose twenty feet higher than the terrace and interrupted its uniformity. Galleries or corridors led along the inside wall of these domes from one part of the roof to another.

From the roof the visitors got a fine view of the city and surrounding country. Instead of the low mud-walled houses of Madura, there seemed to be a great grove of trees with dwellings interspersed. Because the trees grew in the inner courts of the houses, they were not visible from the streets below. On the south and east were well-cultivated fields bounded by thick plantations of coconut trees and avenues of banyan trees bordering the roads. On the north and west were seen the hills of naked rock, and far beyond the irregular wild ghaut mountains in lofty ridges one behind another.

The people annoyed the assistants by saying, "Your missionaries are not pukka Dhurais—just Pariah English. Todd Dhurai doesn't visit in the house of Blackburn Collector Dhurai and the Zilla Judge Dhurai or live in the style they do." ("Dhurai" is the Tamil word used as a title of honor for a gentleman.)

When he heard this, Eckard said to Todd, "We shall soon put a stop to that. Come along, and let's call on them. It is our place to, as they are the ranking officers of the District Government."

They were received kindly when they called; and when the Collector returned their call, the ecstasy of the assistants knew no bounds. Soon after he called again and took the ladies to see some Hindu festival fireworks. As they moved about in the immense crowd, he gave his arm to Mrs. Eckard, a gesture noted by many, to the final settling of the question of the social position of the missionaries.

When discussing together the places to plant their schools and stations, the missionaries were hampered by their ignorance of the towns and villages in the district, their location, populations and distance from the city. They found particularly puzzling the vague upward gesture of the Tamilian when pointing to a distant place. Eckard had been told that in the Cutchery were maps and plans filed away by the government, containing all the information they needed. He called on Collector Blackburn and asked if he might see and copy them.

The Collector assumed a terrible magisterial look and said, "Do you, a foreigner and an American, seek to discover the hidden plans of the Government? You must be imprisoned for such an offense! Come with me!"

He led Eckard to a room, unlocked the door, put paper, pens and ink on the table. Then he unlocked an almirah and took out plans and maps and laid them on the table.

"Those," said he, "are the maps which you must not look at. And for even daring to wish to look at them, you must be imprisoned for an hour!"

He left, locking the door. When he returned, Eckard had copied enough to guide the missionaries in making more extended explorations, hidden his copies in his pockets, and laid the originals on the table.

By request of the English-speaking residents of Madura, Mr. Todd and Mr. Eckard alternately conducted Sunday services in a Church of England chapel not then in use. A missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel reported this "desecration" to the archdeacon of Madras, who promptly sent orders to have the chapel closed. Soon afterward this same missionary came to Madura to look after some Tanjore Christians scattered as sheep among wolves. Mr. Eckard called on him in the house in the fort where he was staying and invited him to stay in their home. He declined. Eckard asked him to dinner, and introduced him to the collector, the judge and the surgeon. He also gave him the use of one of the mission schoolhouses in which to meet his Tanjore Christians. On the last day of his visit, the stranger dined again with the Eckards. After dinner, when he and Mr. Eckard were sitting alone on the verandah, he became very silent.

At last he said, "I cannot leave you without expressing my regret for the bigotry and unChristian conduct I displayed in regard to the chapel."

Eckard begged him not to mention it or give it another thought.

But he insisted, "I must tell you of my sorrow, and the rather because the evil cannot be undone now." Then he added, "You would forgive me if you knew what kind of persons I supposed you to be when I interfered as I did. My only idea of American religionists was that they were men who united the most dangerous heresies with fiery fanaticism. You yourself, if you could help it, would never permit a place of worship to be occupied by such persons as I sincerely, though most erroneously, supposed you to be."

On many a tropical night the missionaries sat on their terraced roof talking over their plans, while in the streets below they heard the throbbing tom-toms of marriage festivals and processions of the gods. More and more clearly, they saw the tremendous odds against which so small a force might vainly struggle. They cast about for help, and discussed the possibility of bringing more assistants from the seminary at Vartakottai.

But their Ceylonese assistants had not proved as reliable or efficient as they had hoped. They did not like to stay on the continent. They did not like southern Indians, and looked down upon them because of their foreign ways. They were not the robust Christians the missionaries had hoped they would become after being released from the ancient bonds of Hinduism. Caste still exercised its power over them to some degree.

"If only we had our own seminary!" exclaimed the missionaries. "We could give a course of training more suited to our needs to young Indians of the Madura District, who would be at home and among their own people in their work after graduation."

Eckard told of his tours in his bullock bandy. On his first visit to Tirupuvanam, he met a white-bearded Mohammedan, and was given a chair while he delivered his message from Allah to crowded Moormen in white caps listening to the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ.

"Let us make a work there the subject of prayer," said he.

The missionaries met often for prayer, especially on the first Monday of each month, when the churches in America and in Jaffna were observing the "concert of prayer." The consciousness of their own weakness and apparent failure was often mentioned as they besought the Lord of the harvest to send forth reapers into His harvest fields. They needed more men, as their plan for the mission was to make Madura a central station and to send single families of missionaries to establish stations with schools in each of the more important surrounding villages.

In August, Eckard, as Secretary of the Mission, wrote to Poor, who had been in the Jaffna Mission twenty years and had a fine knowledge of Tamil:

"We daily feel that it will be an immense advantage to have one here who has experience and the language. We who are here cannot do much. It is important that the heathen should be made to see that missionaries can be brought to bear on them who can work efficiently. I really fear that they are forming feelings of contempt for us and our work because we can do so little. Please remain through the rainy season to see for yourself the difficulties of employing Vartakottai boys on the continent."

The missionaries agreed that Todd should go to Jaffna in September to bring back Poor, if possible, and to ask for other brethren as the Mission in Jaffna might appoint them to work in South India.

Todd, as senior member of the Mission, was in an important sense its founder. It is a commentary on his devotion to the cause and his self-forgetful humility that it was he who took the active and disinterested part in delivering over the mission into Poor's hands, anticipating that he himself would become thereby second in influence and prominence. He was sure that only thus could the best interests of the mission be promoted.

CHAPTER 2

"All Is Peace"

ONE EVENING in early September, Lucy Todd interrupted one of their housetop conversations to exclaim, "Oh, I have such a pain!"

Her husband helped her into the house, and he and Mrs. Eckard heated water and tried to help her, but the pain only increased during the night. In the morning the medicine of the English physician gave her no relief; she kept getting worse and was delirious. After three days the physician asked Mr. Todd to bring her to his house, where were all possible conveniences. But as she continued to get worse, on the ninth of September he advised her husband to take her to the coast, as the sea air might do her good.

So palanquins were ordered, and with the help of the Eckards the necessary things were packed for the journey. They were carried by post-bearers the distance of eighty miles in twenty-two hours to Devapatam, a town on the coast. Joseph, the Tamil munshi and interpreter, found a place for them to stop in a one-room native hut with mud floor and a roof of sticks and palmyra leaves low over the mud walls. With the help of the palanquin bearers and a native woman of the place, the floor was swept and the palanquin mattress laid down. There the stranger lifted his beloved wife from her palanquin and laid her on her low bed on the ground, and there he nursed her through the long evening, trying to make her as comfortable as possible in her pain and delirium.

Joseph could do little. The native women helped bring in the luggage and heat some water, then stood cracking their knuckles to drive away the evil spirits.

Late in the evening, Lucy became perfectly rational. Though she could speak only in a whisper, she said, "It is better that I should die than you, William, because you can do more to make the Gospel known to these poor lost people than I can."

Soon her mind wandered again. In answer to inquiries, she only replied, "Jesus is my hope. All is peace."

In the early hours before the dawn, she gently breathed out her life.

Perhaps the Tamil munshi had succeeded in keeping the people of the village out of the house while the woman lay dying; but when the little funeral issued from the low door, a crowd of two hundred or more of all ages and faiths joined the procession. There were Mohammedans, pagans and Roman Catholics following in a disorderly manner, with much talking and laughing.

The grave was in a Roman Catholic burying ground, about ten yards from the seashore and near a large banyan tree. As the body of Lucy Todd was lowered to its last resting place, some of the women shed tears. William recited verses of life and victory from the Scriptures, and offered prayer. As the grave was being filled, Joseph addressed the people, who then at last became attentive. He gave a short history of Lucy's life—how she had left her native country, kindred and friends; how she had braved the long and perilous journey in a sailing vessel from the far land of America; of her strong desire for the salvation of the Tamil people, her diligent study of the Tamil language, her talks with the people through an interpreter, her last sickness, her peaceful frame of mind in prospect of death.

Then he paused. He continued soon in a voice of deep tenderness:

"Never have I seen anyone die in a calm peace like that! It was because of her complete trust in her Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Always these missionaries speak of Him! He is the Master and Defender, worthy of their trust in every danger; their comfort in loneliness, their strength in weakness, their guide through the river of death. He is the foundation of the peace I have witnessed in the pain, sickness and death of this lady."

Then William Todd went on board the dhoney and set sail for Jaffna.

CHAPTER 3

Reinforcements

SO THE ECKARDS were left alone in the Madura Mission. Mrs. Eckard had endured the strain of Lucy's illness, helping in every way possible with her care and preparing the necessary articles for their journey. She was almost overcome with grief at their departure on that memorable day when the palanquins stood before the door of the doctor's house, ready for the first stage of the journey, and when Lucy, delirious with pain and fever, was lifted tenderly in.

Then came the two or three days of anxious waiting for news, and the heartbreaking letter from William Todd telling of her lonely death and the burial in the sands of Devapatam. Margaret Eckard had been in the country for only a year, and the whole tragic experience had impressed her with fear and dread.

The Hindus were rejoicing that this new God they had come to proclaim was not able to protect the foreign people from the power of the Hindu idol gods. Either the new God was angry at His messengers, or else Meenatchi and Siva had won a great victory over Him. At times Margaret's nervous excitement was so great as to involve a temporary loss of reason. She could not bear to be alone. Her husband took her about in their large bullock bandy to visit among the families of the "Hindu Britons," as Eurasians were then called, inviting the women and children to the bungalow for return visits. He hoped their companionship would cheer and relieve her.

William Todd was in scarcely better spirits as he attended committee and mission meetings in Jaffna. He had suffered much from indigestion before he came to India, both during his student days and during his American pastorate. But he had learned how, by engaging in regular hours of physical labor, to live in fairly good health. After Lucy's death his health and spirits swiftly declined, and he was subject to prolonged moods of deep depression. He found the study of Tamil an unbearable strain on his already overburdened mind. He feared that it was impossible for one of his age, as he was thirty-four that year, to master so difficult a language.

The situation in Madura of the two inexperienced missionary couples, trying to organize the substantial system needed to combat the tremendous power of Hinduism, had seemed humanly impossible. How much worse it would be without Lucy! With this thought came remembrance of verses they had read together, from the experience of the great missionary, Paul the apostle. The words came back to his mind: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body."

With a new faith and courage, he undertook his mission to the Jaffna brethren, to present the cause of the Madura Mission, and to ask the help of several missionaries, and especially of one or more who knew Tamil well and could approach the Tamils in the dignity of proficient speech and some knowledge of their beliefs and customs.

The Jaffna Mission had just had an accession of new missionaries from America, and gladly designated Hall and Lawrence and their wives to Madura, with one of their most able older missionaries, who had been in the country since 1821, the Reverend Daniel Poor. He was proficient in Tamil, and was soon to prove himself possessed of other virtues and powers that come only by experience. Mrs. Poor came later when her husband moved his home to Madura. Poor had already resigned his position as principal of Vartakottai Seminary, and joined the party gladly.

They arrived at Tondi on October 11, the height of the rainy season, and waited there three days for bullock carts, or "bandies," as the Tamils call them. The Halls and Lawrences were bringing all their household effects. Coolies helped to lift the wheels through the heavy mud and sand, and cut away obstacles. Sometimes the men carried the ladies through the water on chairs formed with their hands. Todd found himself happier in returning with the brethren given in answer to his prayers; he eagerly joined in the travel and halting activities, fraught with peril and hardship though they were.

They reached Madura before dawn on Sunday morning, October 18. The Lawrences and Mr. Poor were assigned to residence in the Fort, their house being almost directly under the walls of the great Temple. Todd was put in his old rooms at the East Bungalow with the Halls and Eckards. The new bungalow was in use by Rhenius and his family, stopping over on their way to Tinnevelly from Madras. Rhenius had just dissolved his connection of twenty years with the Church Missionary Society of England, and was getting his *Grammar of the Tamil Language* published. The West Bungalow, having been just finished, was placed at the disposal of the visitors, who took their meals with the Eckards. Mrs. Eckard found that their company immediately dispelled the gloom of darkness and horror which had so enveloped her even in her dreams at night.

It happened that the great festival of Depavali, or the Lighted Lamps, was in progress in the temple and streets. There were processions daily. At the height of the excitement, there was little sleep for the missionaries, among the shouts of the thronging idolators, the deafening music of the tomtoms, pipes and drums, and the cymbals and clarinets accompanying the idol shrines carried on men's shoulders.

"Surely this is the kingdom of darkness!" exclaimed Lawrence.

They watched the temple elephants emerge from the sacred enclosure, covered with trappings of gorgeous color, mounted with mahouts and musicians and swinging loud and fine-sounding bells with every measured stride. When the missionaries happened to meet the processions in the streets, they were impressed with the tractableness of the huge beasts as they yielded the road to the horses of the residents.

They were astonished at the grandeur and lavishness of these displays. They learned that the expenses of the temple each day were twelve pagodas; with extra expense for fstivals and processions, it would come to two hundred thousand rupees annually; that the temple supported two thousand people, paying the dancing girls half a rupee a month besides their quota of rice for their service of waiting on the gods with flowers, dancing and singing. Within the courts of the temple, they saw the Brahmin priests with Vishnu's and Siva's marks made of orange, red and white paint glaring weirdly on their dark skins, or with the white ashes from the sacred burnt cow-dung on their foreheads, arms and bodies; fat and sleek, eating their assafetida and drinking quarts of ghee a day, with rich curries brought to them as offerings by the worshippers. (Ghee is clarified butter, often spiced.)

The arrival of so large a force of missionaries excited great interest and curiosity among the natives, bringing constant streams of visitors to their bungalows.

But soon it became evident that the popularity of the missionaries was stirring only hate and dread among the Brahmins, who feared that the time of their ascendancy over the people was fast drawing to a close. Their opposition caused a change in the plans of the mission. The missionaries prepared, for a time, to lay less emphasis on preaching and more on schools. Poor visited the heathen schools in the city and found just a hundred of them.

"I mean either to make them all come under Christ's instruction, or to kill them," he said.

On November 4, Poor called on Collector Blackburn and found him a pleasant man and easy of access, entirely favorable to the plans for extensive systems of schools for Madura and the surrounding villages. They had long conversations about the conduct of school work in the Jaffna Mission, the opportunities in Madura, the educational work of Duff in Calcutta, and the hopes of the Madura missionaries in the same kind of work as a preparation of the people for an adequate presentation of the Gospel.

Collector Blackburn gave his sanction for four or five public addresses to natives in office and other influential men, in which Poor wished to explain the object of his coming to Madura and the plans for education in the city. Calling on the District Judge, Poor found him also favorable to the scheme. Finally, the Shiristadar, head native assistant in the Cutchery, or Government offices, called on Poor and arranged with him for a public meeting in the old Palace on Monday morning, November 16, at seven o'clock.

When Poor arrived at the appointed time in the cool of the morning, he found the collector and most of the civilians there with six or seven hundred natives. He gave a short description of the mission school establishments in Jaffna, with some of the results, distributed tracts of several kinds on the subject of education, offered work to teachers who would enter the employ of the mission, and closed with the notice of another meeting of the same kind at the same hour on the following Sunday.

He spent the week in preparing, with the help of his assistants, maps and diagrams to illustrate the approaching eclipse of the sun. On the day of the eclipse, November 20, he sent people with copies of the diagrams to explain them at various places in the city, and thus aroused a good deal of interest and some opposition on the part of the Brahmins—especially as one of the tracts freely distributed exposed the absurdities of the Hindu theory of eclipses.

In the afternoon, Poor and Lawrence rode out to the river on their horses, where thousands of people were bathing and performing ceremonies of purification during the eclipse. Hundreds of dancing girls were returning from the river, their "pujah sailais," or worship dresses, dripping water.

Said one of the heathen, as he twisted his kurdumi, or scalp lock, in a knot after his bath, "The missionaries and their assistants are just as cunning as the dancing girls; they entrap the people with their nice books and fair speeches."

Another shook out his wet shoulder cloth to the breeze and replied, "They are more like the first European who came to Madura. He asked for room enough to nail up a calfskin; but when permission was given, he divided the skin into ten thousand pieces and put a piece in every part of the city."

CHAPTER 4

Opening Educational Work

AFTER PRAYER and breakfast early on Sunday morning, Todd, Poor and Lawrence went to the old Palace for the advertised meeting. They found a large number of people already gathered. When they had seated as many as possible in the customary way on the floor, one of the assistants sang a few stanzas of a Tamil lyric in the native melodious rhythm. Then Mr. Poor began speaking, answering some of the questions which had been reported to him during the week. The audience continued to increase, until it became impossible to reach them all with the sound of his voice.

As they could not hear what was being said, the people began to talk louder and louder, until the whole audience became quite tumultuous. It soon became evident that not all the newcomers were friendly. Several thousand had collected, and many had gone up into the galleries immediately above the speaker. Some were deliberately adding to the noise and stirring up others, until the missionaries saw that in the increasing confusion they were about to be overwhelmed.

"How shall we get out of this safely?" said Todd in a low tone to Lawrence.

Poor, who had stopped talking, answered, "See, there come a group of our influential friends. I'll call them over, and perhaps they can find a way out for us."

He beckoned to the Indian gentlemen who were just entering; and when they came near, he explained, "I've said all the crowd will hear. Can you help us get to a more private place? Perhaps the more orderly among them will follow us."

"Yes," answered one of the gentlemen. "If you will walk closely with us, we will seem to be conversing together, and I think we can slowly move through the crowd with safety."

The plan succeeded. Shouting multitudes followed them outside the lofty enclosure of the palace grounds into the street. Some picked up stones to throw. In the open space outside the gate of the city, Mr. Poor turned and asked leave to speak to them. They listened curiously, astonished at his daring.

"Once a kind mother was preparing some milk for her baby. But the child, not understanding the good intentions of his mother, bit her finger. Paying no attention to the wound she had received, she went on ministering with a mother's tenderness to his needs. I am like that mother; though my intentions have been misunderstood, I still wish to do good to the people of this city. For that purpose I should like another opportunity to bring before you the important subject which I had intended to speak of in the palace."

Then at last the crowd laughed goodnaturedly, and most of them returned to the city. But some hundreds followed the missionaries to the mission compound, where the men of God had a comparatively quiet audience and a favorable hearing.

Their days were now all the more filled with conversations with the people—Mohammedans, Hindus and Roman Catholics—and with meetings wherever they could collect a reasonably orderly crowd. Sometimes they spoke in the street, more often in a choultry, or small rest house, open for the entertainment of pilgrims, sometimes in one of their own schools. On Sunday mornings they had a meeting in the front yard of the mission house in the fort, where they preached to three hundred people, all seated on the ground. At ten o'clock, Mr. Poor would address another group at Mr. Eckard's house outside the East Gate. Sometimes inquirers brought their friends to listen while Poor answered their questions. A Mohammedan inquirer sent to ask him to come and address forty or more of his neighbors who were waiting in his house. Todd was often present at these various meetings, longing to tell out the Saviour's love in the mother tongue of the deluded people he had crossed the stormy seas to help.

In December, when Poor and Todd were casting about for a place in which to house the long projected English school, they went to see an old choultry which belonged to the government, and which they hoped to buy or rent. The people were much afraid of their influence, and on this account they were having difficulty in finding a place. So they approached the collector in regard to the choultry.

"I need that choultry for government purposes," the collector replied, "but I'll find you a place for the English school."

He promptly did so, offering them rooms large enough to accommodate two hundred pupils in the arcades which surrounded the old Palace of the Pandian kings. By the middle of January, they had collected forty scholars. These boys were Brahmins and high-caste Hindus, with a few Hindu Britons. Nearly all of them were ambitious to qualify for office in government service. Todd was the principal of the school, with Warren 1st as headmaster. They named it "The Duff School," in honor of that great missionary's work in India, and as an earnest of their intention to model it after his plan of English education permeated with Christianity.

Spaulding wrote from Jaffna his disapproval: "It is just educating heathens; just making the Brahmins more influential Brahmins."

Mr. Poor commenced a course of scientific lectures in Tamil in the school, in order to give without delay some idea of the nature and importance of the higher branches which they intended to introduce as soon as a class had advanced far enough to study them. To these lectures were invited, besides the pupils in the school, many European and native gentlemen. They were on the subjects of pneumatics, geography and astronomy. At seven o'clock in the schoolroom on Sunday mornings, Mr. Poor gave lectures in Tamil on theology, stating the origin, progress and claims of Christianity, Hinduism, Roman Catholicism, Buddhism and a few others of the religions that were prevalent in Jaffna and India.

The Halls, Lawrences, Eckards and William Todd were in Madura at the beginning of 1836. The Eckards and Halls were planning to start a branch mission in Ramnad, to the southeast of the Madura District. But on the second of January, Mrs. Hall suddenly died, and was buried in the English cemetery. Then the Lawrences were invited to the East House in the Mission compound, in order that Margaret Eckard might have the companionship of another woman. In spite of Mr. Eckard's fears for Margaret, they did not abandon the Ramnad plan, though Eckard consented only because he expected that the Lawrences or Dwights, or both, would be stationed with them, so that Margaret would never have to be left alone while he visited the surrounding villages.

Then came another visitor, Winslow, on his way with the Dwights from Madras to Jaffna, reaching Madura on April 22. Mr. Poor, who had returned from a visit to Jaffna to close his work there, and to bring his family to Madura, called to see his old friend. With his black skullcap and short coat, he dismounted from his white horse before the Mission East Bungalow in the early morning.

"Come along, Brother Winslow, are you ready to visit my schools?" he called. And off they cantered, Poor talking all the while.

"This is my usual morning exercise. I start at sunrise, when the children come to school, and before the heat of the day I can get home again. In this way I can visit eight of my twenty-five Madura schools in one circuit of the city. The village ones I visit in my oxcart. Just look, Brother Winslow! You can see the whole school from here, without dismounting from your horse!"

"And hear it, too! But look at the crowds of people gathering round us in the street!" put in Winslow.

"Oh, that's my morning congregation," answered Poor. "As soon as I stop in front of any of these schools, they begin to gather and wait to hear a sermon from me on their way to work. I give them a short sermon from horseback. At first I had to be pretty careful of the subject I preached on, but now they listen fairly respectfully to whatever I wish to say."

"Is there ever any danger of ill treatment in getting out of a crowd like this?" inquired Winslow.

"I've had some rather alarming experiences; and in schools taught in small idol temples, I even now encounter more excitement than I like. Two of these are among our best schools, but I think it wiser not to attempt to preach before them very often," replied Poor.

"How do you ensure that the lessons taught will be the ones you assign, and not from their own ola-leaf books?" inquired Winslow. (The Tamil pundits wrote with a stylus on strips of palm leaf, then brushed over the surface powdered charcoal to darken the letters, and tied the strips on cords to make their books.)

"Oh, we use the system which Reverend Woodward originated in the Jaffna Mission, paying the teachers only for teaching reading, the Bible and Christian truth. The parents will withdraw the children if they are not also taught arithmetic and Tamil grammar. Our security for the teaching rests partly on the fidelity of the superintendent," answered Poor. "He is a native of Tanjore, a Christian, and gives evidence of being a trustworthy man. This is a branch of mission service which a native can do better than a missionary in the present state of things here."

"Why? Do the people here distrust the foreigner?"

"They do at present. I hope the time will come when I shall feel among friends in all parts of this city, but it isn't the case now."

After his long experience in mission work in India, it did not take great prophetical insight for Winslow to remark, "There will be a tidal wave of popular feeling if the Lord hear your prayers and begin to convert the people; I warn you, it will arouse great animosity among the Brahmins!"

On Sunday morning, Poor held a service at the Duff School, addressing about twenty of his lads and a few visitors on a scriptural subject, and praying with them. It was only the second time that such a service had been held in the school, as all feared there would be alarm if too much were said at first on the subject of the Christian religion. In the evening a communion service was held in the mission house, at which the Poors, Dwights, Todd and Hall and the Indian associates were present. Winslow assisted, and later preached in English to a number of Hindu Britons and the mission families. After this happy interlude in their trying journey, Winslow and the Dwights left next morning, accompanied by Mr. Hall, and reached Ramnad Wednesday morning. There they found the Eckards happily situated in a hired house, as Winslow wrote to the Board in Boston.

Perhaps Mrs. Eckard was so cheered by their visit that she seemed "happily situated" to him. But, in fact, she was suffering from loneliness in Ramnad, and was soon subject to such spells of despondency that it became apparent that living in the isolated station of Ramnad was threatening to dethrone her reason. Eckard took her to Jaffna; and Hall, in need of rest and change, went with them. They never returned, and never again did the mission send anyone to occupy Ramnad. The

Eckards and Mr. Hall were received again by the Jaffna Mission as members. Mrs. Eckard's pioneer infant school, which she and Mrs. Todd had founded, remained a lasting memorial to their short and tragic experience in the Madura Mission.

CHAPTER 5

More Reinforcements

ON MARCH 21, 1837, the good ship *Saracen* completed a voyage of a hundred and twenty days from Boston, and at sunset dropped anchor in the roadstead at Madras. On board were the Reverend Messrs. Cherry, Cope, Crane, Muzzy, Tracy and Ward, and Dr. Steele, with their wives. After four months on board the clipper, they were eager for the sight of India and the people to whom they hoped to preach the Gospel of Christ. Their first sight of Indians was one long remembered, and described in thrilling words by Ward more than twenty years after.

As they stood on the deck, they saw a catamaran approaching them from the distant shore. It was now apparently quite sunk in the waves, so that it looked as though the men in it were treading the water, now rising high on its surface, now rolling far over on its side, then suddenly righting itself. When it reached the ship at last, three swarthy sons of the East sprang nimbly up its sides, striking the missionaries aghast at their appearance. For they were naked except for one small piece of cloth and a conical cap made of palmyra leaf strips.

"These are the Hindus! These the people among whom we come to dwell!" exclaimed some of the ladies as they burst into tears and fled to their cabins.

During the night, ice from Boston was being unloaded from the hold of the clipper by coolies.

Next morning the missionaries went ashore in massuli boats, larger than the catamaran, with twelve boatmen wearing jackets and turbans. They waited for the swell of the sea to pass, shouting in unison, "Ulla-alla-il-alla"— the cry of the Moslems. Then they would bend to the oars until the next wave rose, each higher than the last. As the white-crested swell approached again, they stamped their feet and shouted as if in great alarm, then bent again to the oars until the boat was tossed on shore by the towering and dangerous surf of the shelving beach.

As the missionaries scrambled out, they exclaimed, "This was the worst hour of the whole voyage, and the most fearful!"

Palanquins were waiting to take them to the homes of Winslow and Dr. Scudder. For Mrs. Charlotte H. Cherry was a younger sister of Mrs. Harriet M. Winslow, and the third of her sisters to follow her to India. But Charlotte was not destined for the rigors of missionary life, having suffered from consumption for some time before she left America. Mr. Cherry was obliged to take her at once to Jaffna. There, attended by the loving care of her two sisters, Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Hutchings, she continued to decline in health until her death. Mrs. Steele was suffering from a cold which brought on rheumatic difficulty, so that she was unable to walk for several months.

The brethren Tracy and Ward were invited to take up their residence for a time in the Madras Mission, associated with the Jaffna and Madura Missions, and serving all with its printing press. There were not enough mission houses in Madura for so large a reinforcement. They applied themselves to the study of Tamil. Cope, Crane, Muzzy and Steele left for Madura with their wives on the 17th of April. The ladies traveled in palanquins, the men on horseback. On Sundays they rested in Government Travelers' Bungalows or Hindu resthouses by the way, while the bearers feasted on a sheep furnished by their employers. It took them twenty-three days over the scorching and dusty plains.

Doctor and Mrs. Steele, in consequence of her ill health, were detained several weeks at Trichinopoly, then went on to Dindigul. The three remaining families reached Madura on May 10th. Brethren Cope and Crane were asked to remain in Madura, and Brother Muzzy to live in Dindigul with the Dwights till new stations could be selected.

At the time of their arrival, the work of the mission presented a strange contrast, before the wondering eyes of the new missionaries, to the stories they had heard of the crowds of enquirers reported as visiting the missionaries, the thronging schools in and about the city, the open doors on every hand in the villages. Now there were no places at all where the missionaries or their assistants were welcome to come and speak to the people.

The change in the prospects of the mission had come suddenly in the early part of April. One day, when Lawrence was out walking on the Sholavandhan Road near Madura, he saw a group of people offering worship and gifts to some crude images in a little shrine.

"Why do you pray to these images? Don't you know they are only clay, and made by yourselves?" he asked.

"Sir, we know it, but the temple of our goddess with the stone image is at some distance from our village, so we have made these. The Brahmin pujari has caused the spirit of Mariamman to take her residence in this one. We are breaking coconuts and burning camphor incense before her, because only thus will she be appeased and leave us and our children in peace. Many of us are suffering from smallpox and cholera because of her."

"How very foolish to believe such stories! Don't prostrate yourselves before things made of clay or stone, instead of before the true God and Creator of the world! Look here, if I break these with my stick, what will happen? Will these images have any power to protect themselves, much less to injure you and your children?"

The trembling worshippers drew back in horror, fearing retribution not only upon the stranger but also upon themselves for such sacrilege. Lawrence struck the images with his stick, shattering the unglazed pottery.

Dread seized upon the bystanders. They stood cracking their knuckles and moaning, "Iyoh! Iyoh! He has broken the images! He has crushed the goddess Mariamman herself!"

The news spread like wildfire. "The Vedhakarars are breaking our gods! The Book-people are throwing them away, broken before the sacrifice is complete, while still the sakthi is within them! What will become of us?" ("Sakthi" is the Tamil word to describe the dread spiritual power of the goddess.)

A deputation of Brahmins, enraged at this affront to their authority, promptly haled Lawrence before the Brahmin judge and charged him with interfering with their freedom in religious worship guaranteed by the East India Company. They demanded thousands of rupees as damages and the expulsion of Lawrence from the city.

Meanwhile, parents withdrew their children from the schools, for fear their gods, their religion and their caste would be spoiled. Hatred and prejudice were extensively awakened. Todd and Poor called on the English officials to intercede for Lawrence, pointing out that the mission had only done charitable and useful work in the city, had observed courtesy and fairness in all its policies, and that the plan had been previously adopted to send Lawrence to Dindigul to help the missionary there. The Brahmins finally had to be satisfied with a fine of about fifty rupees to pay for the broken images.

But for two months, no mission work could be done. The missionaries sat in their houses wondering when, if ever, Madura would again be open to Gospel truth. The excitement led to much discussion among the people of the object and principles of the missionaries, which could be readily ascertained, as they had made it a practice to announce clearly from the beginning that their purpose was to declare the religion of the true God, and that they would make every lawful effort to present the Saviour of mankind to the children in the schools and to all who would listen to their message. Much of the previously hidden animosity of the Brahmins was revealed to the missionaries, and the most optimistic of them were convinced that, if the Lord were to withdraw His favor, a mere breath would sweep all their schools back again into the shoreless, bottomless ocean of heathenism.

CHAPTER 6

Dindigul Calls

Lawrence hurried to finish the new pandal, or porte-cochere, he was building on the front of the East House; and on the evening of July 5, he left with Dwight for an exploring trip to Dwight's station in Dindigul, where Spaulding had been in 1834. He woke before daylight to the groaning singsong of the palanquin bearers, and looked out toward the misty hills of the town, forty miles away. He called a halt and anointed the calloused flesh on the shoulders of his bearers, where the shaft of the palanquin had rested.

Long before they arrived at Dindigul, they could see the almost impregnable fortress halfway up the naked rock, a mile in circumference, jutting out of the wide plain seven or eight hundred feet above the town. The summit was loaded with military stores and barracks large enough to quarter all the troops of the district. The music of the band on the plain, as it rolled up the sides of the rock from the keyed bugles and the bass and tenor drums, revived recollections of the martial ardor of the days of the bloody struggle of Tippoo Sultan.

The English officers of the regiment invited the missionaries to their bungalow and showed them friendly hospitality, while the men explored the town for sites for their homes and the work of the mission soon to be established.

Soon after, the Lawrences went to the Nilgiris, in the hope that Mrs. Lawrence's health would be improved in the higher and cooler altitude. But four months after this exploration trip, a new station was begun at Dindigul, and the Dwights left Madura to take charge. Dr. and Mrs. Steele followed. The military officers welcomed the opening of schools and Christian work in Dindigul. The commanding officer invited Dwight to preach in English at the barracks on Sunday mornings. The musicians of the regiment and two officers and their families attended. On Sunday evenings, Dwight was invited to conduct services at the home of a lieutenant. He continued these services until the regiment was removed in 1837. Then the rock became again the site of a Hindu temple.

As Dwight had only recently arrived, and knew little Tamil, two Vartakottai helpers were assigned to him, one of them Asbury. Dwight found them far from what he could desire, either in mind or in spirit; yet without their aid he felt that even experienced missionaries must labor under great disadvantages. Most of the helpers from Jaffna were young, but they were considered superior in training and character to men from the continent.

He received urgent invitations from influential men in Dindigul to establish schools like the Duff School in Madura, and like the Tamil schools there under Mr. Poor's care. These were a most efficient auxiliary to the preaching of the Gospel, as they served to attract the people to the missionaries, furnished a place under their control for preaching, and were effective in removing the strong prejudice of the people against printed books, thus opening the way to the distribution of the Scriptures. The Tamils already had the excellent translation of the Bible by Fabricius.

On July 9, 1837, the church was organized at Dindigul, with the Dwights, Lawrences, Steeles and the native assistants, Asbury and his wife, Strong and Rockwood as charter members. Many Hindus were present at this scene so strange to them, and heard the proclamation of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. The Muzzys were soon after received as members, leaving only eight male members in the Madura church. A boarding school for girls was opened, Lawrence putting up the building but not following the plan the mission had recommended. The new station suffered much in the early days from the opposition of the Roman Catholic priest and his emissaries. At times the street would be white with torn-up Scripture portions, tracts and even schoolbooks.

One morning the Indian nurses, called "ayahs," heard the insistent tattoo of the tomtoms and hastened to the compound gate with their small charges, Mary Emma Lawrence and Mary Billings Dwight, to see what might be the cause of the drumming which so delighted the babies. Mrs. Asbury also came from the school, her baby riding astride her hip.

The tomtom rattled out its concluding notes, and the town crier shouted, "Hear all of you! The cholera has been very bad. Many have died. The foreign doctor has cured many whom none of our doctors and no offerings we could give to Kaliyamman were able to cure. We announce that the people of Dindigul offer grateful thanks to Steele Doctor Dhurai!" Then he marched on to repeat the noise and the announcement to the next group.

The ayahs took the word to the ladies, and Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Dwight carried the news to Dr. and Mrs. Steele, and wished the missionaries might also be able to relieve the sufferings of the people from famine. Cattle had died of thirst and men of hunger for three years. The rains had failed. Collector Blackburne had employed some of the poor on public works and relieved some by distributing relief with the funds belonging to the Madura temple, which was under his administration. Starvation and epidemic diseases, especially cholera, caused a loss of forty per cent of the population between 1822 and 1838. And by January of the next year, Dr. Steele's health had failed so seriously that the mission sent him to Jaffna with Cherry, hoping the climate there would be beneficial to him.

CHAPTER 7

Todd at Sivaganga

A notable event of December, 1836, was the marriage of Mr. Todd to Mrs. Clarissa Woodward of the Jaffna Mission. They returned to their station the next month and occupied the East House on the Mission compound with her two daughters, Annette and Mary Woodward. John Woodward had been sent to America.

Mrs. Woodward's life as a missionary had been an eventful one. In 1823, she had embarked at Boston for India, as the wife of the Reverend E. Frost. After a tedious passage, they landed at Bombay, where she was brought to the borders of death by sickness, and where Mr. Frost died about a year after their arrival. She continued at the station, helping with the work of the mission, and the next year married the Reverend Henry Woodward of the American Board Mission in Jaffna.

On their way to Jaffna, they were shipwrecked on the Malabar coast and narrowly escaped drowning. While at Jaffna, she was repeatedly sick nigh unto death. In 1830, the mission premises at Manapey, where they were stationed, were destroyed by fire, and they barely escaped with their lives. Twice she went with her sick husband to the Nilgiri Hills of south India. Left a widow again in 1834, she devoted herself to her children and what work she was able to do as an assistant missionary in Jaffna, until her marriage with William Todd.

On May 29, 1837, she fell suddenly ill with a disease of a chronic character from which she had suffered for some years, and died in less than three days. All the brethren and most of the sisters were present, feeling it a privilege bringing them nearer heaven, to witness the triumphant departure of this child of God. They buried her beside Mrs. Hall, while Todd's heart remembered that lonely grave in Devapatam. He had never recovered from his grief at Lucy's death, and now he was plunged into depths of gloom unplumbed before. Clarissa's services were much needed in the mission, as well as by her family.

Great was the delight of the Hindus. Town criers with tom-toms were sent into all the streets of the city to announcce that another of the missionary ladies had died, and that Meenatchi, the great goddess of the Temple, had decreed that no white woman should be allowed to live on the Mission premises.

It was a refreshing interlude in Todd's period of deep depression when, two months later, Kamachi, a servant in his family, was baptized with the name of Asirvadham, which means "blessing." He was the first convert of the Madura Mission. He would be kept several months on probation before being admitted to membership in the church and participation in the communion service. At the same service, Todd's Tamil munshi, Joseph, was admitted to the full fellowship of the church. Who can say how much that radiant death in the lonely hut on the sands of Devapatam had opened the apparently stony heart of the Indian, long accustomed to the Christian teaching of the saintly Rhenius, and to acquaintance with the missionaries?

Mr. Todd soon found the loneliness and the close application in Tamil study and school superintendence in Madura unbearable. He requested the brethren to let him start a new station in Sivaganga. The mission hesitated, but finally consented. They were pressed for room; there were seven brethren and their families waiting for stations to be assigned them. Todd proposed that eight hundred rupees be appropriated for building in Sivaganga, and that he be personally responsible for what would be needed in addition. The brethren adopted his plan as an experiment, hoping that the more active outdoor life would in a measure restore his health and spirits. He proceeded at once to Sivaganga in his touring bandy and ox team, with camping equipment.

On January 4, he took an early morning walk to look for a site for his house; and on February 8, put up his tent on the chosen spot and started digging the foundations. Daily he held prayer meetings for his workmen. On Sundays he preached in his tent to all who would come. By living very frugally he saved nineteen hundred rupees from his salary and put them into the building. Sometimes in his tent he crawled under his table or cot for relief from the vertical rays of the sun. Stinging mosquitoes and other insects gave him no comfort in reading or studying his Tamil at night, and he could sleep only within his stifling muslin mosquito curtains.

Month by month, he used most of his salary to buy brick and chunam—mortar made from shell lime—and to pay his coolies. Women knelt before him with their faces on the ground, begging the privilege of carrying headloads of earth from the excavations for two annas a day, which is about four cents. In heat and fatigue, and in increasing weakness as the broiling days of April and May wore on, he continued by sheer determination and the longing to see his walls up and his roof on, and then the plastering and whitewashing done.

But no sooner was the house completed, enough to be habitable, than the excitement which had sustained him so far subsided, and he suffered a complete collapse of mind and body. His hopes of being able to continue in the work of the Madura Mission were blasted; he must ask permission to return to America, where perhaps he might recover sufficiently to return, at some later time, to India.

Just then came the rule of the Board in the annual meeting of October, 1837: "It shall not be deemed proper for any missionary to visit the United States except by invitation first received from the Prudential Committee." By the time word could be sent home of his condition and a reply received, he might well be dead. And on reading the remarks appended to the rule, it seemed evident that the committee had not failed to note this possibility in cases of missionaries wishing to return, for it was reported, "It is better that our missionaries should die on the field of battle than to return to the camp in a wounded or disabled state."

Todd's only recourse was to withdraw from the American Board and to endeavor to find some other employment. So, at the quarterly meeting of the mission in July, he appended to his report a postscript asking that the mission should sanction his withdrawal from the service of the Board.

They felt that they could not consent, and wrote the Board instead a full explanation asking that Todd be allowed to visit America if, by the time an answer could be received, it should seem best. Until a reply could come from America, they asked Todd to leave the station at Sivaganga in the hands of native assistants and to superintend the erection of the buildings at Tirumangalam, thus relieving the two new brethren there, and living in greater comfort and care than when alone. Tracy and Muzzy were trying to build their houses and schools while studying Tamil.

It was not until the next January meeting, a year after his request, that the Mission, having as yet no reply from the Prudential Committee, passed the resolution recommending Mr. Todd to return to America. The vote was unanimous, as his condition was then too serious to give any hope of his recovery in India. But all expected that he would recover in the bracing American climate and return to his chosen work and field.

The Board rule was soon modified, so that the permission of the Mission would have sufficed in Todd's case. After slowly recovering his health, he spent a long and eminently useful life in America.

So passed from the Mission its founder, a rare spirit, who, but for a temporary failure of health in days of no protection from the dangers of life in the hottest season of South India, and before regular furloughs were thought of, would probably have proved himself a valuable worker in the Madura Mission for a long lifetime.

CHAPTER 8

A Dinner Party

THE DRIVER pulled up his team of bullocks before the door of the missionary's new bungalow in Tirumangalam, and, slipping from his seat on the broad tongue of the cart, stood with his hand resting on the near beast. There was a tinkle of bells as the mild animals shook the rope reins from their necks. Sister Tracy, with a rustle of ruffled skirts, hastened down the steps to welcome her guests and to order their luggage taken to their rooms. Barefooted, white-robed servants noiselessly carried the empty lunchbasket and the cusas, boxes and bags through the side door on the wide verandah.

"You must be dreadfully tired after that long drive! Come in and rest a little before dinner," she said. Brother Tracy came from his office at another wide-open door, and with hearty greetings offered a helping hand to Dr. Steele, who clambered down from the bandy, stopped a moment to recover from a slight spell of coughing, and joined the others on the steps.

"How were the roads, Doctor? And how did your bullocks behave this time? Aren't these the ones Asirvadham bought for you?" inquired Brother Tracy, while the ladies went into the bedroom adjoining the main hall, where tears and smiles mingled in their joy at seeing each other again.

"The roads are heavy after the rains, but the air is so much cooler that we don't mind. The wheels sank away down in the muddy ruts; it has taken us four hours to come the eleven miles from Madura. But Asirvadham is certainly good at selecting bullocks. They pulled us out every time, while the driver shouted and poked them with his toes. He is completely disgusted with me, because I don't allow him to twist their tails!" replied Steele.

In the bedroom Sister Steele was shaking out her wide skirts and smoothing her hair before the oval mirror after the tiresome and rough ride.

"How have you been, Sister Tracy? Oh, never mind, I know just how it is—longing for the little one that is gone!" And then for a while, the tears got the better of the smiles, for Sister Tracy had lately lost her baby daughter.

"Now that's enough about me," at last said Sister Tracy. "Tell me, how is he?" she asked with lowered voice and a glance toward the curtained doorway, where the men could be heard talking.

"Oh! He has been very well—much better than we dared hope when we arrived in Madras two years ago last March."

"No wonder, taking care of you with inflammatory rheumatism, and Mrs. Muzzy with her bad spine, he arrived with consumption himself. The fatigue and exposure were enough to ruin the health of the strongest!"

"But the voyage to Singapore with Mr. Cherry, in spite of all the dangers and delays, was wonderful for him. I doubt if he would be with us today except for that."

Sister Tracy put her arm around her friend's shoulder. "God was good to us," she said. "He knew our need for your dear husband, and spared him to us."

When they entered the living room, it seemed wonderful indeed to contrast Dr. Steele's cheery and hearty looks with his pale and weakened appearance on his araival in India, when the mission had sent him to Jaffna and then to Madras and Singapore with Mr. Cherry, as a last resort, having little expectation of his return.

Soon the Muzzys appeared from their house near by, and voices were raised in tender and joyous greetings.

"Well, well! It doesn't seem exactly three years since November, 1836, when we embarked for India, does it? Little did we dream of all the changes that would come over our little group!" exclaimed Brother Muzzy.

"Yes," said his wife. "Sister Cherry is no more, and one of the dear sisters whom she so longed to see has followed her to the happier world."

Sister Tracy could hardly help wondering, struggling with quick tears of sympathy for her friend, whether Sister Muzzy herself did not often long for the happier world, and for the precious baby gone before, while she remained cheerfully and bravely concealing her constant suffering from that spinal disease which even the doctors in America had not been able to cure. But Sister Muzzy was going on about Brother Cherry.

"He seems to be as happy as we could possibly expect, in his work in Sivaganga. Of course, it is a lonely place."

They moved to the dining room.

At the table, Brother Tracy bowed his head and said, "Dear Father, how many mercies have followed us since we embarked three years ago from Boston! May we learn from the past loving-kindness of our heavenly Father, to trust Thee with more love and confidence for the future! In the name of our Saviour, Amen."

There was silence for a moment, except for the slight creak of the pulley as the punkah flap stirred a cooling breeze above their heads. All knew he was thinking of the February day the year before, when Muzzy was ordained. After that solemn and impressive ceremony, while wondering natives looked on at the unfamiliar scene, special prayer was offered for Sister Tracy, who had been for weeks at the point of death. Surely He was a prayer-answering God; surely they need not fear for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day. Brother Tracy himself had been assured by doctors at home in America that he had but five years of service to give to India.

"I wish," remarked Brother Steele, "that we could have our whole party here tonight, including the babies. There would be Tommy Cope, two years old now, Frances and Louisa Crane and Sarah Ward."

"I'm sorry to hear that Brother Ward is not of much help so far to Brother Poor in the Fort Station," said Brother Tracy. 'I hope, when he gets settled, he will work in better."

"He seems to be away much of the time. He likes to travel," remarked Brother Muzzy. "And he has written excellent books for helping the American churches to know about India. They will be praying for us."

"Of all our party, they and we were the last actually to get to Madura!" exclaimed Sister Tracy. "And we are so thankful to be here, living in our new house, after all the packing and unpacking of trunks and boxes, and all the Tamil study!"

"It is a relief," agreed Brother Tracy. "How is Brother Crane now, Doctor Steele? Do you think he is fully recovered from the sickness he had in August?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "though he will have to be more careful in future about the midday sun. It was overwork in building his house in Tirupuvanam that laid him low, overseeing those wretched, irritating coolies!"

"I can testify they're enough to supply the strongest of us with a sick certificate! I'm sure I would never have got through building this house if Brother Todd hadn't come along and taken the load off me, and Brother Muzzy here will say the same," declared Tracy.

"That's true," agreed Muzzy. "I wish we could make some better arrangement about building in the Mission. It is ruining the health of some and the dispositions of others."

"The Copes have had their troubles, too," went on Brother Muzzy. "But their visit with the Lawrences in Dindigul was good for Baby Thomas. Dindigul is a more healthful place than Madura, isn't it, Brother Steele?"

"Yes, by far. Sivaganga, however, doesn't seem to have been much kinder to them than it was to poor Brother Todd. I'm sorry to lose them from the mission, but they will have much better health in Jaffna," replied the doctor.

"How is Dwight finding Asbury, now that he is licensed as a preacher? Have you heard, Brother Tracy?" asked Muzzy.

"He is doing very well. I constantly praise God that, so early in the history of our Mission, we can separate one from among this multitude of benighted people to duties so high and heavenly!" replied Tracy.

"But it would take several Asburys to fill the place of Brother Poor!" exclaimed Muzzy. "I wish I could get rid of the trouble-makers instead, and live and work in love and peace!"

"God will answer our prayers in due time," declared Tracy, "by giving them a heart of peace or else by removing them from our midst."

"Doctor Steele, won't you have another helping of the duck?" asked Sister Tracy, and her husband was kept busy for a few minutes carving second helpings, until she feared they wouldn't go round. A servant passed sweet potatoes and ochras, while the ladies discussed the ever fruitful topics of the Madura tapal cooley, with his propensity to decline to carry objectionable articles of the supplies sent weekly from Madura to the out-stations. They touched upon such topics as the difficulty of getting butter to send with the "Mass bread dough" from Madura, as the bakers called the bread first supplied to the Roman Catholic priests. Then there were remarks about the shortcomings of the shoemaker, and the destructiveness of the monkeys that loved to tear up the mosquito nets on the beds, and the thieving of the crows. Supplying the outstations was one of the many duties of Mrs. Steele, and she spoke feelingly on the subject.

"The ducks you got for us and Sister Tracy have done well," said Mrs. Muzzy.

"Brother Tracy, how are you progressing here in Tirumangalam?" asked Brother Steele. "Have you got a school started yet?"

"We had two in July, but the people got so excited for fear we would give their children some magic potion to drive them crazy enough to be converted, or else deport them to some foreign country as slaves or soldiers, that they began withdrawing them."

"Poor deluded people!" exclaimed Sister Muzzy. "Already led captive by Satan, they will not recognize their Deliverer or listen to His messengers!"

"The Brahmins are circulating the stories; they are clever enough to see that Christ would soon free His children from their clutches. But two weeks ago we started again—this time a boarding school with two Saivite pupils, sons of schoolmasters. It seems a small beginning, but who knows what it may grow into?" said Brother Tracy. "A boarding school of forty will do more to raise up a native ministry than a Duff school of four hundred."

By this time the mince pie, made by their hostess' own hands from beef and suet Sister Steele had sent from Madura, and with dried apples from America, had been served. Then the company fell to chatting until Sister Tracy noticed that the punkah was swaying listlessly and somewhat askew, and suggested that they adjourn to the verandah or the driveway. The men decided on the driveway as the cooler place, and servants carried out chairs, which they put in an open place under the stars.

"Best keep away from the shrubbery," remarked Sister Tracy. "We've killed a couple of cobras here in the past week."

Then followed reminiscences of their voyage of a hundred and twenty days from Boston; the friends they had made among the seamen and the letters they had received from some of them, telling of victories won in their new life in Christ; hopes and fears for Cornelius, the new convert in Tirupuvanam, and for another inquirer whom they expected soon to baptize there, Pakiyanadhan, with his three sons; encouraging incidents in the progress of the Gospel among their new Indian friends.

"At Christmas, when the letter came from the Board asking us to retrench, we hardly thought we would be able to enlarge our work this year, did we?" murmured Dr. Steele.

"It certainly didn't look hopeful," replied Brother Tracy. "It is encouraging to have the English officers in the District so friendly and so generous in their contributions. But that grant of three thousand rupees from the Madras Mission of the Board was what turned the scale!"

"After that long ride, I'm sure the Steeles would like to rest, though it is so cool out here, and the stars are so lovely I'd like to stay," remarked Sister Muzzy. Her husband had been suffering from fever, and she did not want him to stay late.

With one accord, the ladies moved up the steps of the verandah on the arms of their husbands, while the willing cook's boy carried the light cane chairs into the house. Amid loving farewells and good nights, and many expressions of gratitude for the opportunity to meet and celebrate the anniversary of their embarkation, the friends separated, much refreshed by withdrawal from the cares of the day and by communion with their fellow laborers.

CHAPTER 9

Lawrence at Dindigul

ON ARRIVAL in Madúra, the Lawrences were assigned to the house in the Fort, with Mr. Poor. There they had ample opportunity to see the fortresses of idolatry exemplified in the high walls of Madura and the Temple of Meenatchi, with the glamorous pageant of worship of tools and appurtenances of each profession in the festival season of Depavali.

Soon after the affair of the image-breaking, the Lawrences moved to Dindigul. There Mr. Lawrence took charge of the village schools and of the boys' boarding school, in which Dwight had collected twelve boys of good caste. The first to join and the first in rank was Mariyasusai, who, though a son of Roman Catholic parents in Mettapatti, was not afraid of the threats of excommunication which the priest pronounced against all who should attend the Protestant school.

The missionaries bought and repaired a house in Dindigul; and, in 1837, were building another, as well as school buildings and preaching bungalows in the villages.

At the request of the mission, Lawrence and Todd went in July, 1838, to explore the Sirumalai, or "Little Mountains," between Madura and Dindigul. They hoped a health resort there would obviate the necessity of the long and expensive trip to the Nilgiris, or buying a vessel to take families to Jaffna in case of sickness. They were pleased with the extensive tableland covered with glades, forests and agriculture, with its refreshing air and moderate temperature, and recommended that the Mission build a health bungalow there for about a hundred and fifty rupees.

In the same month, Lawrence went with Ward to visit Palni, eighty miles northwest of Madura. A small conical mountain capped with a temple is the residence of Palani Arndavar, a deity of great note. His worship attracts tens of thousands of pilgrims annually to the sacred spot. A crowd assembled on the approach of the white strangers, which could easily have thwarted their attempts at distributing tracts or preaching, so they withdrew to the outskirts of the village, where many followed and received books.

The people were orderly and attentive, and waited until after the book distribution was over, in about four hours, to hear the prophecy of the sheep and the goats and the proclamation which followed. Thus, in full view of one of the most sacred idol shrines in the land, among numerous Brahmin dwellings and richly endowed temples, it was declared that idolatry is a sin which will destroy the soul, that there is but one Saviour, Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost.

Lawrence had started a charity boarding school for girls in Dindigul. Early in 1839, the Mission asked him to put up a building for it, and Mrs. Lawrence managed it, giving the little girls coppers for coming regularly, and plantains or small bananas if they came on Sundays to recite the catechism. Mrs. Ward, in 1840, started a boarding school in Madura in place of the girls' day school.

In January, 1839, Lawrence set out on horseback to meet Ward from Madura and take him to visit Silkuvarpatti, a village where some Roman Catholics were interested in the Gospel. But Lawrence was misdirected and lost his way. He wandered for hours over the fields in the burning sun. His umbrella was but a poor protection; he thought of spreading over it his flannel cloak, which he had folded over his saddle. But though it did afford some relief from the oppressive heat on his head and back, the saddle was then so hot he could not endure it, so he replaced the cloak.

By the time he reached the village, he was violently sick, and was very grateful to the Catholic koilpillai, or chapel keeper, who took him into the chapel and called the native doctor. Soon after, Ward arrived, in just as serious a state as Lawrence. The doctor made a pungent smelling salt of ammoniac and lime, which afforded a little relief. But they did not recover for ten or twelve hours.

Some of Lawrence's English friends in Dindigul gave him contributions for building a chapel. He brought the request for permission to use the money for that purpose, but the Mission had other plans. They asked Lawrence, Tracy and Cherry to build preaching bungalows at their respective stations. These would be built of pillars of brick and chunam, or plaster, with mud walls filling the spaces between and supporting the thatched roof. Such a building, though cheap, would not long withstand the ravages of the white ants, or termites. But as the mission did not yet know where substantial buildings would be needed, or how large to make them, it seemed better economy to put up temporary preaching bungalows for the groups they could gather. The same sort of building, but smaller and less expensive, was usually put in the villages, where a few natives might be under instruction. The people would help with both labor and material when they were not too poor to do so.

This decision was a disappointment to Lawrence. He secured another hundred rupees from his friend C. H. Davidson; and in a meeting a month later, got permission from the Mission to apply it also on the building, the Mission granting it with the proviso that he should not ask for any more. But Lawrence could not bring himself to erect the miserable thatched bungalow requested. He built a church very different from Tracy's and Cherry's preaching bungalows, at an expense of about a thousand rupees instead of two hundred.

When the large beams of the roof were placed, and the workmen laid aside their tools for the day, they brought two rams which they had kept tied up all day, and said, "Since no man's blood has been shed in this difficult and dangerous day's work, we must spill some of the blood of these sheep as a thank offering."

"No! It must not be allowed!" protested Lawrence.

They took the sheep outside the building, but in a few moments Lawrence heard the blows of the mallet on the chisel, by which an ear was severed from the head. Next morning, the ear was found inside the building. Thus was sealed the pledge of human sacrifice.

In 1840, Lawrence went gain to Palni, thirty-five miles from Dindigul, in an ox cart or walking. Stopping under a tree, he knelt and asked God to "visit these Gentiles and make of them a people for His Name."

In January, 1841, Dwight was invited to Madura to take Poor's place, as the Jaffna Mission was asking for his return. This left the Lawrences alone in Dindigul, but Dr. Steele was expected back soon, and Lawrence asked that he be stationed back in Dindigul.

In August the church was nearing completion, and the brethren, meeting there for their quarterly session, were aghast at its proportions and plan. It was too late to do anything about it; the church would have to stand and be used and repaired as the years might test its fitness for its purpose.

Lawrence was required to build a great deal, because of the needs of the new station. He was soon busy again, finishing the repairs on Dwight's house to be ready for the Cranes, who were to take Dwight's place in Dindigul. And Muzzy moved from Tirumangalam to Tirupuvanam, to take Crane's place.

In 1843, groups of families in some villages in the Dindigul Station were entering into written agreements to renounce idolatry or popery and receive the Gospel, or else to refund the expense the Mission had incurred to give them a school and a teacher or catechist.

Such a contract was signed with the people of Kovillapuran and Mr. Lawrence of the "Gospel Teaching Society of the American Mission." It provided that the people should walk according to God's Word, attend worship morning and evening by families, observe the Lord's Day, maintain the expense of their own worship, keep their streets, bodies and garments clean, and not allow their children to go naked or to play in filth. They must throw out all filth and garbage into a separate place out of the neighborhood, build any new houses in lines instead of in the customary hit-or-miss disorder, and must appoint responsible men to see that these regulations were observed.

Palni was visited by Lawrence in 1842 at Christmas time. He sat down in the shade of a spreading tree and waited while the Roman church service finished; then he sent for the koilpillai, or janitor, who invited him to the church verandah. There the missionary preached to the people still standing near, and prayed with them. His own catechist soon forgot the sermon, but never the prayer that God would choose out, from those ignorant Romanists, a people for His Name.

One day months afterward, a man who had friends in Palani stopped at Lawrence's bungalow in Dindigul to entreat him to establish a school in Palni. Lawrence sent Joshua, a convert of his and a native of Dindigul.

"If you are not successful in fifteen days in establishing a school, return," directed Lawrence. Joshua found quarters in the town and made known that he would receive pupils. For ten days he walked in the streets talking with the people or sat in his room waiting for pupils whom he had invited. Finally, the Koilpillai sent his little brother Moses. In another day or two, others joined; and within three weeks, Joshua reported thirty-five children in his school.

Lawrence gave a salary of four rupees a month to any teacher who had forty regular pupils on his roll.

One morning when Joshua opened his door, not a pupil appeared, but in the street he caught a baleful glance from a long-bearded priest dressed in his saffron robe, red sash, cap and slippers. After three days, the boys came back, replying to his questions, "Sir, the priest was here giving confession and communion. We cannot attend your school until he goes away. Please excuse us."

Though this happened repeatedly, Joshua continued to hold school and teach the Christian religion as well as the usual other lessons. Lawrence built a schoolroom and appointed Sampson, one of the best pupils, as monitor, to help Joshua and learn to be a teacher himself.

"Salaam, Sir," said a voice on Lawrence's verandah one morning as he stepped out from a conference with a group of catechists.

"Salaam! You are David, the koilpillai from Palni!" exclaimed Lawrence, with his quick recognition even of those whom he had known but slightly.

"Yes, sir. I did not expect you to know me, and have brought a letter from Joshua, the teacher at Palni."

"Come and sit here on the verandah and tell me what brings you these thirty-six miles to see me."

"I have come to ask you to tell me more about your religion. My little brother David tells me much that is taught him in Joshua's classes; he says it is wrong to worship the images of saints and even of our Lady, and that we owe our salvation only to Jesus, who died for us. I must learn more of these things."

After a long conversation with Lawrence, David agreed to stay several days and to attend the preparandi class to learn more about the only Saviour. When he returned to Palni, his mind was fully impressed with the folly and sin of idolatry as practiced in the Roman church. News of his visit with the Protestant missionary had, however, traveled ahead of him, and the Romanists held a meeting to inquire into his case.

"Come what may," said David, "I am resolved no more to act as koilpillai in the Roman church, thus supporting the worship of idols."

They threatened him; they brought a false charge against him in court, which kept him in prison for three dreadful days. His wife forsook him; the priests forbade anyone allowing him fire, water from the village well or food. Joshua and Sampson took him into the schoolhouse with them. When Lawrence went to the hills, David climbed the steep ascent on the Palni side for advice and encouragement. He got both, with heartwarming Christian fellowship, so that he went down again with a firmer tread and determination stronger than ever to stand unwaveringly for his Lord.

When Lawrence made another visit to Palni, he found David almost overwhelmed with the trials of ostracism and malicious hatred which he was called upon to bear. But Sampson, the monitor, perhaps through his intimate view of the persecutions David was patiently enduring, had given his young heart to the Saviour. Both asked for baptism, a final step that might bring down upon them still more cruel persecution, but at least would make their position sure as on the Lord's side. Lawrence forthwith laid the foundations of the Palni congregation by solemnly receiving them both.

CHAPTER 10

The Chittrai Festival

THE WARDS had a bullock bandy, and on the evening of April 25, 1839, invited Dr. Steele and Mr. Cherry to go for a ride to see the multitudes assembled for the Chitthrai festival.

"See that crowd of men all sitting on the ground by companies as if waiting to be fed!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward.

"They are the villagers, each group with their head man," said Brother Cherry. "I wonder what they are assembled for? It is a little too early in the evening for a story-telling."

"Yes, and see, the government peons are conferring with the head men," observed Ward. "I know what it is; they are making plans for the car-drawing tonight. Each head man has his quota of men, and they have assembled by order of the government to be assigned to their places."

"Shall we see it? I should like to know how the arrangements work," remarked Dr. Steele.

At this week-long festival, the goddess Meenatchi, of the Madura Temple, re-enacts all the elaborate ceremonial of her marriage with Siva, one of the chief gods of the Hindus.

So at two o'clock in the morning, when the missionary men heard the din of tomtoms, the whir of rockets and the shouts of many voices, they came out of the compound gate just in time to watch the procession.

The first car was large and heavy, and carried Sokalingam, a name of Siva, Meenatchi's bridegroom. Two thousand five hundred men were assigned in village groups to their respective sections of the huge two-hundred-foot cables and the smaller ropes, to drag this car. The high, pagoda-shaped structure towered over the house tops along the street, its huge, solid wood wheels creaking. The head men, with rods in their hands, were directing their men.

"Look! The government peons are striking some of the bystanders with whips! See how they leap to lend a hand with the ropes! And they are driving those assigned to the cables, too! Have they no mercy?" exclaimed Dr. Steele.

The car moved slowly, with much stopping and starting, amid the noise of hoarse shouting, creaking wooden wheels and the crack of the whips on the naked backs of the thousands straining at the cables.

"I wish we could get out of this awful press; and oh, how I wish the peons would stop their dreadful punishment of those poor men!" cried Cherry.

But the three foreigners had all they could do to keep together, with no hope of getting out of the crowd. Pushed this way and that, sometimes almost crushed in the excited movement of the crowds, they had to wait an hour and a half in the midst of the lurid scene. Temple light-bearers carried oil-soaked smoking torches on long wands. Bands of Brahmin priests walked in stately procession between the various cars carrying the deities. They were chanting slokas of Sanskrit prayers in time to the tinkling of cymbals. Their heads shaved except for one lock, the sacred kudumi, their foreheads painted with the white and vermilion trident of Vishnu, they wore only the long white dhoti tied about the waist, and the sacred Brahmin cord over one shoulder.

The second car carried Meenatchi, the tutelary goddess of the city. As it approached, the idol's form was visible by the light of the blazing torches held high by the infatuated idolaters. Passionate ejaculations burst from the lips of the multitudes. Their palms touching above their heads, they shouted, "Swami! Swami!" in adoration. This means "Lord! Lord!"

As the missionaries parted for a little rest before dawn, their minds were filled with a horror too deep for utterance. "Can it be a Christian government which does these things?" was their inward thought.

The officers of the East India Company in those days collected the revenues derived from the Inams, or rent-free lands held by the temples, revenues from property presented to the idols, and the pilgrim tax. They regulated all expenditures, such as the payment of servants of the idol and the expenses incurred on feast days. Government clerks had charge of the idol's property, hired the dancing girls and engaged readers of the Puranas, or holy books, when needed.

It was a well-known fact that the prosperity of the idol's estates, the real conservation of the shrines, the regularity of the attendance on them and the zealous performance of the heathen rites were principally to be attributed to the services of the Government.

By way of showing proper respect to the religions of the country, it was sometimes required of both civil and military officers of the Government to attend heathen and Mohammedan religious festivals, where in some instances they were called upon to present offerings in the name of the Company and to do homage to idols. Of course, in the Company there were men of Christian character and principle who abhorred these practices, and protested against having to observe them. These men were glad of the exposure of 1838, in London, when it was revealed that the Government of the Madras presidency alone had under its care and patronage no less than seven thousand Hindu temples, to which it annually paid eighty thousand pounds. It had accumulated, from the excess of endowment over temple expenses, a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

These exposures so shocked the public conscience of England that the company was forced to reiterate the sadly neglected laws of 1833 in new regulations of 1838, dissolving the connection to Government with the temples and mosques of India and their endowments. The Pilgrim Tax was abolished in 1840, but it was not until 1843 that these reforms reached the officials of the remote district of Madura, South India.

In 1842, Collector Blackburne was making determined efforts to improve the sanitary conditions of the crowded and filthy city of Madura and to remove the city walls. He offered the Mission first choice of lands on the glacis, or bank, outside the moat surrounding the walls, on condition of their leveling it and filling the ditch. The Mission began the work at once, preparing the site near the East Gate of the city for the first Madura Mission church building. Dwight was superintending the lowering of the glacis and filling the ditch much of the year.

The part near the East Madura Station which was not taken by the mission was offered by public proclamation tomtomed through the streets, to the Saurastra silk-weaver caste, with building restrictions. Blackburne also straightened and widened the important streets, granted lots inside the city to those who were forced to give up their homes, and laid out the town in streets forming squares with the temple at the center, named after the months in which the temple gods were carried through them in procession.

In one of the nearby villages where the Mission had a congregation, the people came in great excitement to Gnanamuthu, "Pearl of Wisdom," the Christian teacher.

"Why are you and the missionaries destroying the temples and ruining our religion?" they demanded.

"How can that be?" asked the Christian.

'Haven't you heard? The Circar [government] has given up the care of the temples and is taking down the walls of Madura. What will be the end of these things?"

"But why do you blame the missionaries for things which the government is doing?" inquired Gnanamuthu.

"Because you Christians and the missionaries write to England, and by the influence of your friends there with the government, these things are accomplished."

The Christian did not know how to answer such an accusation. But a tambaran, or monk of the Hindus, his holy rosary round his neck and his long, matted ropes of hair piled on his head, whom they worshipped as a god, came unexpectedly to his help.

"This is what I warned you about more than thirty years ago," said he. "Have I not often prophesied that our religion would be subverted and superceded by that of men coming from the West?"

"Yes! Yes! It is even so!" exclaimed the people.

"Now you see it coming to pass! The government, which supported our Brahmins, paid the prostitute handmaidens of the gods, made presents to the idols and gave wages to the priests for their manthirams for rain in time of drought, who repaired our temples and kept them up, protected the idols and sustained them, are now refusing any longer to have anything to do with our religion!"

"Iyoh! Iyoh! What will become of us? Our gods will be angry, and who will help us?"

"The very religion I prophesied to you is now being taught in your midst. Our gods are helpless; why don't you all follow the example of Pearl of Wisdom here, and turn Christian?"

The people shrank back in horror at such a suggestion, with its dire consequences of loss of caste and probably of livelihood.

"You have acted as wisely as your name, Pearl of Wisdom," continued the tambaran, "in daring to embrace the new religion though all are opposed to you. As for me, I am only waiting until a few more people have gone over, then I shall not fail to become a Christian, too."

CHAPTER 11

The Native Assistants

FRANCIS ASBURY came from a Hindu family of Vellala caste, who followed farming, the traditional caste occupation. He studied in the Tamil schools of the Jaffna Mission, and then in Vartakottai Seminary, where he joined the church when he was about twenty years old. The Jaffna Native Evangelical Society employed him as a reader and visitor of free schools for some years, with a salary of ten rupees a month. Then they sent him with the two Warrens to the continent to help the pioneer missionaries, Todd, Hoisington and Spaulding.

But they did not long feel able to support him as a worker in so distant a place, and he came into the pay of the Madura Mission with a salary of thirty-five rupees. About a year after, he was married to Martha, a Jaffna girl.

When Dwight opened the Dindigul station, his assistants were Asbury, Raymond and Strong, and later, Rockwood. Men of dependable character and qualifications for evangelistic work could not be obtained. Among the young men graduating from the Batticotta (as the missionaries spelled "Vartakottai") Seminary, there was a strong and growing prejudice against leaving their beloved island for foreign mission service on the continent. Though the Madura missionaries gave a bounty to each recruit before he left home, in order that he might be able to silence the objections of his friends and relatives, and also paid a third more salary than the men could get in Jaffna, they could not secure the services of choice young men from the seminary of the Jaffna Mission.

In 1839, there were twenty-three native helpers. Of the fifteen of these who had come from the Jaffna Mission, only five had passed through the regular course in the Seminary and sustained a good character to the time of their coming to Madura. Probably not one of them did as high as medium work in his class. Three had been suspended or excommunicated from the church before they came. The remaining seven had been connected with the seminary only for a time, without completing the course. Their names are found among those who were dismissed for bad conduct or for incapacity to learn, or who left the Seminary without the consent of the principal.

In spite of these facts, some of them rendered themselves highly useful. But others were employed only because the mission found them better than none. All were constantly asking for long vacations to visit their homes, and a majority of them were only waiting for an opportunity to return home for good. The two Warrens left Mr. Eckard in Madura, deciding that his cause was hopeless.

The Duff School was not calculated to supply the need of a native agency so much as, especially by the teaching of English, to commend the Mission to the people and win their favor.

"The students boarding at home," said Dr. Anderson, secretary of the American Board, "gradually become hardened by being ridiculed out of their serious impressions."

One September day in 1843, when Meigs was walking out in the afternoon to preach at one of his school bungalows in Jaffna, he met with a former pupil.

"Salaam! It is Edward Warren the Second, isn't it? It must be five or six years since I have seen you!"

"Salaam, sir! Yes, you recognized me very quickly."

"In 1839, when I visited Jaffna, I tried to find you, but you and Warren the First and others who had left the Christian faith kept out of my way."

"It is true, sir! I have not been near any of the missionaries for a long time. I must admit to you that I am ashamed to come and call on you."

"Edward, I am on my way to preach in the bungalow a few rods from the place where you were born. Do you remember that I attended upon your parents when they were sick and died of the cholera?"

"Yes, yes! Shall I ever forget? And how you took me, when I was only a poor little orphan boy, and cared for me as though I had been your own child!"

"I did. And the other missionaries, too, were kind and loving to you. What a debt of gratitude you owe them!"

"That is true. Your words are just."

"And those kind benefactors in America; they had never seen you, yet they sent money, named you as a sign of the responsibility they assumed for you, and spent labor, prayer and much solicitude on you."

"It is all true! My conduct in forsaking Eckard Dhurai in Madura and the cause of Christ was very ungrateful."

"It certainly was. Especially your conduct toward the Saviour, who bought you with His blood, was very ungrateful. Do you not still believe the Gospel of salvation?"

"I still believe it. I know that the Bible is true. But what shall I do? I am not employed by the missionaries. I have married among the heathen; I live among them, and to please them I must conform to their customs."

"Wearing the sacred ashes of Siva smeared on your forehead? Bowing down before the idol?"

"They would shun me as an outcaste if I did not!"

"The consequences of your conduct, I warn you, will be eternal death. I fear you have sold your soul for the dowry which you received with your heathen wife."

"It may be so. It may be so. But what shall I do? Warren the First and I left the missionaries in Madura when we supposed their cause was hopeless. And we could not give up home and kindred for His sake. Now we have both fallen into the snare of the devil and his angels."

"Repent and beg forgiveness of God for your unfaithfulness! Come and see me, and bring Warren the First with you if you can. But *come!* Both of you were once persons of great promise; we had high expectations of you. But unless you repent, and leave your wicked ways, you will both be ruined!"

"Sir, may I have permission now to take my leave of you?"

"Yes. And I must go and preach. Do not forget what I have said. Salaam, Edward!"

"Salaam, salaam, sir!"

In April, 1841, Asbury was sent to work among the thirty-three families of Silkvarpatty who had applied to the brethren in Dindigul for instruction, as they wished to leave the Roman Catholic Church. When that work was reported in 1844, it was stated that the movements toward Christianity in Silkvarpatty and Koilapuram had fallen through because of the threats of the priests.

"Their distance from Dindigul, and our destitution of trustworthy assistants, have put this work out of our power," reported the Mission.

CHAPTER 12

The Seminary

IT WAS little wonder then that the Mission early determined that it was hopeless to depend on the Seminary in the Jaffna Mission for native help, and wrote to the American Board explaining the reasons why it was necessary to have a seminary or higher grade school on the continent. At first there was a plan to establish a mission somewhere between Madras and Madura, and to locate the seminary there. But after the trade depression of 1837, neither men nor money were available for that object, and the Mission made plans to establish the Seminary in Madura.

Various sites were visited and considered. Collector Blackburne showed his usual interest and helpfulness. One place was north of the race-course; another for which application was made was an old summer palace of Queen Mangammal called "The Tumkum." Of another site selected, the Mission was informed that the people near were too bitterly prejudiced against the Mission because of the excitement caused in the neighborhood years before by Lawrence's breaking of the clay images.

But Dwight and Tracy did not wait for a site. Finding that a group of thirty-four boys from three of the boarding schools would be advanced enough to enter the Seminary by September, 1842, they urged the Mission to begin with those boys. Muzzy had been transferred to Tirupuvanam to take Crane's place, Crane had taken Dwight's in Dindigul and Dwight, Poor's in the Fort Station. They proposed that the Seminary should be opened in September in Muzzy's old bungalow in Tirumangalam, and that Tracy should be principal. Devapiriam Adair was employed as a teacher.

Tracy began the Seminary in early September. One of the boys in the first class was of Roman Catholic family, of Vellala, or farming caste, and had studied in the boarding school at Dindigul. He had there joined the church two years before, taking the name "Albert Barnes" in place of Mariasusai, the

Tamil form for Mary's Joseph among the Roman Catholics. It was a time of much uneasiness among the people because of the new law relinquishing all care of temples and mosques by the East India Company. The people feared that their temple funds would be dissipated unless kept in the control of the government.

Tracy said, "I think that the little difficulty we have experienced in collecting the boys, notwithstanding the rumors in circulation all over the country, is cause for encouragement and gratitude. May the Lord watch over this growing vine and cause it to bear much fruit to the glory of His Name."

Mr. Tracy found Barnes an apt pupil, advanced beyond those of his class. He opened his own library to him, gave him every assistance to develop his abilities as a scholar. Barnes fully appreciated these special opportunities and made the best use of them. Others in his class were thirteen Hindu boys, eight Roman Catholics and thirteen Protestant boys, mostly from other districts.

The Mission had great hope for the success of the Seminary as a training school for helpers in evangelizing the Madura District. Their experience in Madura, as well as their knowledge of the work in Jaffna, convinced them that India would never be evangelized if the churches in America depended upon the foreign missionary to accomplish the task. The Indian languages, differing greatly in structure and idiom from those of the West, were a serious obstacle in the way of foreigners. The dissimilarity in habits of thought and in standard of living also placed a gulf between natives and foreigners which could only be bridged by long acquaintance, after full confidence in the foreigner as a friend had been gained.

The missionaries of that day also found the climate of South India very hostile to the health of Americans, weakening the energy and shortening the lives of the most devoted of them. And when they added to all these difficulties the expense of sending foreigners the long distance to India and supporting them while there, it appeared obviously more economical of time, life and money to use native help as much as possible.

The churches in America were waking up to the need of raising a native ministry. The every-member canvass for this purpose was organized in churches which supported the missions.

The studies in the Seminary were English, Tamil, grammar, geography, history, astronomy, algebra, Euclid and Tamil poetry. In the study of astronomy, especially, comparison was constantly being made between the Hindu and the Western systems, so that the students might be able to point out the most glaring errors in the prevailing astrology, thus making a breach in the ramparts of Hinduism itself.

Two miles and a quarter southwest from Madura is a rocky hill two hundred feet high and somewhat resembling a reclining cow in shape. The Madura Purana relates the tale of its origin. In ancient days, during the war between the Buddhists and the Brahmins, the Buddhists sent a serpent and then an elephant against the city, both of which exist to this day in gigantic form, as rocky mountains surrounding Madura. Then the Buddhists, knowing the reverence of the Brahmin for the cow, and feeling sure their enemies, being Saivaites, would not kill the sacred animal, sent a cow of immense size to destroy the Brahmins and their followers. But Siva sent his sacred bull, on seeing which the cow died of love and was transformed into this hill.

The south side and top of Pasumalai, or Cow Hill, was the site finally secured for the new Seminary; and during the years 1845 and 1846, Muzzy and Tracy were building the needed seminary hall, small church with Cherry's help, storeroom, kitchen, dining hall, sick room, quadrangle wall with prayer rooms along its northern side, two bungalows for the missionaries, and five helpers' houses. Girdwood, one of the Batticotta men, was a dependable overseer in this work.

In September, 1845, the seminary moved into its unfinished quarters. It was owing to the friendly interest of Collector Blackburne that this site was secured against strong opposition by the Brahmins.

Barnes and Subramaniam, of the first class to graduate, were chosen as teachers in the Seminary, at a salary of six rupees a month each. In the first year in Pasumalai, the enrollment went up to fifty-four, and the next year to sixty-one. The students were all Sudra, or caste boys, and were required to live on an equal footing, with no special favor being allowed to any because of caste.

"Where has the idol been taken, which used to be in the shrine on Pasumalai hill?" asked Barnes of some Hindu friends.

"Oh, that idol sulked until the priests found out that he was troubled by the bells ringing to call your students to church and classes, and demanded to be moved. So we have taken him to another shrine on Kalimalai."

CHAPTER 13

"Please Send Us a Doctor"

DR. STEELE had been failing all the year, sinking fast from his old complaint, consumption. He and Mrs. Steele left early in March for Tondi on the sea coast, hoping the sea air would benefit him. Brother Tracy wrote to Brother Dwight, "I hope to see him again, but I am not without fears." They returned in about a month, Steele better than his friends had expected, but more frail than ever. In the July Mission meeting it was customary to celebrate the Lord's Supper, and that service was held in Dr. Steele's bungalow because of his failing health. Five-months-old George Tracy was baptized by Brother Dwight, and Lawrence preached the sermon before the sacrament, but not at Dr. Steele's bungalow. This was the last time Dr. Steele attended a meeting. He continued to grow weaker until his death on October 7. If we read the loving messages in the tapal, or message, book between Madura and Tirumangalam in 1842, we would find reason to call him, like Luke, the physician beloved of his brethren in Christ.

The mission was thus without a doctor during the next three years, when cholera was prevalent in various parts of the Madura District. Lawrence wrote of the security felt by the missionaries for themselves and their helpers in spite of this fact, "so sure and safe is the administration of calomel and opium." And in March, 1842, Tracy wrote to Dwight, "There have been several deaths from cholera here within a few days. At such times it would be pleasant for us to be near a physician, but the Lord our Heavenly Father is able to preserve us from all harm. We felt a little anxious about Baby William last night, but he seems better today."

Cherry was finishing church-building in Sivaganga in August, 1843. The brother of the head mason, working at the upper window of the steeple, fell thirty-eight feet to the ground. More than a hundred relatives and bystanders collected within five minutes and began to wail and weep, supposing he had been killed by the fall to the hard-packed ground. Cherry pushed the people aside to examine the man, and to his surprise found him still breathing.

He persuaded some of the bystanders to bring the sufferer to the house and set a guard to keep off the curious crowd. In the absence of any physician, even by sending thirty miles to Madura, Cherry resolved to attempt a cure, relying on God's help. He found that the left wrist was dislocated and the outer bone of the arm broken. Already the people were accusing, "This comes from working on a Christian church!"

First, he tried to bleed the broken arm, but the blood would not run. Then he tried the other arm and succeeded. In a few moments, the patient said, "I feel better." Then Cherry set the wrist and arm and splinted it, put a large plaster on his side, gave him a cathartic, and suggested that his friends take him home.

"Sir, we dare not! It is a miracle that he lives, and only another miracle can keep him alive; your honor must take care of him."

Crowds of people thronged the house to marvel at the recovery of the man. Within ten days another patient was brought with a broken leg, and soon two more fracture cases and a cholera patient were treated and recovered.

In January, 1844, the missionary families were on their way to Madura for the annual meeting of the Mission, when they were met by bullock-cart expresses with the startling news that Brother Dwight was apparently in the last stages of cholera. Though he had been called out from Sunday service the day before to aid Mrs. North's children suddenly attacked by the disease, the brethren hastening to the city in the hope of seeing their beloved brother once more in the flesh were only in time for his funeral that evening.

He was buried in the new cemetery which he had been called upon to enclose and prepare. He had saved the lives of many of his heathen neighbors prostrated by the same disease. His dying appeal for medical help the Mission sent to the Board in the unfinished state in which he had left it, and they could not but hope that such a voice from the grave might, if permitted to be heard, arouse some physician to come to their help in the name of the Lord.

The morning after his death, Mrs. Dwight was attacked by the same desolating scourge, but after days of suffering and the most rigorous medical treatment she recovered. Several of the household and school servants died during her illness. Those among them, as well as among the missionaries, who were not themselves ill, were worn with anxiety and with watching by the sick. Then Mr. Muzzy was taken sick and removed from Mr. Dwight's house to Mr. Crane's, where Mr. Tracy watched by his bedside for many days, while his life hung in the balance.

Mr. North's four children were slowly recovering from the cholera when their mother was attacked on the morning of the tenth of January; she died in three days, and was buried without a public notification of the funeral, the brethren being the only attendants.

The little band of exiles were so overwhelmed with grief for the departed, snatched so mysteriously from their midst, that their days seemed a strange dream of darkness, amazement and wonder. They sat, stood, walked with one another as in some spell of unspeakable anguish. Tongues refused their utterance, and the pent-up emotion of broken hearts was expressed in the quick handclasp and the mingling of tears with sympathizing brethren and sisters. Through all the days of inexplicable calamity, God's grace was freely granted; the emissaries of the Kingdom trusted that the great King above all kings still ruled in righteousness and love.

When they had reason to believe that God had said to the destroying angel, "It is enough; stay now thine hand!" they assembled to attend to the most necessary and urgent business of the year and to appoint those who should take up the burdens laid down by the dead. Their hearts failed them at the thought of undertaking to solve these perplexing questions without the man on whom all had relied for wise counsel and accurate figures. The Reverend Mr. N. M. Crane was appointed to fill Dwight's place as secretary and treasurer and as missionary in charge of the Fort Station.

As the missionaries were about to separate for their stations after the meeting, Mrs. Cherry was taken sick and died next morning. And more of the servants and others connected with the Mission families died during the week. Here at last the plague was stayed, and the Mission dispersed.

The commencement of his new work in the Fort Station, together with the transferring of his former duties to another, and the fatigues and watchings during the days of sickness, brought upon Crane severe rheumatism and an affection of the heart which for many weeks threatened to being him also to the grave. But he was spared, though with health so impaired that his days of labor were ended. The mission recommended that he return to America at the earliest opportunity.

Brother Cherry remained in Madura to take over Brother Poor's duties in the Fort Station, and the Muzzys were asked to take charge of the East Station.

In April the Lawrences went to the Sirumalais, where Mr. Lawrence was building a health bungalow for the Mission. But there a devastating fever attacked his family and his workmen, and their second daughter died of it after only three days of illness. They returned to Dindigul where Mr. Crane was suffering and where they continued to suffer from fever, as did Mr. North. The Muzzys and their servants that year also had fever in the hills, and some doubts entered the minds of the missionaries as to whether the Sirumalais were really so delightfully salubrious a health station as they had hoped. But when they were assured that people on the plains in various places had also suffered from fever, they were convinced that it was a disease not peculiar to the Sirumalais.

At the beginning of 1846, cholera again raged with fearful violence, frequently proving fatal within two or three hours of the first attack. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy were attacked at midnight, within a quarter of an hour of each other. Cherry came to their assistance as quickly as possible on horseback from Madura, and their lives were spared. The next week Cherry was also brought down by the same malady. All recovered very slowly, never again to enjoy their normal strength and health.

In his letter of March 10, 1846, Tracy wrote, "The deaths of Dwight, Mrs. Cherry and Mrs. North, and the enfeebled health of others might, humanly speaking, have been avoided if we had had a physician connected with the Mission."

Cope spent six weeks in Madura about this time, and said the stay had been more anxious and trying to him than any time in the six years he had been in Jaffna. He was affected with a swelling in his thigh, which confined him to his couch and assumed a very threatening aspect. The attention of a skilled physician might have afforded him speedy relief. To save his life, he was obliged to go to the Nilgiri Hills, where he remained for some weeks regaining health.

Mrs. Muzzy was never in good health. Her patience and cheerfulness in suffering was a constant source of inspiration to all the missionaries. After her son was born in December, 1846, her life might have been spared if suitable medical aid had been available. In the report for that year was included another strong plea for a physician.

CHAPTER 14

More Reinforcements

ON APRIL 29, 1846, Mr. James Herrick, the Reverend E. Webb and the Reverend J. Rendall, with their wives, arrived after their journey of sixteen days by palanquin and horseback from Madras, with their caravan of sixty men, counting palanquin bearers, servants and horsekeepers. A special meeting of the Mission was called to receive them as members, and after prayer they were assignd by lot, Herrick to Tirumangalam, Webb to Sivaganga and Rendall to Dindigul.

A Madras Society for the Propagation of Hinduism sent a missionary to spend two months in Madura distributing tracts published by the society and preaching to large audiences in the great Temple. His sermons consisted largely of deistical objections to the Bible gathered from Thomas Paine. He imitated missionary methods in establishing an English and two Tamil schools. The boys from the Mission English School left in a body to attend his, but after a few months they returned.

Just then Girdwood was digging up for Tracy some boulders in the new compound in Pasumalai in preparation for building. Though the Seminary was on the main road from the city to the sacred rock of Tiruparangundram, originally a much-traveled road, it became practically deserted. It was reported to the missionaries that great alarm was spreading throughout the surrounding country, and the people were afraid to come near Pasumalai or to meet the missionary Dhurai.

On September 11, the Mission met in Madura. The McMillans had just arrived from America, and were welcomed and asked to occupy the West Station at Dindigul. This was the special meeting for reading Secretary Anderson's letter asking Lawrence and North to visit America. But there were other topics of conversation, even outside the business meetings.

"What's this I hear out Dindigul way," asked Rendall, "about the danger of so much as passing by the new Pasumalai Seminary?"

"Oh, it's safe enough now," replied Tracy. "Collector Blackburne has made proclamation that anyone found guilty of spreading evil reports about us without being able to prove them will be called to account and punished. What they were saying was that we were digging there for buried treasure."

"Did you find it?" inquired Webb.

"Not yet, but we had caught and sacrificed only twelve men, and we did not hope to succeed until we had offered four more victims!"

"How could such reports spread so generally through the whole countryside? Maybe the Hindu missionary gives them a start in his meetings, where pilgrims are present from everywhere," suggested Herrick.

"How are you getting along with Tamil study?" inquired Tracy of the three new men.

"We are all enjoying it, so far," replied Rendall. "Mrs. Rendall and I visited two days with Brother Lawrence in the Sirumalais for a little vacation."

"He was getting more light on that bandy affair than the investigating committee did, wasn't he?"

"Yes; the cause of Christ has evidently sustained a great injury in this region by the lies the catechists have told about the matter," said Rendall.

"I know them of old," replied Cherry. "The impossibility of finding efficient and faithful native assistants is undoubtedly one great reason why the work of conversion is so very slow in India."

"Nothing has been so trying to me," said Rendall, "in the missionary work as to learn what little dependence can be placed on those who are in our employment and profess to be Christians."

"This trouble between Catechist White and Asbury is worse, and I doubt if we have gotten the straight of it yet," remarked Cherry. "They would hardly persist so long in their unkind feeling toward each other and in their abusive and obscene language, unless there were some reason other than mere ill nature behind it."

"Pratt's misconduct calls for dismissal, and so does Pakiyanadhan's devil worship," admitted Tracy.

In the light of all the evidence presented to the committee appointed to investigate Asbury's case, Cherry's opinion was proved correct, and the Mission dismissed both Asbury and White for adultery, fornication and falsehood during a course of three years.

The Chandlers, Fords and Dr. and Mrs. Scudder arrived in Madura on April 16, 1847. They were a large missionary party on board a sailship of the Tudor Ice Company, bringing ice from Boston to Madras. Among their fellow passengers were Dr. and Mrs. Scudder's son's family and their two young daughters, as well as the Reverend and Mrs. Spaulding and the Reverend Eurotas P. Hastings of Jaffna. They had spent four months in making the voyage, with more than usual danger from storm and gale. In spite of this, they passed the time very happily, studying Tamil with the help of Mr. Spaulding, enjoying the variety added to their ship's diet when porpoise and bonito were caught, indulging in albatross-hooking, skipping rope, sea bathing in a big tub under a tent on deck and holding missionary conferences with the other passengers.

Many of the ship's company found a new peace in the Saviour as a result of their conversations with the missionaries. In the raging storm they had prayer meetings under difficulties, standing, sitting or lying down. Chandler led in prayer seated on the floor, with his feet braced against the cabin and his back against a trunk.

After two weeks in Madras, the Fords and Chandlers left in palanquins and on horseback for Madura, traveling by night, their goods and servants in bullock carts. They arrived a day late and found that the Vaigai River had come down in such flood that no one could cross. So they turned back in a pouring rain and found shelter in the Tumkum, where Judge Robinson's butler attended to all their wants most faithfully, the judge not being at home.

Coolies swam the river bringing messages and Mass bread, with a lump of butter in the center, from the brethren and sisters in the city. After three days Rendall and Cherry managed to cross to them and took them into the city in a basket-boat. It was ten feet in diameter, circular, made of ribs of the strong and pliant bamboo and covered outside with buffalo leather. Tied across the top was a bamboo pole for a handhold, and ropes attached to all sides were used for towing by a dozen coolies, wading and swimming. On the southern bank, Mr. Muzzy was waiting with his bullock cart, and soon they were among the missionaries receiving such a welcome as made them feel they had arrived at home at last.

The Scudders arrived two days after them, and the flood crest had probably passed before they had to cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler continued their study of Tamil the next month in Pasumalai.

During a Mission meeting a Dindigul in March, Lawrence asked leave of absence for himself and his family for six months on account of his health and that of their youngest child. The Mission heard the report of the Health Station Committee before giving their answer to the request.

That committee reported favorably on the Palni Hills as a site for a health station.

"These mountains," said they, "are not far distant to the west and are higher than the Sirumalais, being therefore above fever range. Their greatest height is almost eight thousand feet above sea level. Good water is abundant; almost every valley has its fountain and brook. The site selected for our health station is a beautiful valley in the higher parts of these mountains. The climate is cool, dry and bracing and therefore much better than the damp and rainy Nilgiris."

Upon this the mission asked Lawrence and Muzzy to go to the Palnis and, while recuperating their health, to build two mountain houses for the mission's retreat. Tracy and Cherry were asked to make plans and select sites. Two thousand rupees were appropriated for roads and buildings, to be realized from sales of land on the glacis. They soon after climbed the steep Palnis with supplies and tents. They engaged coolies, masons and carpenters, and began building each his house of the plentiful granite rock of the mountains, plastered with red mud.

But when the Committee on Location and Plan inspected the work, they found the unfinished house Lawrence was building not on the spot selected and not according to the plan given. The June mission meeting was held in the Palnis, where all the brethren and, no doubt, the sisters, too, came to inspect their new summer houses in the delectable mountains.

At the business meeting next day, they directed Lawrence to discontinue work on Western House, and asked Muzzy to finish his in as economical a manner as possible.

Lawrence went to his own house on the Sirumalais. Some of the land there, on which the Mission cottages were built, adjoined his land. At that time, there was just beginning a coffee-speculation craze; and in view of the demand for hill land, the Mission hoped to sell their property on the Sirumalais to help pay for the building on the Palnis. Lawrence put through the sale of the Mission's property for this purpose, and the furniture from the houses was taken to the new houses in the Palnis.

Meanwhile, the Mission ordered the house Lawrence had built on the Palnis to be moved six or eight rods farther down the grove, and Muzzy and Cherry were appointed to do the work. It cost about the amount realized from the sale of the Sirumalai houses.

Early in September came the letter from Secretary Anderson asking Lawrence and North to visit America. The Mission had transferred North from his work in Dindigul to Pasumalai, where he was helping Tracy in the Seminary. His experience in the Mission Seminary in Singapore fitted him admirably for this work, and the Mission regretted having to give up his services.

Lawrence went again to the Nilgiris for his daughter Mary, who was in school there, and then the family left for Madras to embark for America at the first opportunity. They had proceeded only as far as Trichinopoly when Mr. Lawrence was suddenly seized with dysentery. After some medical treatment there, they went on to Tanjore, where he found himself much worse. An apothecary did what he could for him and urged him to go to the seashore. But the disease made fearful progress, and by the time they reached Tranquebar his life was despaired of. Death set him free from great suffering on December 20. He died expressing his confidence in the Saviour whom he had so long preached in southern India, and rejoicing to think that his body would rest by the side of the early and devoted missionaries of Tranquebar.

CHAPTER 15

Caste

ON NOVEMBER 15, 1846, just before Mr. Lawrence left for America, he wished to have a love feast with all the native Christians at his station in Dindigul. It was held on the day previous to the communion. But when all was ready, it transpired that some of the Christians were not prepared to break caste by eating with those of lower standing in their eyes. Chinnapan, a monitor of the Vannia caste, was one; another was a reader; and Raymond Catechist was a third.

Raymond's defense was, "I can have no fellowship with low- or out-caste people or with anyone who has eaten with such people, for if I did the caste people of my village and all my acquaintances would refuse me permission to enter their houses. Of course I would be treated by my own family as the vilest out-caste. I admit that the course I am taking is inconsistent with the commands of Christ concerning Christian brotherhood. But in view of the difficulties before me, I feel that I cannot obey the Saviour in this thing, though I look to Him alone for salvation."

These three were suspended from the privileges of the church, because they refused to partake of food in a social way with their Christian brethren. Others who had refused seemed penitent and promised to renounce caste entirely, so were invited to partake of the Lord's Supper.

This incident and others of the kind caused the subject of caste to be much discussed among the Indian Christians of the Mission. Some took Raymond's part, a few were against him. Much bad feeling existed in the Seminary on the subject, but it was smoldering and fairly well concealed until an apparently harmless incident occurred to fan it into flame.

One day in June, 1847, Tracy sent a low-caste servant to the Seminary kitchen with a basket of supplies for the cook there. A student called to him.

"Ho! Ardah! fellow! Stand at a respectful distance from this kitchen! Thou pariah, do not come near to pollute the food of thy betters!"

The servant lifted the basket from his head and, stooping, placed it on the ground. Then he retreated to some distance and waited with quiet demeanor until a kitchen helper came and took the basket from the ground.

Next day Tracy sent him again with a basket and a message for the cook. This time several students were on guard near the kitchen, and called to him as before.

"Thou dog of an outcaste! We will not endure thy approach to the kitchen to pollute our food! Stay away, and don't try to come near here again! The Great Dhurai is ignorant of our rules of caste, but thou knowest them well enough; thou shalt observe them!"

Just then the great Dhurai appeared.

"Let my messenger perform his errand! He is to go into the kitchen, and I shall insist upon sending whomsoever I please into any room connected with the Seminary whenever I have occasion to do so."

The students left their posts by the kitchen in much confusion.

"Tracy Dhurai is defying our customs- He is determined to break our caste and thus ruin us! We must leave the school."

Amid much disturbance, eleven of the students ran away. Great was the excitement and loud the discussion. But after a few weeks, six of the runaways returned, promising to abide by the rules of the school. Much bitterness remained, ready to burst forth the moment caste feeling should again be offended.

Caste troubles among the Indian workers and among the students in the boarding schools from that time kept the Mission in constant agitation. Its July quarterly meeting opened in Dindigul, and Cherry attacked the subject in his opening sermon: "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

In the business meeting which followed, the Mission unanimously resolved that giving up caste implies at least a readiness to eat with Christians of any caste and to treat them with hospitality, as if there had never been any distinction of caste; that members of churches were in duty bound to give some satisfactory test of having forsaken caste before they might be invited to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; that the Mission would not receive any catechist into its service unless he gave satisfactory evidence of having renounced caste; and that the brethren in charge of boarding schools should employ pariah cooks whenever they thought it expedient.

On September 8, the Mission again met in Madura, and the plan was made to invite the assistants to partake of a love feast with the missionaries the next day at one o'clock. The missionaries, being foreigners and presumably beef-eaters, were ranked as the lowest of out-castes by the Hindus. Any helpers who refused would not be allowed to receive the sacrament next day.

A meeting of the catechists was held next morning, and Brothers Tracy, Muzzy, Meigs and Scudder explained to them the action of the Mission and urged them to consider well their duty to God and to their own souls. An opportunity was given them to answer. If they could agree to make the plunge together, it would be much easier eventually than doing it individually. But they all began to make objections.

"Ho! It is too easy! It amounts to nothing!" said one. "I shall not go to such a love feast!"

"But why can't we go at it more gradually? At one leap your honors expect us to be ready to eat with foreigners! It is much too rigid a test! I shall not break caste and be thrown out by my friends and family, if I lose my post for it!" declared another.

"I think nothing of caste; it is a wicked institution of the Brahmins, established so that they might hold their high place. I am willing to break it for myself, but my respect for my relatives will keep me away from such a love feast as this. Can you not use more private and unobtrusive methods?" said a third.

"Private or public, if you eat with the foreigners you will never enter my house again!" was the retort of his fellow caste man.

At the appointed time, there was not one in ten of the helpers who came to the love feast in Mr. Chandler's house. The low-caste helpers were there, and three or four others.

In July Mr. Chandler had been appointed Secretary and Treasurer of the Mission and also given charge of the girls' boarding school in Madura and of eleven free schools. Four of the latter soon had to be dismissed for lack of funds.

In less than two months, the caste troubles burst upon the girls' boarding school. A catechist employed by Mr. Muzzy applied for the admission of his two daughters.

"I have heard that some of the girls have been married and there are vacancies," said he.

"Yes, we have room for your daughters. Do you consent to their being required to keep the rules of the school?"

"Yes, sir. I leave them to your care; you are their mother and father," he replied.

"We might possibly think it best later to admit girls of no caste to the school. If we did so, would you remove your girls or cause us any trouble?"

"No, indeed, sir. But you are mistaking me; I am not a caste man. I am a pariah."

Thus, unwittingly, Chandler had done what was sure to cause great excitement in the school and in the homes of the parents. Soon their relatives withdrew several of the girls. Perhaps the rest would have remained, allowing the two little pariah girls to attend, if there had not been at the time so much agitation on the subject of caste in the Mission.

"Do you think we will be tested on caste observance?" asked the cook of her friend the ayah, as they squatted near the curry stone busily grinding the curry stuffs one day in October.

"I think so. The catechists have been tested, and we also are in the employ of the mission; surely the new Dhurai will make a test for us!"

"I think so, too," remarked Dhevavai, one of the older girls who was busy helping, as a part of the required domestic work in the school. "And I am ready, and so are my friends among the Christian girls. We are waiting for a chance to show that we have broken the chains of caste Hinduism."

"And we too, aren't we, ayah?" asked the cook.

"Yes, Akka!"

"Then let me write a note to the new Dhuraisani and say we will do it!" suggested the schoolgirl. The two older women looked at each other wide eyed. "Why not?" their looks silently questioned; and they both nodded. "Write the letter! We will come!"

So the schoolgirl got her quill and ink; and on a page torn from her notebook wrote requesting for herself and eight other girls, with the cook and the ayah, the privilege of eating with the missionaries.

"Now sign it," directed Dhevavai, and sprinkled a little sand on the ink. The note was handed to Mrs. Chandler on Monday morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon, all was ready; and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, several of the native Christians who had already broken caste, Dr. Scudder and his family and the group of girls with the cook and the school ayah sat together in a more real Christian fellowship than that of the love feast of the catechists and church members. But all the other girls refused to eat their supper, because it had been prepared by the hands of the cook who was now defiled by having eaten food prepared by the Chandler's pariah cook.

"Listen to the noise outside!"

"That is your father's voice!" "And my brother's!" exclaimed one and another of the girls.

"Yes, I recognize the voices of some of the catechists who have left us," said Mr. Cherry.

As they rose from the mats on the floor where the meal had been served on plantain, or banana leaves, the increasing crowd outside were demanding that their daughters, nieces and sisters should go home with them. Many were withdrawn who had not as yet broken caste. Some girls refused to go. When threats did not prevail, pitiful tales of sick mothers requesting one sight of their daughters before they died were successful. Some were lured away with plans for marriage and some with promises of a speedy return to school! One father snatched his daughter from Mr. Chandler's hands, stripping from her the jacket and skirt she wore and throwing round her a scanty cloth he had brought.

The school was reduced from forty to twenty-four within two weeks. Both the native teachers left, and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler were obliged to give up their own study of Tamil and teach in the school until teachers without caste prejudices could be secured. But within a month, several new scholars of different castes, high- low- and out-caste, were received.

The next month a similar feast was announced at the Seminary in Pasumalai, where all the students were Sudras. These are caste Hindus in the South, being a group of artisan castes. On the day of the feast, the relatives of Barnes, a teacher in the Seminary, gathered at the Mission Bungalow and protested.

"Why do you wish to spoil our son's caste? We have been respected Roman Christians for years, and were always allowed to wear our caste marks and to sit in our separated place away from the outcastes in the church."

"Your son need not stay. This love feast is only for those who wish to show that they are brothers of all God's people," explained Tracy.

"Of course, let him choose. But you will dismiss him if he does not come! You foreigner! What do you know of our customs? Get out of our way while you learn what caste is! Down with him! These foreigners can learn only by the same treatment which teaches native outcastes!"

In the rush and tumult which followed, Mrs. Tracy was knocked down and Tracy was considerably injured in rescuing her from the thronging crowd and taking her to a place of safety.

When the feast was served, Winfred and ten boys were all who appeared of the four teachers and forty-nine students in the Seminary.

"Many have gone from us; certainly they were not of us!" remarked Webb. "We need pious, educated natives to help us, but many of the men who left us were a source of much trial to us; we were weary to bear them."

"Yes," replied Tracy, "but the Seminary is now too crippled to remedy our shortage of helpers for years to come."

"The boarding schools cannot come to the rescue very soon," remarked Mr. Rendall. "Out of a hundred and fifty-five pupils in our four schools, there are only seventy-three left."

"In the Madura District our Mission, started with two schools and seventy-eight pupils, has increased every year until last year we had a hundred and fourteen schools with three thousand seven hundred and sixty pupils. What will become of those children?" asked Mr. Herrick.

"Even if our schools survive the caste storm, we will be unable to supply teachers for them," replied Tracy.

CHAPTER 16

Dr. John Scudder

ON APRIL 19, 1846, a twelve-year-old boy in New York State wrote in his diary, "Dr. Scudder asked me to be a missionary and go to India to help him, and I intend to. T. B. Penfield."

Dr. Scudder was loaned by the Jaffna Mission to Madura, in a time of great danger from cholera, on his return from furlough in America in 1847, as associate missionary. On a Monday night early in April, 1847, he left Madras with his wife and daughters, Harriet and Louise, in palanquins and bullock carts. They arrived in Madura on Wednesday the 28th, after a journey of twenty-three days over the scorching plains of southern India.

As their caravan passed through the river bed and streets of Madura to the east-gate compound, the newcomers saw throngs of idolaters celebrating Chittrai, the festival of Meenatchi. The doctor, appalled by the sight of such immense multitudes, all on the road to eternal death, did not hesitate, but that very day went into the crowded streets with Mr. Muzzy to begin his work of distributing tracts and preaching the Gospel. He wasted no reading matter on those who were illiterate, but had his assistants in every group giving tickets entitling to a tract all who could demonstrate their ability to read Tamil.

Soon after his arrival, he met a Christian woman who had been converted by reading a tract he had given her fifteen years before in Jaffna, "The Loss of the Soul."

Two ladies in Boston had presented Dr. Scudder with a lathe, and a relative in Baltimore had given Harriet and Louise a melodeon. In their house in the fort were two other strange objects belonging to Mr. Webb—a wall clock and a small orrery, or model to show the movements of the heavenly bodies. The people were thrilled with these foreign articles, and came in crowds to satisfy their curiosity about them. The girls and their father were glad to demonstrate their use.

"No matter with what purpose they come," said the doctor, "if they do but hear the Name of the Saviour."

His medical knowledge was in the same way subordinated to the preaching of the Gospel. In a short time his name was known far and wide as the foreign doctor who could save from the dread cholera, remove immense tumors and even remove cataracts and restore sight. All who came to him for medical aid had tracts read to them and listened to sermons and the Scriptures before they might present their tickets for prescriptions.

A Brahmin heard of his skill and asked his guru, or religious teacher, "Shall I endure the polluting touch of the foreign doctor to have this tumor removed?"

After much debate they decided to let the idol determine. Two bouquets of flowers, one white, one red, were placed before the image of the god, and a little girl was sent to bring whichever she chose. She brought the white flowers, thus signifying the god's approval. The propitious day and hour chosen, the Brahmin appeared. Dr. Scudder finished explaining the tract which he had just read to the patients. He regarded the Brahmin reprovingly through his small square spectacles.

"You are late, sir, but since it is your first visit you may have a ticket this time. Preaching the Gospel to the sin-sick soul is more important to me and to you than treating the sickness of the body."

The Brahmin awaited his turn. Dr. Scudder operated on his tumor and saved his life.

After seeing all his sick people in the morning, Dr. Scudder made it his practice to go into the highways and byways of the city preaching the Gospel every afternoon. He also preached on Sundays and visited from house to house at a time when other missionaries could not effect an entrance. And he had charge of the schools in the fort, on the west side of the city. Mrs. Scudder relieved him of much of the schoolwork by superintending the teaching and examining the classes, by caring for any sick boys and overseeing the cooking and laundry for the patients.

Once a week the doctor preached in the market where the people came in crowds from the surrounding villages to sell their produce and buy supplies. Not always did he escape tempestuous protests from such audiences; and at least once they stoned his native assistant and shouted threats at him, so that he was glad to escape personal violence.

"When people are sick, they and their relatives are ready to listen with subdued hearts to the message of salvation, assenting to the truth of the Gospel, which at other times they hear with defiant or indifferent spirit," said the doctor.

The native doctors saw with growing alarm how the people flocked to the foreign doctor for medical and surgical help. Their profits from their fantastic prescriptions and manthirams were threatened. A tree in the mission compound withered and died, leaving mute evidence in a spike of poisoned wood driven into the trunk. But as this proof of skill in witchcraft was not apparently a sufficient warning to drive away the foreign doctor, two conjurers from a distant village were hired for ten rupees each to destroy the doctor and his native assistant.

They brought rice cooked in the blood of a sheep and spread it out as a sacrifice before a tiny mound representing some malevolent sakthi, or goddess, in the street outside the compound. They placed near it two wood-carved images, one of Dr. Scudder, the other of his Indian assistant.

"The Little Doctor is already ill; surely it will not be difficult to dispatch him!" said the Indian doctors, as the conjurers drove a nail into each of the images. "If we hear of their death in a short time, you shall have twenty rupees more," they promised.

But the assistant recovered, much to their chagrin, and the doctor's white skin seemed impervious to witchcraft.

In November the cholera was epidemic in the school, and the doctor was up night and day administering large doses of calomel and laudanum, or finely powdered opium, and applied friction with hot sand, thus saving many lives.

In April, 1848, on account of the heavy debt of the American Board, the mission was obliged to dismiss a large number of the pupils in the free schools. More than four hundred scholars who had been learning to read the Scriptures, hearing them explained and learning verses and the catechism, were at a stroke deprived of these privileges and left entirely under heathen influences. No doubt Dr. Scudder, as afterward when his missionary son died in Madras, resolved to redouble his efforts to give out the Gospel, to make up, as far as possible, for this tremendous loss to the cause of Christ.

In June came a letter from Secretary Anderson, saying Dr. Shelton, a devoted and promising man in every way, was secured for the mission and would come soon.

"We have yet to find him a wife, and then I trust there will be a vessel in readiness to take him."

Dr. and Mrs. Shelton arrived on March 23, 1849; and soon after, Dr. Scudder returned to Madras. He had demonstrated the importance of medical establishments among the heathen as a means of communicating spiritual truth. His two years of work had prepared the way for Dr. Shelton, who found people eager to be treated. As the missionary passed for the last time through the streets of Madura, he looked toward the immense towers of the Temple of Meenatchi and prayed once more that they might fall.

"Had we no reliance on the arm of divine sovereignty to change the hearts of this wicked people, it would not comport with my views to remain in India another week. Here is our reliance. Christ shall reign even in this polluted city."

CHAPTER 17

The Village Congregations

AFTER THE UPHEAVAL of the caste storm of 1847, there came a steady falling off in the influence of the English school for caste people, the day schools in Madura, the boarding schools in the outstations and even the Seminary. Sudra caste pupils and those from distant districts dropped out, and their places were taken by Madura District low- or out-caste children. Herrick substituted Christian for heathen masters, thus causing a notable falling off in the enrollment of pupils in the schools or the village congregations near Tirumangalam. During the next four years, the expenditure that had formerly been made on the school work was reduced to one tenth of the former figure. The study of the English language was limited in the higher classes to those pupils who had shown ability to advance in it.

This reduction was partly due to the conviction among the missionaries and the Board secretaries that the urgent purpose of these schools had been accomplished. There was also a falling off in the funds sent from America. Secretary Anderson wrote, "It is impossible for us to sanction missions with so large a proportionate expenditure for education. I suppose we can send out good missionaries to preach the Gospel indefinitely, and if this can be done in the exercise of faith in Christ on the part of those who send and those who go, He will see that the means for their support are supplied. But we have no such guarantee for an expensive system of schools. The way is now extensively prepared, and the time has come to act directly on the masses and to gather churches from them. The first church of this sort that shall be organized will mark an era in the history of the introduction of Christianity into southern India. The grand ordinance for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers in the heathen world is the preaching of the Gospel."

The village congregation was already taking the place of the schools in the attention of the missionaries. These had developed steadily since the days when Lawrence made contracts with groups of villagers to send them teachers and catechists if they would promise to renounce idolatry, live in accordance with the rules of morality and sanitation laid down by the Mission, observe the Lord's Day as a day for worship and instruction in their new life and pay back to the mission the cost of their prayer and schoolhouse if at any time they should revert to idolatry. Village schools for nominal Christians spread over the territory surrounding each station, taking the place of the heathen schoolmasters' groups of Hindu boys thickly set in the city streets.

If three families applied and agreed to the conditions, the mission sent a catechist to live among them and teach them. Usually there would be six or more of such families, and one catechist served a cluster of congregations. If possible a school was established and a teacher stationed among them also. Selected youths from among the converts were put under instruction in the stations to be trained as readers and teachers.

No attempt was made to transfer the denominations of Christendom into the churches, but the organization of the newborn church was deferred until some future time when they should have acquired some power of discrimination and action. There was no pressure toward any denominational organization from the home churches in America; the American Board itself was interdenominational, being supported by mission-minded Christians of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches, and any others who might wish to contribute to the work.

The change in the type of work took the missionaries more and more away from their stations into touring and the establishment of village congregations.

After vacation, in July, 1849, a boy called to see Mr. Tracy. "I am sorry to hear of the death of your mother during vacation," said the missionary. "She was a Christian; I hope she died peacefully, with the hope in her heart of going to be with Christ."

"Sir, her death was not like that at all! It was terrible to hear her dreadful cries of fear and to know that she died without hope. Though called a Christian, she had not put her trust in Jesus."

"My boy, this grieves me deeply. It is all very painful, and the more so because she was one who had known of the precious Saviour. So many die without ever hearing of Him. But why did she not trust Him?"

"On account of the bad life she had been living. She cried out that her punishment would be all the greater because she had loved darkness more than light," answered the boy, trembling and sobbing.

"Child, you have had a great shock; see that you live so near your Saviour and so obediently to His command that such a death may not be your portion. Even if we sin, we have Him as our advocate before God."

"Oh, sir, I cannot bear the thought of dying as she did! My sin would be greater because of the blessings I have received here in the Seminary. Not only have I had food and care, but also the knowledge of the only Saviour from sin. I shall find no rest until I can be assured that Christ will save me from such a hell as my mother looked into in her dying hour!"

Reports of a wonderful revival of religion in the two seminaries of the American Board Mission to the Nestorians in Persia came through the columns of the *Missionary Herald*. Mr. Tracy spoke of the presence of the Holy Spirit being manifested there in so refreshing a way to the little congregation gathered for prayer in the Pasumalai church. There was a remarkable response among the teachers and pupils of the Seminary.

"Oh, that we might have such a blessing!" was their cry; and a group of the church members came asking that a day might be set apart for special prayer and fasting. Tracy was astonished at the depth of feeling and earnestness of the prayers offered by some of the members of the church. Several of the most hopeless of the students were soon bewailing their sinful-state and begging to know what they must do to be saved. During the days that followed, the little prayer rooms which had been built three years before were much in demand.

Tracy spent all his time outside of class hours in conversation and prayer with souls trembling on the brink of destruction, wrestling for deliverance for hours, by day and night. Not only the seekers were much in prayer but also their friends and all the church body. Both missionaries and Indian Christians found it their chief joy to hold up Christ the Saviour before hearts longing for His assurance that He would receive them as His own.

The members of the church were stirred up to new activity in the cause of their divine Master, shown by their earnest prayerfulness, their endeavor to help students and their anxiety for the salvation of the heathen around them. Groups of students met for special prayer for their fellows, and also in a weekly meeting to pray for the heathen in the whole town.

During their free hours they stood by the roadside talking to all who would hear among the thousands of pilgrims to the Hindu sacred hill, Secundaramalai, near by, telling them of the Saviour who is able to protect them from the Evil One.

Most of the church members and the new converts spent every Saturday afternoon in visiting all the villages within reach, giving out thousands of tracts and hundreds of Scripture portions to those who were willing to receive and could read them. In this way, they visited frequently most of the numerous villages within two or three miles of the school.

Their testimony to the goodness and love of their new-found Saviour was refreshing to the spirit of the missionaries. The people received them gladly and listened attentively to their words. Sometimes even Brahmins called them into their houses, asked them more particularly about the New Way and invited them to come again and tell them more of the story of salvation.

Besides the converts who were kept under instruction, sixteen of the students were admitted as members of the Pasumalai church.

CHAPTER 18

A Versatile Missionary

EARLY IN 1849, Rendall, then in charge of Dindigul East Station, wrote, "Palni, or some town near, would make one of the most desirable missionary stations I know in this region. Around the city in every direction are large villages containing from five hundred to three thousand inhabitants, and about a fourth of the population are low caste. Experience shows that our success at first will be almost entirely among this class."

There is the shrine of Palneyarndi, famous all over South India, to which thousands of pilgrims repair every year and hundreds every day to bring offerings to Subramoniyam, son of Siva, in the temple on the rock which must be approached by a long climb up rock-hewn steps. Every pilgrim celebrates the exploits of the god by carrying a kavardi, or yoke, on his shoulders, with his offering suspended in brass bowls.

When Rendall administered the Lord's Supper there for the first time, there were six families which had renounced popery and idolatry and were studying under the care of the Mission. In July, Webb was transferred to Dindigul, and was struck on his first visit to Palni with the desirability of establishing another Mission station there. The next year he asked the Mission for permission to build a bungalow, and a committee was appointed to visit the place. In 1851, a small church was built.

Webb often met a Hindu guru there, a religious teacher of high caste and wealth. He added much to his substance by collecting fees from the pariahs for performing Hindu ceremonies for them. This guru let pass no opportunity of seeing and talking with the missionary on his visits to Palni, showing an increasing interest in the doctrines of Christianity and contrasting them with the teachings of the Hindu Shastras.

In August, 1852, he said to Webb, "I have resolved to renounce my connection with Hinduism and join your congregation!"

"But all our members are of the despised caste which regards you as their guru! Can you enter on an equality with them as those do who are brethren in Christ?"

"I care not. I know your religion is true. I have thought much about this, and am resolved to do it."

"And your livelihood will be endangered, as well as your caste. You live by your work as a guru, do you not?"

"That is true. But I also know something about medicine, and shall henceforth no more deceive the people with pretended manthirams, but earn what I can by healing their diseases instead."

"Then come; let us go into the church, and you may take the pledge to observe the Sabbath by learning about the true God on that day, to live a Christian life as far as you know how and to renounce heathen worship in all its forms."

The little congregation of poor outcastes were astonished to see him enter the church, and still more so when he stood up before them all and made the same promise they were required to make when admitted to the congregation.

"Will your honor learn the catechism and the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the articles of faith called 'Spiritual Milk,' and recite them to the missionary as we do?" they timidly asked after the service was over.

"With God's help I will!" he replied. "And I will give my share to pay for the lamps and the oil for the evening service, and drink with you the spiritual milk!"

"It seems strange to us to sit in church with you caste people, and all 'be one in Christ,' as the missionary says. There is also a caste woman, widow of the potter, who is joining us. Soon the Hindus will say no more that only foreigners and pariahs become Christians!"

"It will not always be strange. John, of the weaver caste, is another who has joined you. How will you do about caste, John?"

"Your honor," replied John, "the Dhurai told me before I joined that among Christians there could be no distinction of caste; all are brethren, being one family in their common Lord. I said I had determined to renounce all claims to distinction among them, and to live, associate and even eat with them. The Dhurai's cook is a pariah member of the church, so I then and there ate with him, to prove it!"

"Did you not suffer any persecution from your family and caste people for this?"

"Yes, I did, and still do. My wife and family said, 'We are forever disgraced in the eyes of all our people! Come, gather up the household pots and pans and leave this place, which will soon be polluted by the presence of one who has eaten with Christians!'

"But I promised not to come near the house any more. For three weeks I had to live on charity in the house of the catechist. Finally, my wife consented to cook for me if I would not come inside the house to eat, so now I eat and sleep on the verandah of my own house. I am praying for her; some day she will relent."

Webb's health was not always good, nor was that of his wife and children, so they often had to spend much time on the hills. In times of less active life, he found occupation in preparing literature for the improvement of the agents and students of the mission, seminary and boarding schools. He translated Cogswell's *Theology* for the use of the agents as a study book and as a text for the preparandi classes and seminary. From January, 1853, he edited the new Tamil quarterly called the *Repository*, which was of great use in enlarging the information and encouraging study among all who could read among the Christians, as well as the agents. Another of his works was a study book on popery for the agents.

But he especially earned the gratitude of the whole Tamil country for all time with his work in collecting hymns and lyrics and learning to sing them in the Tamil melodies. The Mission asked him to compile a new hymn book, in order to improve the congregational singing and make more effective use of music in evangelistic work and in worship.

One of Schwartz's converts in Tanjore was Vethanayagam Sastriar, a famous Tamil poet and singer. He composed volumes of lyrics and longer poems on the death and excellency of Christ, and trained his family to sing them with him, so that large crowds would gather to listen. He adapted the lyrics to any tunes he could find, whether Tamil, Telugu, Hindustani, Portuguese, band or even jig tunes. Though native tunes were said to be associated with idolatrous worship in the temples, they caught the ear of the people. Christians who followed falteringly in the use of European tunes would take up a native tune and carry it through, themselves, with great enthusiasm.

A. Savarimuthu of Dindigul was the sweet singer among the many musicians of the Mission. His felicitous use of the Tamil language, combined with his smooth, melodious voice, gave his rendering of the Tamil lyrics a sweetness that delighted all lovers of music. Webb chose him, with seven other young men, to go with him to Tanjore and get training and practice in singing the lyrics under the poet and his daughter. They all became leaders in the singing of the village Christians, and several of them composed valuable Tamil lyrics. Savarimuthu's "Theninnimaiyilum" is still a universally loved lyric, sung to several different tunes. "Sweeter than honey is the fair Name of Jesus, sweeter than honey in the comb. Loving that dear Name, longing, running wilt thou come, for His blessing every day, oh, my soul!"

Webb brought many lyrics to add to Spaulding's choice ones, and brought them home to teach the Christians. They found an immediate welcome. When the first edition of the *Lyric Book* of two thousand copies printed by the Madras Mission Press was exhausted, the Christian Vernacular Education Society published two more editions in ten years. Webb, in touring in his district near Periakulam, heard new lyrics where he had never heard singing before, and asked how it happened.

"The catechist brought us manuscript copies of the new songs, and we have learned to sing them!" the people answered.

Young men attended evening classes to learn to read, so that they could learn the lyrics from the book. When the missionary came to visit the village congregations, the people came out to meet him with drums and horns, singing. Meetings of praise and prayer were more largely attended because of the joy the people had in the new music.

Mr. Webb soon organized two more congregations in villages near Palni, in one of which he stationed John as a reader. John's patience and love had finally won his wife from her hatred of the Christian religion, first to tolerance of his stand for Christ, and finally to love for the Saviour. John grew in Scripture knowledge, intelligence and usefulness.

Webb became more and more confirmed in the conviction that to preserve the Palni congregations from gradual declension a missionary must be stationed among them. He urged these arguments again and again on the Mission, begging to be allowed to put up even a mud-walled and thatched hut for himself to live in for a few months of the year among the Palni congregations, while his wife, who often toured with him to work among the women, carried on the work in Dindigul. But the Mission did not think this wise, partly because of the lack of enough men to occupy the stations already established.

In 1851, Webb and Taylor reported a plan for improving the native catechists. They provided a carefully arranged course of study in five classes, and annual examinations by the missionaries, with prizes for the most successful.

Thus began the "September Meetings," observed with great profit to all concerned to the present day, with some modifications. There were lessons in the Scriptures, church history, evidences of Christianity and dissertations and sermons on the studied topics contained in the Scripture lessons. The next year all the missionaries agreed to send the small classes of young men developed from among their village school monitors, and now called "preparandi," and taught in each station, to the seminary at Pasumalai for thorough training and instruction.

Webb was also a pioneer in industrial work, opening a school with eighteen boys and girls in 1852, where the pupils earned some of their keep by part-time work in some useful trade while getting their elementary education. This helped to make the pupils feel the dignity of handwork, and also served to break down caste prejudices against certain occupations.

By this time, the congregation had outgrown Lawrence's little church, and Webb was planning to enlarge it as soon as he could get money enough.

CHAPTER 19

The Deputation of 1855

AT VARIOUS TIMES the missionaries had invited Secretary Anderson to come to India for a visit of three years, or long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the problems and the people. He replied that he would leave such a duty to the younger men who might succeed him as corresponding secretary. At last, in 1853, he wrote that he might after all come to India to consider some problems concerning education, especially in the Bombay Mission.

Secretary Anderson and the Reverend A. C. Thompson, a member of the Prudential Committee, arrived at Virudhapatti on January 31, 1855. It was not quite daybreak when their palanquin bearers set them down on the verandah of the travelers' bungalow. At dawn Thompson opened a shutter and looked out. There stood Tracy and Herrick, who had come down from their stations to greet the deputation. Joyfully, the weary travelers dressed, took breakfast with the missionaries and told of their voyage, visit in Tinnevelly and night trip by palanquin to this, the first station of the Madura Mission. The town of Virudhapatti was connected with the work of the Church Missionary Society, which, with characteristic courtesy, had given full consent to the establishment there of an outstation by the American missionaries. The native catechist had gathered a congregation of fifty souls, eight of whom were baptized Christians.

At twelve o'clock, rested from their journey, the men looked out to ascertain the cause of an increasing sound of talking, and beheld a crowd of eighty or more people assembled before the little bungalow.

"Who are all these people?" they inquired.

"They say they heard in their villages, six to eight miles away, that strangers interested in the missionary work were arriving today, and have walked over to see you. This man who is bowing so respectfully asks leave to present their gift of welcome."

Then prominent men representing groups from the various villages came forward in turn with basket-trays of fruit, plantains, limes, areca nut and betel leaf, raisins and palm-tree sugar. Some garlanded the visitors with wreaths of sweet-smelling jasmine blossoms and small yellow chrysanthemums.

S. R. Winfred interpreted the visitors' salutation to the people, whose beaming faces needed no translation of their joy. Then all went to the church through the streets of the little town. On the way the visitors were impressed by the contrast in appearance and manner of the village Christians compared with the noisy heathen procession which they passed, with bodies and foreheads smeared plentifully with Siva's ashes, and carrying offerings to their idol with the noise of horns and tomtoms accompanying a devil dancer. The town was studded with temples, being wholly given up to idolatry.

The church was only a sun-dried mud wall with a roof of thatch supported by bamboo poles. Mr. Herrick read a portion of Scripture. A native left his seat on the hard dirt floor and took a Tamil Bible from a box in the corner; then, with a low bow, he presented it with both hands to Dr. Anderson.

After another stage of night travel in their palanquins, they arrived at Tirumangalam, one of the chief stations of the Mission. They were there only a few hours because of Mrs. Herrick's illness, but long enough to be greeted with garlands, fruit and salutations from the Christians who assembled in front of the bungalow next morning from villages near and far.

Then they spent two or three days in Pasumalai, where, with the aid of Brother Tracy and the Madura brethren, they made arrangements for visiting the various stations and holding their meetings with the mission.

They arived at Mandapasalai the night of February 6. Taylor's station itself was only a very insignificant village set in a fertile plain, called Antioch because of early work there. During the earlier part of the forenoon, the Christians were coming in from thirty villages, some fifteen miles distant, and from the sea coast, twenty-five miles away. By eleven o'clock, three or four hundred were assembled on the verandah and in front of the bungalow, among them thirty or forty church members.

After an invocation, Scripture and prayer, the deputation addressed them, telling them what interest was felt in them and their missionary teachers by Christians in America, what money was contributed and what prayer was offered for them.

"Christian laborers came sowing the seed; we have come to look at the harvest which to the joy of our hearts has begun to wave under the eye of the Lord. The American Board and the American churches look through our eyes and give thanks as they see what God hath wrought.

"Now therefore fear the Lord and serve Him in sincerity and truth, and put away the gods which your fathers served!"

The people answered and said, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord to serve other gods!"

After an earnest prayer by Henry Zilva, the boys present sang, "Oh, when shall we see Jesus?"

Warmhearted old Samuel could contain himself no longer.

"We are rejoiced!" he exclaimed. "We are altogether glad! We thank you; we pray for you!" He came and touched their shoes and then his head, taking the dust of their feet in the ancient Tamil manner.

"This old man was a colporteur of the American Bible Society," said Taylor. "He received most of us as new missionaries. I well remember how he gave me his blessing when I arrived. Who converted you, Samuel?"

"Rhenius Aiyar!" answered Samuel, rising to his feet. "He was the one who led me to Christ."

"I must not ask him more, or we would have no time for the village deputations who wish to greet you. He never tires of telling us what a wonderful missionary Rhenius was."

"I wish Rhenius had taught him the impropriety of devil-dancing! None of us has influence enough on him to keep him from showing his Hindu audiences the folly of devil-dancing, which he always does by a demonstration! But he is a dramatic preacher, and all respect his Christian character," said Herrick.

The people formed themselves into fifteen groups, according to their villages, headed by their catechists and teachers, and presented themselves before the deputation with salaams and reverent obeisances, expecting a short address and responding to it through their leaders.

First came the Karisalkulam people, among whom was the potter who had joined the Christians only a few months before. He was a poor, ignorant pariah.

"Why did you give up idolatry?"

"Sirs, because our religion is false. I am the man who used to make gods of clay and bake them hard in the fire. They have no life, no power, they cannot move. Can they save us?"

Then came the villagers of Korteyur. Their catechist spoke for them. "We were once in heathen darkness, but the true light has shined upon us. We believe in the religion of the Christian Veda, and by the grace of God we will remain true to our new profession."

Next came those of Nattakardu. Their teacher said, "Thanks for your advice and your greeting to us! Give our salaams to the Christians in America. We are persecuted. But if we should be persecuted even unto death, we trust that God will give us grace to persevere. We have no money to give you in return for His Gospel, but we can and we will pray for you!"

The Kundakonamanikam people said, "We were worshippers of devils. Now the way of light has been opened to us, and we have left the way of darkness. We thank you for coming to our country. People in America have done a great deal for us, but you alone have come to see us!"

Another group crowded forward, several at once trying to speak.

"One at a time, please!" said Taylor, who was trying to miss nothing in interpreting for the deputation.

"We were Roman Catholics," said a woman in the group. "But now we know there is only one Mediator between God and us. We have given up our images to the missionaries. It is only a year since the Gospel came to us, but we have great joy in Jesus Christ."

In the cool of the late afternoon, when the mercury had gone down to eighty-five degrees, they visited the church. It was a mud-built house with a thatched roof but without seats or other furniture, except mats on the floor, a table and two chairs.

"The people helped us build this," explained Taylor. "They furnished all the work and much of the material."

On February 9, Webb and Chandler met the deputation at Ammayanayakanur and took them to see Webb's station at Dindigul. Here they visited the industrial school and saw the boys and girls earning part of their school expenses by making baskets and winnowing fans of strips of palm leaf. There were also carpentry, sewing, spinning and leather-work classes. From this center the deputation visited some of the villages, and met many of the congregations in the mud-walled churches. The village of Andersonpet still bears the memorial name to commemorate the visit of the famed secretary of the American Board.

From the rock fort city, they went on to Periakulam, the city of the "big tank," or lake, and from there climbed the mountains in doolies to see the new hill station at Kodaikanal, with its circle of hill villages where congregations waited to welcome them.

After a week of meetings with the Mission in Madura, Sunday, March 4, was a delightful break in the course of the arduous duties of the deputation. They attended worship in the Madura East Station church, where five hundred people were seated on the floor. Most of the catechists and teachers were in Madura for their semi-annual examination in the study books. To look upon such a corps of men raised up for teaching and preaching to the people of India gave hope and inspiration to the visitors.

"And besides these we see before us you have five thousand nominal Christians in your congregations, five hundred church members, and many boys and girls and young men preparing to bear their part in this good work of making known the only Saviour! However we may account for so many, it is a wonderful work that God is doing here!" they exclaimed.

Two infants were presented to be baptized by the senior secretary of the Board: William Henry Herrick, born January 24, and a daughter of Colton, or Nallathambi, a teacher in the Pasumalai Seminary. Two hundred and fifty Christians partook of the Lord's Supper in a season of grateful fellowship with the foreign visitors.

Next morning, at ten o'clock, the long and detailed discussions of Mission policy continued. The meetings were held in Pasumalai, and at the East or Fort Stations in Madura, and lasted sixteen days. The missionaries were all present, even the ladies availing themselves of the invitation to attend the sessions as much as possible. At the first session, the deputation read their very definite instructions from the Prudential Committee of the Board. Their main purpose was to modify the existing work of the Mission to conform to their conviction that the grand object of missions was to preach the Gospel, gather converts into churches and ordain native pastors over those churches with as little delay as possible.

This purpose was so insistent that such subsidiary aids to its accomplishment as education, medical work, even the training of helpers, would have to be proved absolutely necessary to the main purpose or else be eliminated. No school could hold its place as a recognized stage in this program unless the Tamil language was the grand medium of instruction. Houses of worship should be built by the natives themselves, and if the Board must help in any way, no money must be spent to secure architectural effect. They would have less to do than formerly with preparatory means, with pioneering through education for the preached word, mere civilizing processes, anything not recognized by the Scriptures as the appointed means of conversion through the agency of the Holy Spirit.

Twenty-four topics were assigned by the Mission to small committees of their own number for report and discussion. After full consideration in the general meeting, the various committees prepared papers embodying the views expressed and read them in the meetings. Then the Mission passed resolutions regarding proposed changes. The members of the deputation did not vote, but after their departure sent back long papers commenting on all the action taken. To got some idea of the principles which actuated the members of the Mission, one may ponder on some characteristic extracts from the papers read by the chairmen of the committees.

"Education may elevate and civilization may refine; the arts and sciences may greatly ameliorate the conditions of the heathen, yet while their natural moral corruption remains unchanged and their wrong biases and habits are unchecked, increased worldly prosperity will only increase the ability to do and suffer injury. There must be radical change in the affections, wrought by the Holy Ghost, before the heathen can escape the just retribution for their wickedness or enjoy any great degree of mental elevation or permanent worldly prosperity. But with this change and a consistent life, the highest point of civilization and future felicity are within their reach.

"The ordination of pastors is a divine requirement; the growth and good order of the churches demand it, and without it these churches cannot be well prepared for invasion upon the heathen world. Nothing can more surely check the progress of the missionary, nothing will more surely bring his converts into an unnatural and comparatively unprofitable relation to himself or more surely keep natives from holding the office which God has ordained they should hold, than the assumption and continued holding of this office by the missionary."

From the letter written by the deputation to the Ceylon Mission, we find their views on church architecture.

"The preaching houses should obviously be such as the heathen will be most disposed to frequent. Such are not the Portuguese and Dutch-built churches of the stations, nor large edifices of stone plastered over with mortar, nor indeed a chunam house of any form; but a proper native house, with mud or matting sides, a thatched roof, and a smooth floor of earth covered with mats of palmyra leaf. When it is known, as it now is, that the heathen come most readily to churches of this description, which cost but little, why should we yield to our Western habits and waste our money on edifices that serve rather to hinder than to advance the cause?

"When the native pastors shall derive their full support from their people, the work of the Mission shall have been completed as regards these people. Pastor and people then become independent."

Anderson wrote to the Arcot missionaries: "Your task with these people is great enough if you seek only to make them good *Oriental* Christians. Since coming to India, I have become more and more jealous of the effect of every Occidental usage and habit in our missionary work which is not a necessary part and parcel of the Christian life and character."

A private record says the deputation dissented from Webb's episcopacy and the industrial school. They said, "The fewer catechists you have who were episcopally educated, and the fewer forms of worship resembling the episcopal, the better it will be for your churches and your successors." Yet it is known that Anderson esteemed Pope, the great Tamil Pandit, and considered him an "able and intelligent man, altogether too good for a high churchman."

Thompson wrote on March 21:

"The Madura meeting closed on March 17th, last Saturday, and on Monday evening after having enjoyed a season of intimate sacramental fellowship with our brethren and sisters the previous afternoon, we started for Mallankinaru, twenty-six miles distant. We stopped for a part of the night at the Rev. Mr. Herrick's, Tirumangalam, but by three o'clock yesterday morning we were in our palanquins and on our way to Mallankinaru. There is no public road leading directly to it, and our course for the latter part of the distance was through rice fields of dry cultivation and along the embankments of extensive tanks which are almost numberless in South India. We were drawn there to attend the formation of a church of Christ and to assist in the ordination of the first native pastor within the limits of our Tamil missions.

"The church edifice, toward the building of which our native Christians, though most of them are poor, have contributed liberally, is not yet finished. It is thirty-four feet by fourteen. The mud floor was partly covered with mats, and a temporary roof had been constructed of matting. Under this had been made for the occasion a lining of cotton cloths or shawls such as are worn by the native women, one of which constitutes the entire dress. It could hardly have been done better by American ladies; certainly not with corresponding materials.

"Messrs. Tracy, Herrick and Taylor, who had been appointed a committee for the occasion, were obliged to convert the unfinished meeting-house into a bedroom and breakfast room for all of us, for there is not a house in the village which would be suitable for such a purpose, though vacated by its human inhabitants.

"By half past nine o'clock the first signal for the people to assemble was given by beating a large kettle-drum. In a few minutes the house was filled; the congregation entered in a body, chanting a native tune.

"The Christians of Mallankinaru presented themselves first, with garlands of sweet-smelling flowers and offerings of fruits for the deputation and the missionaries. Next a small company of Christians from a neighboring part of Tinnevelly came forward in the same manner, and then a representation of the Madura Evangelical Society. The garlands were placed round our necks by the leaders of these several companies, which were addressed in turn by each of the deputation.

"At ten o'clock the second signal was given and the congregation, a hundred and twenty or more, seated themselves in an orderly manner upon the ground, save that here and there a dark-skinned child walked about with no more covering than it had when it first came into the world. The doors and windows were thronged with heathen people from the village.

"After introductory devotional exercises and the reading of the Scripture, the committee of the Mission proceeded to organize a church. Twelve men and six women stood up and gave their assent to articles of faith and a covenant. There were among them those of three generations; Winfred with a daughter and his father and mother.

"The office of deacon being evidently of New Testament authority, the brethren of the newly formed church elected two of their number, Gnanamuthu, the first convert and a man of influence and tried Christian character, and Santhanam, who also is 'grave, not double-tongued, not given to wine, not greedy of filthy lucre." Dr. Anderson, whose address was interpreted by Mr. Tracy, expressed the fellowship of the churches in India and America, closing with an appropriate exhortation, 'Fear not, little flock.'

"The business next in order for the little church was to elect a pastor and extend a call to him. Winfred, who had labored among them for more than a year, was unanimously chosen, and Deacon Gnanamuthu read the invitation to him. In it they promised to be obedient to him and to give bodily food according to their ability in recompense for his administration of spiritual food.

"Winfred replied that though he felt himself unworthy to discharge the important duties of the pastoral office, yet with the hope that Christ, the Head of the church and the Chief Shepherd, would afford him the necessary grace, he was willing to live and labor among them.

"The congregation then sang a hymn with much spirit, Mr. Tracy preached a sermon on the character, theme and reward of the true minister of Christ, reading from the Scripture, "'And He gave some apostles and some prophets and some evangelists and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

"After a short recess Winfred was examined. His father was converted by a catechist sent to Tinnevelly by Schwartz, and he himself was greatly indebted to the faithful labors of the excellent Rhenius of Pallamkottah and to the senior brethren at Jaffna, among whom he mentioned Mr. Poor particularly. He expressed great delight in view of his work as a minister of Christ.

"His examination on Christian doctrine was also well sustained. He is a humble Shanar. The occupation of this caste is to collect the juice of the palmyra palm tree for making toddy. He speaks and writes English correctly, is well versed in the Scriptures, knows some Greek and more Hebrew, is meek and fervent, judicious and industrious and has the entire confidence of the community at Mallankinaru, where he is well known and where his relatives reside.

"Rev. Mr. Taylor offered the ordaining prayer, and never were the hands of the presbytery laid upon the head of anyone, solemnly setting him apart to the full privileges and responsibilities of an ambassador of Christ, with more pleasure than ours were laid on this Tamilian brother. I have never felt disposed to give a firmer grip in a right hand of fellowship than on this occasion. In closing I stated to the pastor and his people that as a permanent expression of fellowship on the part of one church and indeed of many churches in the United States, I presented to them a communion service, the gift of a widow in my congregation, who had placed money in my hands for such a discretionary appropriation.

"Rev. Mr. Herrick then addressed the church:

"'Dear brethren and sisters, this is a day of peculiar importance. Five or six years ago there were no Christians here. I well remember the day I came in my box-bandy, when Gnanamuthu, your deacon, then a Shanar headman, met me. All worshipped dumb idols; none believed in Jesus Christ. By the special favor of God, when the Gospel was sent to you, this one of the two headmen in this mother-village believed and was baptized; afterward others, and your number has continued to grow.'

"Then he exhorted them to love, honor and pray for their pastor. The last hymn was read by Winfred, who also pronounced the benediction. It was getting late, the people were dismissed. But they showed no disposition to go.

"'The service is over!' said the missionary. 'Go, and come again!' Not a soul moved toward the door.

"But Deacon Gnanamuthu broke out, 'To God, who has granted us so many mercies and has caused His light to shine into the midst of our darkness, be glory forever!'

"Dr. Anderson addressed a few farewell words to them, and the good deacon broke forth once more, 'We will pray for you; we do pray for the churches in America! Give our salaams to those Christian friends!'

"As we were retiring by a side door, we heard the last outburst of pent-up emotion, 'Give salaams, give many salaams, to the good lady!'

"There is no pulpit, there are no seats at all in the house; simply a hard mud floor. In all New England there is not so rude a place of worship, nor is there, I venture to say, in all the Western Hemisphere a young flock on which the eyes of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls rest with a more peculiar interest than upon this feeble band at Mallankinaru."

We cannot hold the deputation of 1855 entirely responsible for all the changes which were put into effect after their visit. The Mission heartily concurred in the theoretical aspects of all the most important resolutions passed, except perhaps in that relating to the closing of the station boarding schools. They had declined since the caste storm, but their destruction would close the way to the development of native leadership. The resolutions were consistently in harmony with the principles previously enunciated in the instructions of the Prudential Committee to their delegates.

As a basis of all their deliberations is their declaration of the true purpose of missions to the non-Christian world. The statement of the Jaffna Committee on the Governing Object of the Board, as presented by Spaulding, their committee chairman, well expresses the prevailing convictions of the deputation and the three India missions:

"The governing object of missions to the heathen is not to relieve human distress, to minister to the necessities of the suffering, to raise the degraded and to deliver the oppressed. The work of missions looks beyond the physical sufferings and necessities of man and contemplates him as a sinner against a holy and just God and exposed to endless wrath. And it proclaims to him pardon and salvation. It contemplates no less an object than raising him from the awful gloom of the shadow of eternal death to the regions of eternal life and joy in the presence of a reconciled God. Everyone who has tasted the joys of salvation feels a desire that others should come and drink of the same fountain.

"The soul of every man is dark and desolate, but only those who have actually lived among the heathen can have any conception of the darkness and desolation which reigns in their souls. It is not merely that the Divine inhabitant of the soul is gone and the stately temple is in ruins, but the prince of darkness has established his throne upon those ruins, foul fiends lurk in every corner, and the very vapors of the bottomless pit ascend from every altar. Surely there is no power which can eject these usurpers, renew and enlighten this desolation and darkness, but that which in the beginning 'spake and it was done,' which said, 'Let there be light' and there was light. And it is only as sustained by implicit faith in the all-sufficiency of that power and in the certainty of those rich promises which make it available to us that we can dare to act as instruments.

"This work is actually retarded by resort to auxiliary means or preparatory processes. . . ."

To the better accomplishment of the great task, some immediate changes in method and agencies were recommended in the Madura Mission. Greater emphasis was to be laid on the new, swiftly developing village work, the worth of which as a means for the conversion of the Tamil people was believed to be beyond the power of man to estimate. Said they:

"Village congregations are a most important means, one pointed out by the providence of God, one which will receive more and more of His favor. But this system requires a large expenditure for the education of suitable native agents to place in the villages as catechists, teachers and, later, pastors."

Education was therefore restricted to the children of converts and those who might reasonably be expected to become mission agents. The practice of encouraging girls in the day schools to regular attendance by gifts of fruit, cloths or copper coins was stopped. Mr. Webb's industrial school at East Dindigul, as it could not be expected for a long time, if ever, to become self-supporting, was stopped at the close of the year. The boarding schools were closed because it was believed that they had a tendency to prevent the elevation of the village schools by drawing from the villages the sons of the catechists and teachers and the most promising boys among the native Christians. It was hoped that the object for which they had been established would be secured through the village schools and that the village boys could go directly to the Seminary. The boarding schools of Mandapasalai, Tirupuvanam, West Dindigul and Tirumangalam were to be merged, reduced and finally abolished.

The study of the English language in all the schools was stopped and the number of students reduced, so that the policy of educating for mission service only could be carried out. As government aid was considered undesirable, because of the fear of some restriction in teaching, it was respectfully declined, in spite of the liberality of the East India Company's famous Educational Despatch of 1854. The foundation of the new church in the Palni Mountains was inspected and disapproved because of its cruciform shape, and because the Mission proposed to share it with the Church of England.

The girls' school in Madura escaped the general destruction, because of the necessity of educating Christian girls to give in marriage to Mission agents. The Mission asked for an unmarried lady to be appointed by the Board as principal of the school, and recommended that as soon as possible all male teachers there should be dispensed with.

Eighteen proposed stations as village centers were named, eleven of which were new, while three old ones, Madura Fort, Sivaganga and West Dindigul were to be sold. Two of the proposed new stations, Battlagundu and Melur, were to be built immediately with the money realized from the sale of these buildings, a plot of ground in the sanitarium at Kodaikanal which was also to be given up as not immediately needed for houses, and the remaining land on the glacis.

Capron, who arrived in April of 1857, was appointed to the new station of Parthipanur, but was obliged to live in Madura until the necessary buildings could be erected.

The Mission was strongly advised against increasing the salaries of any agents as a consequence of ordination, in order to disconnect the sacred calling from the grasping spirit of mercenary ambition.

In regard to caste, the pronouncement of the deputation was: "It is our belief that the native churches will never rise to be self-supporting, efficient and reliable until the lines of distinction drawn by caste are obliterated from their social life."

The deputation congratulated themselves that they had been sent, as they humbly believed, of the Lord and that their visit was evidently at the right time.

Said they, "We came with expectations of finding missionary problems hard of solution, and practical views among yourselves of missionary policy not easily harmonized. We have been most happily disappointed."

On the road from Madura to Negapatam, traveling in palanquins during the night, they found time during their day stops to write a full résumé with ample comments on the action decided upon in their meeting with the Madura Mission. During the Jaffna Mission visit, they decided to sell the press there and to transfer the printer, Burnell, to the Madura Mission. The harmony spoken of in their farewell address and letter was somewhat broken by Anderson's repudiation by letter of his agreement to recommend a hundred rupees more salary to the Madura missionaries, and by the venerable Winslow's strong dissent from the proposed ruthless curtailing of the educational effort and of the work of the press in Madras.

With these warning thunders, perhaps the deputation were not altogether taken by surprise when a storm of protest arose in the churches in America over their decisions. It is not within the scope of this history to record the arguments urged in the Board's meetings against the changes recommended in the missions in India. But later events will show how some of the policies were modified in actual practice or proved ill-advised by their results and later reversed.

CHAPTER 20

Churches and Pastors

IN THE STATION CHURCH at Mandapasalai was catechist Yesadian, twenty-four years old, a graduate of Taylor's two-year preparandi course when he was in Tirupuvanam, and an experienced catechist. By his faithfulness and industry he had won Taylor's confidence and the love and respect of his people, though he lacked the talents and advanced education of Winfred. Taylor often referred lovingly to him as "an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." The missionary chose him for ordination over his church at Mandapasalai and sent him to the Seminary at Pasumalai for instruction in the duties and responsibilities of the pastoral office, church and Biblical history and Christian doctrine, all according to the newly formulated rules of the mission.

But Taylor did not wait for men to qualify for ordination before establishing churches. As missionary of the station and pastor of the station church, he invited the Christians of the neighboring congregations to a Sunday service there. Henry Silva, not yet ordained but "licensed to preach the gospel to the Tamil people within the bounds of the Mission," assisted him in baptizing twenty-five people and in celebrating the Lord's Supper. After Taylor's sermon, the church voted unanimously that those who were accustomed to meet on the Sabbath in the villages of East Karisalkulam, West Karisalkulam, Velanurani, Paralachi and Sevalpatti should be organized into separate churches.

In September a Mission Committee, consisting of Herrick, Tracy and Taylor, was appointed to form churches in Taylor's district, Mandapasalai. At the same time a committee was appointed to outline the qualifications for native pastors seeking ordination. Before the close of the year, all five of the village churches named had been organized.

In the January meeting of 1856, a committee was appointed to attend to the organization of churches in the Cumbum Valley, where the Reverend Joseph T. Noyes had groups of Christians in five villages who had requested to be allowed to establish churches. They were the villages of Cumbum, Koyilapuram, Kombay, Bodinayakanur, Kamayanpatti, each with the villages adjacent to it. A committee of the station church gladly gave them permission to withdraw and organize themselves separately in their own localities.

They added, "May the Lord send to you and to us, pastors after His own heart to go in and out before us, to break unto us the bread of life, and to feed us with knowledge and understanding."

Classes of catechists were given a single year of study in the Seminary to fit them for work as pastors. The five village groups sent to the Mission asked to be organized into churches of Christ, with power to choose for themselves church officers, according to the order of the New Testament.

They wrote, "We promise to be organized, to adopt the articles of faith, covenant and rules of life of the American Mission churches in Ceylon, Madura and Madras, being associated with them as a sister church, and to do what we are able towards supporting a pastor and sustaining among ourselves the ordinances of the Gospel."

In March, 1857, the South Local Committee held its meeting at Taylor's Station, with twelve helpers from Tirumangalam, one from the Seminary, and Winfred and Zilva from their churches. In the reports of the work under their charge, the missionaries rejoiced to hear of the gratitude of the catechists and pastors for what God had done during the year in their stations, and of the growing sentiment in favor of Christianity which they observed among the people. Many of the Christians were making known the truth with a zeal and consistency which impressed their neighbors and made converts of many who had opposed the truth. Some of Winfred's parishioners were merchants, and carried the Gospel message wherever their travels took them.

The closing service was Yesadian's ordination. Not many women were present, and some had to carry out children suffering from whooping cough, but in spite of that the church was well filled with Christians from Mandapasalai and the surrounding villages. The three missionaries of the South Local Committee were assisted by Winfred and Zilva. During the communion service which followed, conducted by the native pastors, with much singing of the melodious Tamil lyrics, the missionaries' hearts were full of joy and praise that at last a native pastorate was growing before their eyes, and that missionaries would soon be freed from the pastoral duties which do not rightly belong to their office.

Now there were seven churches and two pastors in Taylor's station, and he went on to organize them into an ecclesiastical body which he named the "Mandapasalai Christian Sangam," or "Association." At the quarterly meetings the pastors and delegates were to make reports on the progress of their churches; and congregations were to report on their progress in Christian living, contributions and Christian education, to discuss their problems and to seek advice when needed. The Sangam was also to perform all acts necessary to the organization of new churches and the instruction and ordination of pastors over them, or to seek to have them performed through the Mission.

The Mission had not yet formulated rules for ecclesiastical bodies, and the other missionaries foresaw financial embarrassment in the establishment without Mission sanction of churches with native pastors whose support must come largely from American funds. A motion of disapproval of Taylor's encouraging his churches to independent action, before the Mission had had time to act on the Board's resolution about Mission church organization and ecclesiastical bodies, was laid on the table in the June meeting of 1857, to be considered in September.

Meanwhile, the Sangam went on with its program. Committees were appointed to organize two new churches, each committee consisting of the missionary, a native pastor and a delegate. On July 14, 1857, a church was established at Sempatti; and on July 17, another at Kanjampatti, both with a catechist as their only leader; then came another, at Purasalur.

"If these churches are blessed of God they will grow, but if He has no delight in them they will fall," declared Taylor.

In the long and heated discussion of the subject in the following September meeting, the general sentiment was opposed to permitting churches to organize without previous sanction from the Mission.

The ordination of native pastors soon received another setback. Herrick performed the painful duty of presenting a note from Winfred in the January meeting of the mission in 1858:

> To the American Madura Mission.
> My dear Sirs,
> As I like no longer to remain in connection with the Mission, I do hereby resign my connection with it.
>
> I am, yours truly,
> S. Winfred
>
> Dec. 15, 1857

When Secretary Anderson heard of this, he wrote: "The course pursued by our first Tamil pastor has disappointed and grieved me."

The missionaries were as dismayed; they feared that Winfred desired for himself and his sons a higher position and salary than they could hope for in Mission employ, for which Winfred's Tinnevelly, Jaffna and Madras mission training were ample qualification. In June he had asked and obtained two and a half months' leave to search for his son Daniel in Madras.

Though they could not approve of his action, they accepted his resignation from his connection with the Mission, but declared that he still remained ecclesiastically connected with the church over which he had been ordained, and subject to it. If he wished to give up the charge of the church at Mallankinaru, he must take proper steps to have that relation dissolved. They appointed Herrick, Tracy, Taylor and Capron to consider his relation to his church and to take such further action as might be necessary.

Within a fortnight, Winfred asked the committee to terminate his relation with the church. They met at Mallankinaru.

"Why, after four successful years in this church, three of them as pastor, do you suddenly wish to leave?" they asked.

"Because the Mission helps to pay my salary. This fact is an injurious influence on my church. Your rules say that expenditure of funds involves responsibility, and that the Mission cannot be responsible unless it carefully supervises all the work it pays for. Your supervision lowers me in the eyes of my people."

"Do you not think your church pays as much of your salary as the people can be expected to do?"

"They do not do what they might for the support of their pastor. Knowing that the difference will be made up by the Mission, they cannot be led or trained to do their very best to pay my salary."

"But the people are very poor! Many are almost starving now, in these famine times! How can they do more than they are doing? They have not enough for themselves!" exclaimed Capron.

"It is true. At the same time, you must admit that as long as they look to the Mission for financial help, they will also look to the Mission for direction. In this way the Mission is usurping the place of the pastor, thus diminishing my influence and usefulness."

"What would you advise our doing to overcome these difficulties?"

"I think a church should never have a native pastor ordained over it until the people are both able and willing to support him."

"That time will come, we trust, some day. It will involve sacrifice on the part of the pastor as well as by the people. But must we wait so long before establishing the indigenous church in India?"

"I do not ask so large a salary as I am now getting. I will stay with my church if they will do only what they are able for my support; I will trust in the Lord for the remainder. Let me consult them and see if something like this cannot be done." He withdrew.

"This is a bad time for them. The Collector tells me over forty thousand people have emigrated to Ceylon because of the drought and shortage of food in these two years," remarked Tracy.

After a consultation with Winfred, the little congregation appeared before the committee in a body.

"This proposition alarms us! How can we, who have all we can do to get food for ourselves and our children, be expected to pay a pastor's salary? We even have to keep our children at work all day to earn a few pies!"

"You need not pay me as much as I am now receiving. I am ready to sacrifice, too. You and I will both find it hard, but it will be better for us to suffer want than to be subject to the Mission as we are now."

"You will be asked to pay your pastor only according to your ability," said Mr. Taylor.

"And who is to decide what our ability is?"

"You yourselves, acting in the fear of God, are the proper persons to decide your ability," said Tracy.

"We do not know whether we can do this or not. We are afraid we cannot pay enough. He gets more money in a month than any of us see in a year. Do we not know that only this year our pastor petitioned the Mission for an increase of salary? How can we suppose he will be satisfied with what we could pay him?"

"I think you can trust his word that he will do his best to get along with what you can pay him. Why not try it?" asked Herrick.

"If your honors wish us to try it, we will, and do our best to raise his salary. If we cannot find enough money, perhaps he will accept wood, rice, eggs and such other things as the people may be able to get."

"I will accept whatever you can give," promised Winfred.

As the committee walked over to Mr. Taylor's bungalow, Taylor explained, "Winfred's mind has long been on raising his countrymen to act for themselves; I wonder whether this will result so."

"These Shanars are very progressive and industrious people; the Lord only can foresee the result," remarked Mr. Herrick. "I think there is some ground for hope, as well as for apprehension." The others agreed with this rather equivocal sentiment.

"Brother Taylor, do many read all this Tamil lettering on your house?" inquired Tracy.

"Yes, no one who can read at all will pass without spelling it out. I've met men who have recited all these texts on sin, judgment and salvation perfectly and in their correct order!" answered Taylor.

In January, the Mission drew up rules for its ecclesiastical bodies, differing from Taylor's Sangam Constitution in that ordinations and the organization of new churches must first have the sanction of the Mission to ensure that church work should not advance faster than the money could be supplied to carry it on, and that all possible care might be taken to avoid wasting money in the training of unsatisfactory candidates for the ministry. No group of churches was eligible to form an ecclesiastical body until it contained at least three native pastors.

Within three months, Winfred resigned from his church, and a month later moved to Madras, where he was employed by the Madras Mission of the American Board.

Tracy commented, "As we still have confidence in his piety, we hope he may be useful at Madras."

Herrick put Catechist Christian in his place in the Mallankinaru church, paying him from the appropriation set aside for Winfred.

Because of Mrs. Webb's failing health, the Mission advised the Webbs to return to America, stopping for some months at the Cape of Good Hope, as the English physician, Dr. Colebrook, considered the climate there ideal for pulmonary affections. On the eve of their departure, July 30, the Dindigul church was organized with deacons, and an Indian pastor, Mr. A. Savarimuthu, appointed to take Mr. Webb's place. He was the sweet singer of the early church in Madura, and won all by his modest bearing and Christian grace. The ordination was conducted according to the new Mission rules, with several of the brethren from other stations in attendance. Next day the people celebrated a love feast in Mr. Savarimuthu's home, of which seven partook.

On August 1, a Sunday, Mr. Webb preached his farewell sermon, a charge to the people:

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." There were two hundred present at the communion service which followed, of which ninety-four partook. One of the first members of the church as formerly organized was present. The new pastor assisted the missionary in serving the table of the Lord.

Next day their Tamil friends gave a farewell feast for the Webbs on their own wide verandah, and afterward delighted them with songs composed for the occasion and set to Tamil lyrical music, to express their love for the departing missionary family. No doubt Mr. A. Alleyne, who had assisted Webb in translating textbooks into Tamil, was present.

"Think of us when you remember these Tamil melodies you and the poet of Tanjore taught us," said Savarimuthu.

Savarimuthu, though a pariah, was loved and respected by his congregation, and they subscribed three and a half rupees a month for his support, the rest of his salary being paid by the Native Evangelical Society. No other congregation in Dindigul station could subscribe so much, and but few in the whole Mission area.

At the September meeting, the committee on Taylor's Mandapasalai churches reported, recommending that the church at Parasalur be recognized. The churches at Sampatti and Kanjampatti established by Taylor's Sangam were also recognized, but only on the ground that they had been organized, and on the distinct understanding that this action was to be no precedent for the future. Taylor read a minority report dissenting from this opinion. C. William was ordained over the church at Kalamathur on December 9; and on the 29th, E. Seymour was ordained over the church at Kotaimedu, then organized in Periakulam Station. D. Christian was the last of the six pastors ordained in the five years following Winfred's ordination. He was ordained in 1860 over the church at East Karisalkulam by the request of the people of his church.

Chapter 21

Showers of Blessing

In 1859 came a circular letter from the Ludhiana Presbyterian Mission proposing a week of special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Mission set apart the second week in January, 1860, for that purpose.

In Malankinaru, where the deputation had ordained the first pastor, divisions in the church had been the cause of much anxiety to the catechist. He had made special efforts to heal the differences, earnestly exhorting his people to be reconciled to one another as a preparation for the new year. On the evening of December 24, 1860, one man invited another, toward whom he had been indulging feelings of resentment, to come to his house and pray with him. The invitation was accepted and a reconciliation followed. The next night a general meeting was held at the same house, and others became reconciled.

Then a series of meetings was begun, to pray for the blessing of God upon the new year, and to bring the Gospel before the minds of those who did not often come to the church services. These meetings were held in the open air in front of the church, in the bright moonlight.

One evening, after prayer and the address by the catechist, the people were singing lyrics from Webb's hymn book. A usually sober-minded youth of eighteen or more began to tremble and weep.

"Hush! Don't disturb the meeting!" whispered those near him. "What is the matter with you?"

For answer he cried out the more, and said, "My sins! I cannot bear the weight of my sins!"

Catechist Christian came near, puzzled by this behavior.

"I have never witnessed the work of the Holy Spirit in this way," said he, "but from what I have heard of it, this young man must be under His influence. Tell us, Little Brother, what is troubling you."

The young man burst into a confession of his sins; then he began to reprove severely a few members of the church, calling them by name and telling the faults of which they had been guilty. Then he turned to the heathen present and urged them to repent of their unbelief.

"He is possessed by a demon!" declared some of them.

"Impossible!" said others. "Does a demon tell us of our sins and beg us with tears to repent and turn to the true God?"

Late that evening, Christian and other friends led the young man home in the moonlight, still trembling. Next morning, many accustomed to work on the Lord's Day were instead at church. They replied to the catechist's questions.

"He came early to our houses and urged us to come and hear the words of salvation from sin. We had to come."

This was the beginning of a revival which spread through several villages, the Seminary and the girls' boarding school, healing differences among church members and bringing repentance and prayer for forgiveness to many. The Christians were moved to generosity in giving for evangelistic work, and to prayer for their unsaved friends.

One Sunday, just before the close of the school term at Pasumalai, the Lord's Supper was administered, three of the students were admitted to the church and several infants baptized. In the evening, while the Tracys were engaged in family worship, they heard someone come on the verandah, sobbing bitterly. When they rose from their knees, several of the larger boys came forward, supporting a smaller one, who was trembling violently and crying as if in great agony.

"What is the trouble?" asked Tracy. "Was someone bitten by a scorpion?"

"My sins! Oh, my sins are piercing me through! I cannot bear it!" sobbed the boy.

Tracy prayed with him and sent him back to the school, where Barnes visited him to lead him where alone he might find peace.

At the same time, the Seminary students were holding their usual Sunday-evening meeting. Soon arose the sound of loud crying and prayer, and Barnes returned.

"Sir, come quickly!" he said in an awestruck whisper. "We need your help!"

Tracy hastened with him to the classroom, where the boys were gathered with the catechists. Some were on their knees with outstretched arms, some prone and striking their heads on the floor in agony, some beating their breasts, all with loud cries and tears confessing their sins and praying for pardon. Few slept that night. In the early dawn, arose cries for mercy from a woman deeply affected with a sense of her sins.

Study was abandoned and the day was spent in prayer and conversation with those in distress. Many found forgiveness and peace. In the evening, Mr. Capron came to help, and they commenced a prayer meeting. But the excitement grew so uncontrollable that they had to break into small groups to help those who needed advice and comfort. The little prayer rooms were in great demand. Muthian, one of those who left at the time of the caste storm, returned to apologize to Mr. Tracy, to renounce caste and Hinduism and be baptized.

Many were rejoicing in the hope that God had accepted them and forgiven their sins. When the school year closed, the students returned to their homes to witness to their new-found joy in the One who saves from sin.

On March 10, Noyes came in the course of a tour to a village where the congregation consisted of only eight families, thirty-two persons who were of three different castes. The people gathered in the tiny prayer-house, men seated on the floor on one side of the center aisle, women modestly veiled with the end of their sailies on the other, with their children, naked babies toddling about among them, nursed in their mothers' arms or astride big sister's hip. Noyes was accustomed to expect nothing from these ignorant women, except that they hear the sermon of the missionary or the catechist, answer the questions of their catechism and recite the Bible stories taught them. Never had he heard one of them pray or sing.

But on this day he was astonished when, after the opening of the meeting, they broke out of their own accord and joined in singing harmoniously and earnestly, as if this were the natural outlet for their intense feeling, hymns in Tamil meter, of penitence for sin and trust in the crucified and risen Redeemer. They continued singing one hymn after another for twenty minutes, rising on their knees and weeping freely.

During prayer, and while the Scriptures were being read, earnest confession and weeping continued, while the men looked on in amazement and the heathen, crowded outside the windows and doors, knew not what to make of the scene. When Noyes had arrived at his next stopping place on the tour, a group of these women appeared there, and by their earnest and fervent prayers and sweet songs encouraged the women of the villages near to look to their Saviour. Thus, the revival spread to other villages and congregations and resulted in conversions and in Christian witness in life and word.

CHAPTER 22

A Trip to Kodaikanal

THE CHESTERS had been in their Pasumalai home only a week on that Monday, May 16, 1859, when at five in the afternoon they started in their comfortable bullock bandy for Mission meeting at Kodaikanal on the Palni Hills. They made a short stop at the Rendalls' in Madura for tea. Then they retired for rest while journeying in their bandy, and arrived at the Chandlers' bungalow in Battlagundu at half-past six on Tuesday morning. Brother Chandler pointed out to them the gleam of the whitewashed walls of the East House on the hills. They spent a restful day, giving their hosts much pleasure by setting up and trying the wonderful sewing-machine they had brought them from America, and by showing their stereoscopic views of Niagara Falls, scenes in the Holy Land and other pictures.

They set off at five-thirty in the evening, accompanied by Mr. Chandler, Mr. Rendall and Mr. Taylor, in a caravan of carts full of furniture, boxes and supplies for the hills. Their road was shaded by beautiful banyan and tamarind trees, vocal with scolding monkeys and the harsh cries of flocks of crows. As the sunlit golden dust changed to splotches of silver moonlight in the shade of the wide-spreading branches, they were lulled to rest by the soft tinkle of the brass bells on the necks of the patient bullocks.

It was almost eleven o'clock when they drove up to the bungalow of the "mountain rajah," as Noyes was called, at Periakulam, finding the verandah crowded with coolies waiting for their burdens, while the weird cry of the jackal added to the confusion of many tongues in an unfamiliar jargon. Here all the furniture, bedding and boxes had to be weighed, divided into headloads and distributed among the coolies to be carried up the hill. The welcome fragrance of Indian tea mingled with the smells of the straw the oxen were munching in the moonlight, the betel leaf being indulged in by the coolies, and the sweet fragrance of the white jasmine blossoms in the garden. Friendly men among the coolies lifted the loads for the women and girls and set them evenly balanced on their heads, careful not to displace the doughnut of tightly twisted cloth or grass which they had placed to protect their scalps.

"Is that our path?" asked Sophie. "It looks perpendicular, a quite inaccessible mountain range!"

"Yes," replied Taylor, "from here a bridle path penetrating a mountain gorge, sometimes zigzagging up cliffs too precipitous to climb straight, leads up thirteen miles to the top."

"Sophie, in that dhooly, with your bearers, you make me think of those pictures of Californians we saw in *Punch!*" declared her husband.

"It is funny, I know, but you ought to see yourself overpowering that poor 'tat' you have straddled!" giggled Sophie. For her Edward was no small man, and the little Indian pony seemed inadequate.

"I know it. And it doesn't seem fair to Brother Taylor's tat. We must change now and then, and I intend to walk half the way."

"It certainly is a beautiful picture—the long rows of red-dressed women and the white-turbaned men, all with their headloads and all trotting along so gracefully."

"And the midnight moonlight is delightfully cool and refreshing after fifty miles in the bandy, isn't it?"

For the first five miles, the road led through woodland sloping upward with a clear mountain stream below. At two o'clock they reached the beginning of a more abrupt slope, where the headloads were lifted and set on the ground for a short pause. Among the many trunks of a huge banyan tree, the coolies sat chattering and chewing betel leaf smeared with lime paste and wrapped around broken pieces of the areca nut. Their mouths were stained with the astringent red juice. The loads were soon resumed and the long line wound its way up the steep ascent and back and forth on the zigzags, keeping a swinging rhythm with their singsong,

"Hung go kum! Hung go oh go! Sandhosham!"

Here the pepper vine, the rattan, the cinnamon tree, the nutmeg, the sago palm, the citron, lime and date grow wild.

The cry of the black monkey, the scream of the peacock and the calls of the jungle fowl protested the strangers' approach.

At the last stage of the ascent, when bird calls heralded the first streaks of dawn and the air seemed bracingly cool in the rarefied atmosphere of a six-thousand-feet elevation, they found horses sent down to them by the men already on the hills. They paused to put on heavier clothing against the raw morning air, and hoped Brother Taylor's promise of an ibex or two would materialize.

Arrived at the little settlement of Kodaikanal, they walked along the rim of a basin which seemed three hundred feet deep, ringed round with grassy hills, its bottom a rich meadow fed by streams and waterfalls.

They were glad to gather round the wood fire in Mrs. Capron's house. Here they met members of the mission not seen before—Herrick, Capron, Burnell, Tracy and their wives, the Chandler girls, Mary Tracy and the boys, with the younger children of the mission.

The mothers had organized a vacation school for the children, who visited the various homes for their lessons. Of the English community the new missionaries met Collector Clarke and Mr. Gray. They were charmed with the beautiful situation of the mission house; the lower houses in the vine-festooned grove of tangled jungle near the church, whence Kodaikanal, meaning "Vine Grove," got its name; the upper houses on the hilltop overlooking the valley of mountain streams and waterfalls; East House with its views toward the flat-topped Muzzy's Knoll, the distant town of Battlagundu and the plains. In the gardens were tea-roses, verbenas, fuchsias and the tall Australian blue-gum trees which Noyes had grown from seedlings from Major Partridge's garden.

The mountain sojourners, including the ladies in their long riding-habits, would gather for early morning rides through the woodland bridle paths past the little church with its front just then fallen in a recent rainstorm, up round the hill past the English houses, round the circle of hills to the heights whence lovely views could be seen over the rolling downs covered with grass and bracken, the indigenous forests in sheltered ravines, and occasionally a vista of the hazy distances of the plains, checkered with rice fields, plowed red soil, villages and storage tanks of water for irrigation and every use of the home and farm.

After a merry gallop home to breakfast, the men would go to Mission meeting at ten o'clock. When the meeting closed at four, groups of children with insistent invitations would beguile their elders to a walk to Mount Nebo, which was an almost perpendicular cliff whose roots reached down among the debris and the foothills seven thousand feet below, whence the path with its zigzags could be traced over the shoulder of the hill and for miles toward the southwest. A stream nearby had worn its way through a crevice and fell in cascades, one of them a thousand feet in height.

Below lay more than ten thousand square miles of level plain dotted with barren, rocky, isolated peaks like a child's blocks dropped carelessly here and there; still farther toward the horizon in the early morning light shone the river Vaigai, winding toward Madura, fifty miles away, where on a clear day could be seen the towers of the great Hindu temple. Some claimed they had sometimes gotten a view of the sea out on the horizon, shimmering in the heat a hundred miles away.

One day the boys and men gathered and loosened with crowbars great boulders on Mount Nebo, then invited the whole settlement to a great "stone-rolling." Joseph and Charlie Noyes, Charlie and Jamie Tracy, Charles Burnell, James Herrick and Johnny Chandler were then much in evidence, encouraging their timid sisters but holding their own breath whenever a huge boulder went bounding down the cliff, snapping off young saplings in its way and landing with a terrific crash far below.

When Mission meeting was over, the Chesters went down, stopping as before at Periakulam, where they found Mrs. Noyes, free for the time from her frequent attacks of asthma. When they reached home, Chester, impatient to see how his goods had come through the vicissitudes of the voyage, worked nights to unpack the fascinating things he had brought from America—his hydrogen generator, "shocking machine," bell machine, microscope and a "good supply and excellent variety of drugs." Colton, who was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, was his first patient. Chester had taken a short course of medical lectures in New York.

In spite of the heat of May and June, both the Chesters continued their study of Tamil. The Seminary boys enjoyed singing an hour on Wednesdays with Mr. Chester. They came, as also did their teachers, Barnes, Eames, Coit, Rowland, Samuel and Asirvadham, to see the wonderful stereoscopic views, the magnet, the shocking machine and the curious animalcules Chester captured in a drop of water from the nearby tank and put under the miscoscope for them.

As soon as he got his chemical apparatus set up, he gave them entrancing glimpses into the wonders wrought by "chemical affinity" until Barnes prophesied that chemistry would produce a revolution of things in India.

"We have never seen such experiments!" he exclaimed. "I have read in chemistry, but it seemed dry. It was mere book-knowledge. Now we see!"

When the rest of the missionaries returned from the hills, the Thursday prayer meetings were resumed. The Chesters invited the Mission on the evening of July 29. They assembled for tea at six, then Chester played the melodeon for the hymns and led a service of thanksgiving for the termination of the Sepoy Mutiny, in which all joined in sincere gratitude. A year before, they had subscribed more than nine hundred rupees as a thank offering for their safety during those dreadful days in North India. Now the direct authority of the East India Company passed away, and that of the Queen was established in its place.

Her Majesty expressed in her proclamation of the transfer of government a firm reliance on the truth of Christianity and an acknowledgment of gratitude for the solace of religion, and at the same time disclaimed "alike the right and the desire to impose her convictions on any of her subjects." The Tamil translation of this statement was generally misunderstood by the people, who thought it a direct repudiation of Christianity by the government, and as forbidding the propagation of the Gospel by the missionaries and their assistants. Many accepted it as permission to revive such outlawed practices as suttee and hook-swinging.

Thomas Clark, Esquire, the faithful Christian Collector of Madura District, who had arrived from England just in time to read the proclamation publicly in the city, later issued a notice explaining the true meaning of the Queen's proclamation.

The Christian Vernacular Education Society was established in England in 1858 as a memorial of the Mutiny, expressing the English sentiment that the government methods of education in India, by which all religious instruction was debarred from public schools and a formal neutrality maintained, were a mistake. The new Society was undenominational and its work was carried on in harmony with all the different missions. Its training schools were essentially normal schools for the preparation of Christian teachers. Another branch of the work was the preparation of schoolbooks and Christian literature in the Indian languages.

Chapter 23

Miss Ashley, Pioneer Single Lady

At last, in 1858, the request of the Mission for a single lady to take charge of the Girls' Boarding School made at the time of the deputation, was granted. Miss Ashley came with her aunt, Mrs. Taylor, returning from America with the Chesters and Mrs. Noyes. In her first year, Miss Ashley was able, besides studying Tamil, to help Mrs. Capron in the work of the school in Madura. She looked after the supplies, cared for the sick, supervised the girls in their work of sweeping the compound around the school every morning and watering the guava and mango trees.

The school was divided into three classes, the work for each requiring two years. Some enjoyed the advantages of the school for only a year or two, without regard to graduation. An educated Indian woman and her assistant, a girl educated in the school, were the teachers. An excellent Indian woman acted as matron. Miss Ashley helped with the classes in needlework, in which the girls by the sale of their work supported two or three girls in the school. Watching over the good order of the school and the moral training of the pupils were duties shared by Miss Ashley and Mrs. Capron. Every year a few girls were admitted into church membership.

In May, 1861, the Caprons took Chester's station at Tirupuvanam while he went to Madras for a year of study of tropical diseases in the hospitals and dispensaries there, to augment his medical training at the New York University Medical College. Then the Rendalls resumed charge of the Girls' School from the Caprons, who had managed the school for three and a half years. There were forty-five pupils. Miss Ashley had made good progress in Tamil and was able to take up more fully the work in teaching. The girls were inspired with the same spirit of giving for evangelistic work which animated the Christians of the churches, and many of them gave the weekly allowance which they received for plantains, the small bananas grown so extensively in India. Mrs. Rendall found time while the girls were eating to sit talking with them, her baby on her lap.

The girls made their own clothing in the sewing classes, and their plain sewing and crocheting were a source of income to the school. Cotton-spinning was taught, and they were thoroughly trained in domestic economy, grinding the curry stuffs and taking turns in cooking.

Writing was done with an iron stylus on olai, the dried strips of palm leaves. The letters are scratched in, then brushed over with powdered charcoal. The younger classes wrote their letters with one finger, in clean river-sand spread on the hard-packed earth floor of the schoolroom.

During vacations at home in their villages, the girls helped their parents by spinning, sewing, holding little bazaars, caring for the buffaloes or going out for day labor in the fields. Many were faithful in teaching their village friends and neighbors to read, persuading them to attend church and explaining the Bible to them. They sang their school songs about their work from morning till night, and heathen neighbor-girls learned also to sing them.

Men of the tailor caste were employed in Mission families, and thus received considerable knowledge of the Bible. Miss Ashley employed a young lad to sew for her, teaching him not only to run a straight seam, but also to look to Jesus as his Saviour. But when he refused to unite with his family in performing heathen ceremonies, his relatives forbade his coming any more to work in the house of the missionaries. Rendall went to see him.

"Sir, I am sorry I cannot come to work. They have beaten me for refusing to worship the idol in our kitchen, and will not allow me to go to your house."

"Appa, why will you not allow your nephew to come to his work?"

"As I told you yesterday, we found that he had been corrupted, and therefore are keeping him carefully at home."

"So that was what you meant! But God's true Word to save his soul will not corrupt, but purify him. Besides, you are violating the rules of government; he is old enough to have freedom to choose his religion for himself. If you do not permit the lad to return at once to his work, I shall be obliged to make a complaint to the police."

"Please, sir, do not lodge a complaint! I am not detaining him by force! He may go with you."

"Very well. Come on, Little Brother, get into my bandy. And you, Appa, if you like, may come along." But the boy's uncle did not come.

When the other men of the tailor's family came home that evening and heard the story, they were very angry, and came to Rendall's house, demanding that the boy be given up.

"Choose, Little Brother, whether you will be a Christian or go back to worship the stone idols!" said Miss Ashley.

"Certainly we are not keeping him by compulsion," Mr. Rendall assured the infuriated relatives. "You may talk to him, and if he wishes to go with you, take him. But no force is to be allowed, only persuasion."

They tried to persuade him, but he remained firm. They brought his aunt, who wept and implored him to return. The boy was able to withstand her weeping.

Next morning the relatives brought a complaint against Rendall to the police, and came in a body with an officer and a large number of their castemen. The officer examined the boy and then told him he might do as he pleased about returning home with his relatives.

"I will not go with them!" he replied.

"Wait till we catch you away from this compound! You will be well beaten!"

"Then stay with us, Little Brother! By your work you will be able to earn your rice. God will care for you. You must obey God rather than men," Miss Ashley counseled.

"Come along!" cried the boy's uncle. "Let us go to the Virta Vasal and make offerings to the devil who lives there, persuading him to get the boy back for us. We will promise more offerings to that devil if he succeeds!"

This they did, but without success, as the young man continued firm in his renunciation of idolatry and made a public profession of his faith in Christ before the church. He was baptized by his Hindu name, Appavu.

"Here is money for some Gospels of the Christian Veda;

please give them to my friends. I know it would not do for me to go among them just now," said he to the colporteur.

Mr. Yorke, of the Christian Vernacular Education Society, received some of the land on the glacis on which to build a school for training teachers. This made it unnecessary for the Mission to add normal training to the work of the Pasumalai Seminary. They were given the privilege of sending ten or twelve men for training.

Miss Ashley was married to Mr. Yorke on January 29, 1864.

In that year the British and Foreign Bible Society published the Union Version of the Tamil New Testament. It was prepared by the Rev. H. Bower, with the help of delegates from the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the London Missionary Society, and the Madura Mission, which sent Dr. J. E. Tracy as their representative. They published the Old Testament in 1868.

CHAPTER 24

David Coit Scudder

THE WEBBS returned to Dindigul on July 23rd, with the Reverend and Mrs. David Coit Scudder, who were soon stationed at Madura in the West House and assigned to Tamil study. At the first monthly concert of prayer after their return, the missionaries heard more particularly from Mr. Webb of the Board's jubilee meeting in October, 1860, in Tremont Temple.

"The Treasury Committee reported that the increase of expenditure due to the inevitable expansion of the work of some Missions in 1858 and '59, and the difficulty in settling estates in the business depression in those years, had caused an indebtedness of $66,374.

"When the Committee on the Sandwich Islands and the Micronesia Missions reported, they recommended that the Prudential Committee should appropriate $370,000 for the year 1861, and that the friends of the cause should aim to raise $400,000 for the proper growth and development of the Missions. This was the second of their resolutions and was discussed and adopted with the rest of their report.

"After the discussion a request came from the floor of the great assembly: 'This discussion seems to show that the Lord is calling His people to more earnest and self-denying effort for the world's salvation. May we have an opportunity for the whole assembly to express our feeling in a definite pledge concerning the second resolution?'

"President Mark Hopkins adopted the suggestion. 'Let all who desire to express their agreement with the sentiment of the second resolution, please rise!'

"As one man rose that assembly of three thousand five hundred people. In the hush which followed while they stood, unexpectedly one voice struck the note, instantly many caught it, and a multitude of voices joined in the well known verse:

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
  The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
  Has learnt Messiah's Name.

"As the voices swelled into one grand chorus round me, like the sound of many waters, I confess my eyes were wet," said Mr. Webb.

Moved by an address of the veteran missionary, Dr. John Scudder, David Coit Scudder gave himself as a missionary to India. He and his young wife Harriet received their first impressions of the work of the mission at Dindigul. Perhaps Scudder's studies of Hinduism and other oriental philosophies had not prepared him for the state of degradation which he observed while visiting with Webb in the villages of his field. He was disheartened at the sight of the ignorant and unkempt outcaste people and feared that he had rated their standing too high.

"Their condition is most deplorable!" he exclaimed to Hattie. "He must be a stout-hearted Christian whose faith does not falter as he enters a pariah village and tries in his broken Tamil to preach Jesus and His cross to such a people."

"But Mr. Webb tells us that many of the Christians come from these outcastes," replied Hattie. "And in the church service those Christians, with their neat clothes, smoothly combed hair and clean children, presented a strong contrast with the throng outside, with that heathenish mark of Siva's ashes on their foreheads! And the women chewing the betel leaf and spitting the red juice, while the children run about naked or cling to their mothers' sailies!"

"No mere human philanthropy could stand before the facts which confront us here," said David. "Faith in the power of the Gospel is our only strength."

In a few weeks the Scudders were settled in the west end of the West House in Madura. The Rendalls with their three children were living in the east side. The young missionaries kept their study hours most faithfully and systematically, assigning every duty to its proper time. An evening hour was set apart for the correspondence necessary to keep up the interest David had enlisted in forty Sunday schools in America, which supported as many schools in the mission.

But David had to interrupt his study to attend the meetings with the helpers in the sultry days of September. Hattie kept up her study, sitting many a weary hour on the wide verandah with the munshi. She found much pleasure in the Rendall children as they played about the house, and in conversations with their mother on ways and means of caring for them and the baby and guarding them from the many dangers around them. But baby Rendall, in the midst of the meetings, took seriously ill, and Hattie shared the vigils of the anxious mother. The Mission had then no physician, and in times of need had to depend on the English civil surgeon.

No sight was more inspiring to David than the gathering of the body of more than a hundred Christian helpers at the September meetings. Collected together in the large church, neatly clothed and answering well the questions on their studies during the year, or joining fervently in the devotional exercises, they formed significant proof of the power of the Gospel of Christ.

When a meeting was planned for them in the church at Pasumalai, David rode out, arriving a little late. But as soon as he entered the assembly, he knew that something unusual was happening. A man bent down to have a friend remove his earrings, then took them forward as an offering for the work of the American Board. Another removed and gave the wedding ring from his second toe. Men rose, one after the other, and spoke a few words of gratitude for the knowledge of the Gospel brought from America by the missionaries, then laid down their humble offerings. Constant and fervent prayers did not interrupt the giving. Some gave money, some jewels, a sheep, a goat or a piece of cloth. Some brought an egg or a fowl, a "hand" of plantains or a coconut, a small bowl of rice or other grain.

The meeting had been arranged to take half an hour in the program of lessons, examinations, essays, sermons and reports.

But some said, "This is no ordinary day. Let us pray and give! God promised by the prophet Joel to pour out His Spirit; has not the Spirit come?"

Many were weeping. The missionaries were overwhelmed at the response of the helpers to the need of the Board for its work in all the world. Many were the prayers for the Board and for America in her time of war and trouble.

The chairman called for a prayer; two broke out together. Before the assembly arose from their knees, many had poured out their supplications and thanksgiving.

"This which we give is nothing," said one. "All that we have and are belongs to Him. Let us give Him our wages, all our work. Let us hand in our reports to Him."

Prayers and offerings continued to follow each other for four hours before it was possible to close the meeting.

When the offerings were counted and their value estimated, it was found that, including what the missionaries gave, the amount was almost seven hundred rupees, or three hundred and fifty dollars. But at this meeting only the men were present; the women also asked for an opportunity to give.

So a time was set and all of them—schoolgirls, mothers with babies, toddlers and bent old grandmothers—came. And all seemed to have something to give, though it might be only a tiny copper coin or a lime or a handful of rice. A young wife brought twenty-five rupees, more than any other except the missionaries had given. Men, women and children pressed forward to the communion table to lay down their offerings, until the total, including the gifts of the former meeting, swelled to almost five hundred dollars.

"Clearly they are moved to it by the Spirit of God!" exclaimed Scudder. "They give evidence that their acceptance of the Gospel was no formal thing, but a true, hearty reception of the personal Christ."

"Our friends in the churches of America are praying for us," declared Noyes. "At last their prayers and ours for His Spirit breathing on our work are being answered!"

"It is the beginning of a better and brighter day, I am sure," said Rendall.

And Tracy exclaimed, "How these truly Christian demonstrations cheer our hearts and strengthen our faith!"

On the fifteenth of the month, and before the close of the meetings, baby Rendall died. David and the bereaved father worked half the night making a coffin of pine boards from the case in which David's American carriage had come. Hattie lined it neatly with white cambric, and the two men covered it with black cloth and laid it, with the wasted form of the child, on a low table in the sitting room.

The English judge and the physician came and threaded their way between the groups of Indian friends seated on the floor near the entrance. The missionary brethren and sisters who lived near enough were present. David conducted the simple service of prayer and Scripture and helped the father to carry the tiny coffin to the new carriage. Then they walked to the graveyard where, beside the graves of many missionary children, the baby was laid to rest under the meager shade of the tall coconut trees.

In January, 1862, thanks to his diligent study of the Tamil language in America, and also under the tutelage of Mr. Webb during the long voyage, and after only about six months of study with the munshi in Madura, David passed his first examination and was assigned by the Mission to the station at Periakulam. Mr. Noyes retained that part of the field called Cumbum and lived in a small part of the Periakulam house. A few rooms were reserved for travelers on their way to the Palni Hills, and the Scudders moved into the rest on February 27.

David's head was full of plans for touring, improving the schools and congregations in the villages under his care, establishing night schools for young men and encouraging the seven churches in his district to greater efforts in evangelism and self-support. Hattie's hands and heart were occupied with the care of the little daughter then two months old, and of the station school and church work.

David's great powers of physical endurance stood him in good stead in his fatiguing tours, when sometimes he was obliged to walk long distances in the heat or swim streams swollen by the sudden and precipitous rains in the nearby mountains. He has given us some clear pictures of his touring practice. He had set before himself the task of visiting all the villages and exploring every part of his large field.

Like the other missionaries, he found evening the most favorable time for preaching. He would enter the village with his helpers, including the catechist if one was stationed there. They might find a group of women drawing water at the village well. Seeing his white face, they would ask, "Sir, what is your errand in our village?"

"We have a proclamation to read. Come and hear!"

"We are only women, sir. What can we know?"

"Come!"

The men were returning from their work with a load of straw on their heads, or the leather irrigation bucket or the wooden plow. All could stop for half an hour to listen to the preaching while herds of cattle and droves of sheep and goats raised clouds of yellow dust as they returned from pasturage with the lambs and kids frisking about.

When they arrived at the center of the village, they found shade under some banyan or tamarind tree, and the catechist read Taylor's tract, called "The Divine Proclamation," in a loud voice. It is a succinct statement of the Gospel message; but before the catechist had finished reading it, all the people of the village had assembled to see what was going on and whether the white man would speak to them. Then the catechist made a short address explaining some point in the proclamation, and Scudder followed with another in his best Tamil, prepared beforehand for the particular group he expected to see.

"Are you our Doctor Scudder's son? I remember him!" asked an old man.

"No, I'm no relation, but I know him," replied David. "Shall I tell you good news, as he did? Then listen! You need not make long pilgrimages to Benares, Rameswaram or Cape Comorin, or any other places to rid yourselves of sin by bathing in holy water from the Ganges. How can such work purify the soul? You need not fear or worship dumb idols!"

"True! Fact!" the people exclaimed, wagging their heads from side to side in the Tamil gesture of affirmation. Sometimes a villager would fancy that he understood better than the others and repeat the missionary's remarks in less elegant but perhaps more intelligible words. Then questions were asked, crude and often vulgar, but always frank.

"We never studied; how can you expect us to understand these things?"

"If we change to your religion and leave our idols, who will give us grain?"

"This is my god!" said one man, slapping his stomach resoundingly.

David had made several tours throughout his field, mapping it to show all the roads passable, all the villages, schools and Christian groups, however small.

In November, Catechist Seymour of Andipatti was suffering from one of his rather frequent illnesses, and Scudder went to see him. Returning on Wednesday, November 19, he found the river rising, swollen from recent rains on the hills. To wait until it passed might delay him a day or two, and as he had often swum this river, he unhesitatingly plunged in. But when he was only half over, a freshet from the mountains came suddenly down on the top of the stream, burying him in its flood.

Those on the shore saw him overwhelmed but were too far away to be of any help. His body was carried swiftly more than thirty miles down the turbulent stream, and was not found until four days later, with the help of Collector Levinge, at Sholavandhan. Three of his brother missionaries performed the last offices and buried him in the beautiful graveyard by the Mission church in the vine grove on the Palni Hills, overlooking his field of service in his year and a half in India.

Harriet disposed of many of the things they had brought to India with the hope of spending their lives there. The melodeon she gave to the church in the hills. Then she took the baby home to friends and relatives in America. In March, 1868, when the New England Women's Foreign Missionary Society was organized, she and Mrs. Myron Winslow were its first foreign secretaries.

Chapter 25

Dr. Chester's Early Years

When Chester had passed his first Tamil examination, he was assigned to the station at Tirupuvanam, where he and Mrs. Chester went in October, 1859. Here he made it his plan to visit a village or more every morning and spend the rest of the day in duties connected with the church and schools on his compound and in Tamil study. He held a meeting for the teachers and catechists one day each week for instructing them in theology, evidences of Christianity, geography and grammar, and hearing their reports and essays. He stationed catechists on the roads from Madura to distribute tracts and Scripture portions to the throngs returning from the great Hindu festivals and idol processions there.

In 1861, Dr. Green, who had been appointed as Mission physician to Madura, was sent to the Jaffna Mission instead. The Mission had been without a physician since 1855, when Dr. Shelton left. The civil surgeon of Madura was during those years most obliging in caring for the sick of the Mission as much as his duties would permit. Chester asked and received in May, 1861, permission to go to Madras Medical College for further training in medicine, and Capron was transferred to Tirupuvanam to take his place.

During the year he spent in medical studies in Madras, Chester found opportunity to establish and maintain an afternoon service in the leper hospital about a mile from Royapuram. Some of the patients learned to read, repeat the catechism and sing, turning the pages of their lyric books and testaments with their pitiful stubs of fingers and hands.

Said Chester, "Poor lepers! If I may see but one of you among the company of the redeemed in the land of bliss, washed in the blood of Christ and led to apply to Him for cleansing by means of any word I have read or spoken to you, how shall I rejoice that I was permitted to make this visit to Madras!"

In September, 1862, Dr. and Mrs. Chester returned to Madura, where he was temporarily stationed as Mission physician. He did not feel that his short medical training was adequate for such a responsibility, but agreed to act in that capacity until the Board should be able to find a qualified physician.

The excitement caused by the Civil War in America was felt in India, especially in cotton-producing districts such as Madura and Tinnevelly. The high prices of cotton excited the minds of the people with the hope of speedy wealth, causing a diversion of farm land usually devoted to rice cultivation to the raising of cotton instead. Meanwhile, the weavers were thrown out of employment, as they could not buy the high-priced cotton to spin and weave by the primitive methods in use in their homes. Merchants imported cheap English machine-woven cloth made of Indian cotton. This soon became popular among the Indian people, being more even in texture than hand-spun cloth as well as cheaper. And there was a great scarcity of food in the Madura District, rice being four times as high in price as in 1859. The village congregations decreased; the people wandered about to other districts in search of food. Then the rains failed. Distress increased and famine was upon them—a famine that lasted for three years.

Chester followed much the same system of dispensary work in Madura which Dr. Scudder had practiced. He would go early in the morning to some of the twenty-three villages near enough to Madura, hold a short service among the heathen and return in season for a Gospel service in his dispensary, after which he would treat the patients. He substituted allopathic treatment for the former harsh methods of practice, much to the popularity of the dispensary. A ticket given to each patient contained the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and a brief statement of saving truth. Mr. Cheeseman, the native dresser, who had carried on the work alone for some years, opened the dispensary when Chester was obliged to be absent.

With the decrease since 1855 in the educational work went a gradual increase in the village work of developing the congregations, from among whom converts were won to the village churches. All the missionaries were indefatigable in "touring," as they called visiting village congregations, and in "itinerating," or doing work among Hindus, Romanists and Mohammedans in the more destitute parts of their fields. In 1860, they had inaugurated a system by which each member of the Mission could visit the station of some other member annually and tour with him, thus getting acquainted with the work of every station, and helping each other.

At the beginning of 1863, they made more adequate provision for itinerating by buying tents and scheduling dates for all to go out for two or three weeks at a time in groups of two or more missionaries and as many pastors, catechists and teachers as could be spared from the station work.

The tents were christened—one the "Hartford Independent," one "The Tabernacle of Testimony." At the christening of the first, a catechist said, "The touring is to be independent; let us pay our own expenses. When you hear that the tent is coming near your villages, come and help us. But don't come empty-handed. When your neighbor comes, send a sheep by him, or a fowl or a few measures of grain. At least do not let him go without an egg or a handful of vegetables!"

Webb had the first encampment, in June, with Chester. He reached the chosen spot among the villages north of Dindigul and found two catechists there, Clarke and Daniel Bellavendaram, with the tent pitched and the camp furniture arranged. While a large company of curious villagers looked on, the three read from the Scriptures, sang and prayed, dedicating themselves and their work to the Lord, imploring His constant presence, assistance and blessing upon themselves and all who might there hear the Word.

"Why have the white people come among us, setting up tents to stay many days?" questioned the people.

"Keep at a safe distance! Probably they mean to catch as many of us as they can and sell us in foreign lands," was the general conjecture.

It was growing toward evening, so they attempted no more that day than to consult the village accountant, who gave them the locations of the thirty or more villages within a radius of three miles of their encampment. Webb was suffering from heat, frequent headache and fatigue, so soon retired and tried to sleep on the mosquito-curtained cot in the larger tent.

The encampment was in a beautiful tamarind grove, but unfortunately a large company of crows had also made encampment there; the presence of the strangers made them uneasy all night. Webb set his pocket alarm for four o'clock, but they woke earlier, had a little food and after prayer walked to three villages, holding a half-hour service in each. They would sing a lyric; then, when the sixty or seventy people of the village had gathered, they would address them with a simple Gospel message and answer their questions. They returned to the tent at about half-past seven, when the heat of the sun had become oppressive.

At ten they held a prayer service in the tent, to which inquirers and all interested from the villages were welcome. In the late afternoon, a meeting would be held in the center of some village in a "savadi," or square porch in the open, roofed with thatch held up by posts. Often such a savadi would have in the center a stone idol, or, if in a Roman Catholic village, a cross. In either case, it was worshipped as the village god. Sometimes the meeting was in the police station by the invitation of the chief constable or the head man, under the council tree or in an open space in the moonlighted street.

At four next morning, Webb was suffering from so severe a headache that he did not attempt to go out for the early morning visit to villages with the catechists. The crows overhead had not been quiet five minutes all night. One restless fellow would start up the whole company, and it would take them three or four minutes to settle down again, when another would have a bad dream and set up a screaming that made universal hubbub.

In one village they found a man to whom Manuel Catechist of Bodinayakanur had given a Testament in 1854. He begged for help for his relatives, who he felt sure would soon accept the Saviour if a catechist or teacher could be sent them.

From the beginning of this special itinerating work in 1863, the missionaries ceased to give away any books or tracts of more than four pages, requiring the people to buy them. This increased their value, for a man would not throw away a tract for which he had paid so much as one pie, but was sure to read and prize it.

Burnell, White, Pastor Savarimuthu and P. Gnanarathinam, N. Pakiam and T. Asirvadham joined them later. They struck tents and moved on to another encampment until all the villages in a wide circle had been visited. Then the tents were taken to encampments in other station districts.

With Mrs. Chester's help, Dr. Chester established a Sunday school in the Madura church on Sunday afternoons, which increased and prospered, being attended with enthusiasm by old and young. For fifteen months he continued in Madura until, in December, 1863, Dr. Lord, formerly of the Jaffna Mission, returned from his quest for health in America with his wife and three children, and was assigned to the East House in Madura to carry on the work of the dispensary, serve as Mission physician and establish a medical class.

Chester, receiving a vote of thanks for his kindly and assiduous attention to the medical needs of the missionaries, was free to be assigned to one of the three vacant stations. For he, with other physicians in Madras, had advised the return of the Webbs and Herricks to America on account of failing health. This was so serious in the case of the Webbs that there was no expectation of their return to India.

The January Mission meeting of 1864 was therefore a memorable one, with two days of painful pleading and discussion, prayer and voting, in the attempt to meet the urgent needs of three stations—Webb's at Dindigul, Herrick's at Tirumangalam and Tirupuvanam, then under Capron's care while he resided at Manamadura, eighteen miles distant. Manamadura station had been established instead of Parthipanur, proposed after the visit of the deputation. There were only two men available, Dr. Chester and Chandler, soon expected to return from his visit to America. The mission finally assigned Chester to Dindigul, Chandler to Tirumangalam, while Capron was asked to continue looking after Tirupuvanam as much as possible from his own station.

Chester attacked his new station work at Dindigul with characteristic energy. Because of Webb's illness during the last year, many congregations and villages had been visited but seldom. Trained teachers were scarce, owing to the drastic reductions in educational work after the deputation's visit, and especially the reduction in the Seminary. With the closing of the station boarding schools, there were no qualified men to take higher training. But wherever he could find any even fairly suitable men and money enough to pay them, he established village schools and prayer houses.

He opened a dispensary which soon became so popular that he had to limit his work there to Wednesdays and Saturdays in order to have time and energy for the other work of the station. The expense of the dispensary was entirely met by the government, with generous gifts from friends in India. The medical work won him favor from the high-caste Hindus and the Mohammedans, who soon welcomed him, his catechists and Pastor Savarimuthu into their houses and even into their family rooms.

Dr. and Mrs. Chester organized a Sunday school of sixteen classes in the church, enlisting some of the English government officials to help them as teachers, with several Indian Christians and the pastor.

He reorganized the English School of a hundred and thirty Brahmin and high-caste lads, a hundred of whom attended his Sunday-school class. With Mrs. Chester's help, he kept up the station school. She also had charge of two day schools for girls, one of them a Hindu girls' school in the town, which she visited every day, while the girls often came to see her in the bungalow.

Chester spent two October days in an encampment in a tamarind grove which was in use by the people of the village of Tahdikombu for celebrating the annual festival of Muthalamman. The potters made an image of unburnt clay on Sunday. The people brought offerings for two days of money, plantains and coconuts, and they sacrificed three thousand sheep and as many fowls to the sakti. Next day the image was carried through the village in a gaudy palanquin borne on men's shoulders to the river, where its ornaments were removed and it was left to fall in pieces in the first heavy rain. He saw there thousands of ignorant people from distant villages with officers from the Collector's Cutchery in Dindigul, zemindars, the tahsildar and other educated men.

The tahsildar was an intelligent Brahmin who had been educated in the Mission school at Madura, well acquainted with the Bible, who spoke with interest and affection of Mr. Ward.

Said he to Dr. Chester, "I admit that the Hindu religion is false, and recognize in the Christian religion the only true God and the way of salvation."

"Why then do you not leave the one, and embrace the other?"

"Sir, I cannot forsake my caste and family."

"But how can you hold so lightly these deep moral convictions? What means this trifling, this lack of moral earnestness?"

"It is the dread of the suffering I would have to undergo if I should join the despised low- and out-caste people who are among you. After I had eaten with them and sat near them, my very shadow would be an unbearable pollution to my caste relatives. If by any means the whole Brahmin group in my many villages could be induced to become Christians together and join you in a body, no one would be rejoicing more than I. Then there would be no banishment and persecution. But alone I can never accept the Christian religion."

The next year, the people of the village held the same festival in the hope that Muthalamman would be satisfied with the thousands of sheep and fowls they sacrificed to her and relieve them of the famine which had prevailed for three years for lack of rain. During the festival, cholera broke out. Many fled to their homes, carrying the infection to a hundred villages near Dindigul and to a thousand in different parts of the Madura field.

"Cholera is the offspring not of vegetable decay, but of human degradation and human filth," said Washburn. "If the government could enforce in every city and village of the land the sanitary law given by Moses more than three thousand years ago, we would soon see the pest swept from India."

CHAPTER 26

Famine and Pestilence

BUT THE epidemic spread. It was the worst Chester had ever seen. From villages all over the Madura District, especially in the taluks of Melur, Dindigul and Tirumangalam, the catechists and teachers sent to him for medicine. In almost all the cases where the disease had not already reached the state of collapse before the medicine was sent for, the patients recovered. In Dindigul town alone he had seventy cases under his care. Some of the most indispensable among the Christians caught the disease while caring for others, and of these a few died.

And the famine increased; many fell before the scourge. Many left their homes in search of food; some dropped by the wayside, too weak to move further, and became a prey to jackals and vultures. A hundred and forty died of starvation in one village of sixty houses. Relief houses were opened in the larger towns through the influence of the government, feeding thousands one meal a day but leaving thousands more to perish.

The mission was able, with the crisis fund raised by loyal friends of the Board in England during the difficult war years, to give each helper an extra month's salary to relieve his distress. People wandered about searching in the dry ground for roots, which they cooked and ate, sometimes dying from poison as a consequence.

Dr. Lord employed many Christian workmen in enlarging his house in Madura, raising the whole floor up from the ground and joining it with the study Dr. Shelton had built by the addition of a room between, thus furnishing work and food for a few. But the added strain of this work in his already frail condition, and the exposure to the sun, ruined his health and he returned to America to die. The mission also bought a bandy pettai, or caravanserai, and built a wall around it in the west gate of the city near the projected site of the railway station, for the use of Christians stopping for a short time in the city.

Strange to say, even during this dreadful year the contributions of the Christians for the support and extension of the Gospel increased. The Native Evangelical Society assumed the balance of the support of all the Indian pastors in the Mission, supplementing the local contributions of the churches.

Among the starving, a desperate and despairing disregard of law prevailed; adultery, robbery and murder increased. So did the wild orgies of bloody worship of the evil demon goddesses. Thousands of pilgrims visited Secunderamalai every new moon day, many redoubling their efforts to atone for sin and appease their gods by measuring their length in prostrations round the two-mile circuit of the holy mountain. Offerings of rice soaked in blood were carried to shrines under every tree.

A man was passing by with an offering in a brass pot wreathed with yellow chrysanthemums on his head, when Burnell was resting on the verandah of the catechist's house in Melur, after a service one Sunday afternoon in April, 1864. Musicians surrounded the devotee while he danced about, keeping the pot in perfect balance. As he turned, his eye caught the white face of the missionary; his step halted for an instant, and the pot fell.

"The evil eye! The evil eye!" shouted the people. A mob rushed to the verandah, seized Burnell and beat him cruelly.

"Stop! Stop!" shouted the catechist, while Burnell's servant rushed to the aid of his master. The two succeeded in rescuing him, probably saving his life.

The leaders of the mob were prosecuted before the assistant magistrate and convicted, but let off with a fine totaling forty-six rupees.

"Ho, people! It is the third day of the Mariamman festival. She demands a victim. You have neglected to give her one in these past three years, and she has brought upon us the famine and the cholera. Come! Cast the lots before her; select the victim!"

Thus was announced by tomtom the hookswinging as a climax to the sakti's festival in a village where Noyes was visiting during the itineracy in 1866.

"But the Circar? Will they allow it?" asked some.

"Have you not heard? The Queen, when she took over the government from the East India Company, assured us that we should have liberty to follow our religious rites as she did hers. The police will not interfere."

The priest of the pagoda sent to the chosen victim sacred ashes and camphor. He declared he was inspired by the goddess to present himself for the hookswinging, smeared himself from head to foot with the ashes and entered upon a fast. On the day fixed for the procession of the hookswinging car, he carried a copper plate with burning camphor, came to the temple with an escort of drums and appeared before the idol. The priest performed ceremonies, muttering manthirams. The victim appeared to be under the influence of devils and acted like a madman.

A temple pujari gave him a blow on the back as he danced around, producing a slight swelling. Here the priests pierced his back in two places and inserted the iron hooks, pressing on every side.

"No blood is flowing! A miracle! A miracle!" shouted the multitude. They formed a procession led by the drummers and musicians with the victim in their midst, while the people followed in a disorderly and noisy crowd through the temple to the swinging machine. It was a four-wheeled float with an upright twenty-five foot pole supporting a beam forty feet long. Upon the beam the hooks in the man's back were fastened with strong ropes, while several men swung it round in circles by ropes attached to the other end. They raised him high in the air, while fifteen thousand people, gazing upward, filled the air with their shouting.

The wretched man caught hold of the rope hanging before him, to ease the strain, but soon let go and hung by the hook, bent almost double, his head and feet hanging, the muscles of his back pulled to their utmost tension. Hundreds of men drew the car over the rough ground around the temple, the victim shaken and tossed from side to side for an hour, his face the picture of exhaustion and distress.

When they let him down, the people pressed forward to see him, presenting him with rich gifts of money and land. They took him to his home and removed the hooks, applying hot cakes of mud to his wounds. He suffered little the first day, being insensible with intoxicating drugs. On succeeding days, he had to be guarded lest he commit suicide to escape the pain. He survived, and his wounds healed within three weeks.

Noyes went to his itineracy tent and wrote an account of this scene, which he sent to the Madras *Journal.* The government issued orders to the local authorities in the hope of preventing the barbarous custom in the future.

Some weeks later, Burnell met the man, with the scars of the hooks in his back.

Said he, “Aiyo! It is sad to think the ceremony has been forbidden! That is the reason the rains fail so often. My ancestors for seven generations back have swung, from father to son. But the succession must stop with me. Aiyo! Aiyo!”

CHAPTER 27

The Young Ladies

MISS POLLOCK returned from a vacation at the seashore to recover from a severe illness, with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their daughter Martha, and took up again her work among the women of Mandapasalai and the villages near. The Taylors had returned from furlough in 1868 with their daughter Martha, Miss Pollock and the Hazens, no doubt teaching the new missionaries much Tamil on the long voyage.

Miss Pollock had invited Miss Hartley from Madura for a visit and to see her village work.

Martha Taylor, brought up in India, knew the Tamil language so well that she passed her two examinations in half the time usually required for new missionaries. She understood the customs, superstitions and trials of the people, and was not inconvenienced by the routine of living in India.

Miss Hartley had been in Madura just a year that sultry March morning in 1870, when her bullock bandy stopped before the door of the Taylors' iron-roofed bungalow. After hearty greetings from all the family, she was taken to her room by Miss Pollock, and soon all gathered with the servants and some Indian friends in the hall for prayers, then went to the dining room for breakfast.

"Will you come with me to see the schools today?" asked Martha. Though she was of slight build, like her father, her heavy brows and rather large mouth distinguished her.

"Yes, I would like to," answered Miss Hartley. "Tomorrow Sarah has promised to take me to a village. I know so little Tamil to speak to the women!"

Mr. Taylor poured a scanty helping of coconut milk over his rice-flour appam and remarked, "Don't worry about that; the Tamil will come. The very fact that you young ladies have come here, leaving home and country to seek their good, has a greater influence than you can possibly know on the women of the region, heathen as well as Christian."

"I'm sorry Miss Smith can't be here with us, but she is much better off in Kodaikanal than in this heat," said Martha.

"I have hardly gotten acquainted with her at all," remarked Carrie Hartley. "She was busy caring for the sick girl in her school in October, then came so near death with typhoid fever herself."

"Have you heard the story of her recovery?" asked Mother Taylor. "We were all praying for her through those days of alarmingly high fever, when the doctor said there was no hope, as ice could not be obtained here, eighty miles from the nearest railway."

"Once, years ago, I brought a little ice down from Kodaikanal to show the students of the English school, but none has been seen even there for years now," put in Mr. Taylor.

"That evening some English gentlemen were met for dinner," continued Mrs. Taylor. "The surgeon came in, and when he saw ice broken up for the wine, he said, 'What a pity Miss Smith cannot have some of this ice!'

" 'Send it to her, by all means!' cried they. The surgeon took it over, himself, and every day after that a supply was furnished until she began to recover and left for Kodaikanal."

"But what a miracle! Where did the ice come from?" exclaimed Carrie Hartley.

"That is the amazing part of the story! It was artificially made ice; they make it with chemicals, and they say it requires a hot fire for hours!"

"How wonderful! I do hope she gets back her strength in Kodaikanal."

"Yes, we need her badly in the girls' school in Madura. She has a good knowledge of Tamil for a beginner; she came with the Penfields three years ago," remarked Mr. Taylor. "When Mary Rendall comes, with her father, there will be a galaxy of young ladies, five of you!" He stroked his short beard. "Certainly a new day is dawning for the women of India, with the two Women's Boards organized and already supporting so many single ladies in the missions. You come with good news for their souls; there is a Heaven and a Saviour for them."

"There is going to be plenty of opportunity for you among them. You know we can count Hattie Scudder of the Women's Board in Boston as one of us. She and Mrs. Winslow have undertaken a very useful work," remarked Mother Taylor.

"Some Indian ladies in Madura and Manamadura have employed, at their own expense, educated Christian women to teach them!" put in Sarah Pollock.

"When I came to the mission, twenty-six years ago," said Mr. Taylor, turning his kindly eyes round the circle of eager young faces, "I often heard the Indian men say they had only donkeys in their houses! When I reminded my helpers of that the other day, they said, 'Sir, thanks to the Mission, we now have wives and companions there!' "

"The girls' schools make such a difference!" said Martha. "Get your sun helmets, and let's be off to see ours." They rose from the table. "My girls go out with me or with their teacher to draw a crowd for us in the villages, by their sweet singing."

"Do you receive aid from Government?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, the 'payment by results' grant as adopted by the Mission."

We need not follow them through the hot and dusty streets or into the close and sweaty warmth of the schoolrooms, nor observe Mrs. Taylor as she orders the affairs of her household in the godown, the kitchen and the garden.

Instead, let us join them next morning as Sarah and Carrie come downstairs in the early dawn to find the horse and buggy ready at the door to take them to the village of Kopisithamparti, five miles distant. The horsekeeper drove, clanging his bell with his bare toes and shouting, "Hey! Hey!" to clear the way through the town, but subsiding into drowsy quiet when they emerged in the peaceful charm of the countryside.

There the path lay through green fields of rice and cotton bordered by fantastic old banyan trees and water tanks; the way was enlivened by the songs of strange birds flitting about in the dusty sunshine of the road, while now and then appeared almost naked black forms guiding the water buffaloes while they plowed the submerged fields, coolie women carrying headloads of young paddy to be transplanted or grass to feed their flocks.

"Let's stop under this thorny acacia tree for breakfast; don't you want a closer look at these beautiful clusters of white pods?" asked Miss Pollock. "They are almost like flowers."

They spread their simple meal of mango and plantain fruits, boiled eggs, bread and rice-water, while above their heads rang out the harsh cry of a flock of crows perched in the tree to await chance leavings.

"Sarah, do you really think," began Carrie Hartley, "that there is any place for single ladies in the Mission? Of course I know there is work, but we must live as well as work. Are you happy in that home?"

"Carrie, dear," replied Sarah Pollock, her large brown eyes looking earnestly into the face of her friend, "there is no denying that the home of the Taylors is full of ways strange to me and comfortless frugalities which are hard to bear. But the Taylors are like father and mother to me, and I love them."

"Wouldn't you like to get away from Indians when you come in from a long day's work among them? I should think your very ears would demand a rest from Tamil!"

"Yes, they do," admitted Sarah. "The house is always full of little black or brown boys and girls running about as if the bungalow were their home. And why do all the missionaries use Turkey red for their window curtains?"

"It's beyond me; I suppose they can't get white curtains."

"Well, we must expect many privations in this kind of work and in a heathen land."

"But I wonder you don't all die of heat prostration under that sheet-iron roof! And such an old tumbledown house!" said Carrie.

"You should see our rooms in the rains! And we are isolated then by impassable roads. But tell me about yourself—are things improving for you?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Carrie. "My committee, Mr. Chandler and Doctor Palmer, are to direct how I shall spend the three hundred rupees given from the Madura girls' school appropriation for the Female Seminary. Mrs. Chandler has charge of the school. It is full of girls too young for lasting impressions or for normal training. I don't see how I can get a free hand in the least matter connected with the school," said Carrie.

"I was afraid it would be so," answered Sarah. "Martha lives and works in her childhood home; not as a stranger in a strange land, as I feel sometimes. And the married ladies work from a safe vantage point of protection and prestige with their husbands as advisers. But we must run for every permission to this or that missionary for the smallest sum of money to run our work, even to submit our annual letter and reports to be read to the men in Mission meeting!"

It did not take long to replace the empty basket and continue their journey. The wheels lurched into and out of ruts in the heavy black cotton soil. Carrie spoke in jerks; Sarah groaned as she righted herself after a lurch which threw her against Carrie and loosened her hairpins.

"I know how hard it is to be responsible for work and have no real authority in it," said Carrie. "But I do take comfort and courage from what Secretary Clark said: 'We must reach the wives and mothers before we can hope for the triumph of the Gospel. We must secure Christian homes.' You know we are doing pioneer work in this new field for women, and we must expect to have to overcome pioneer difficulties and obstacles!"

"How are you progressing in your Tamil study?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, the Herricks have been most kind in taking me into their home, and faithful in arranging for my Tamil study and getting munshis for me. But I had only four months exclusively for Tamil study; it was at the beginning of October that I gathered my high-caste girls and began to teach them. At the beginning of January, there seemed a fair chance of success in the experiment. But I can't study Tamil much while I run the Female Seminary."

In January, 1870, the Mission had transformed the Seminary at Pasumalai, up to that time a secular school, into a theological school, where former Seminary men of age and experience could be brought back with their families for two years of further training for the pastorate and evangelistic work. One group was taught entirely in Tamil, another partly in English, in the hope that students would enter the Theological Seminary after preparation in the outstations. The general education, with all the students except those in the highest class, was transferred to the station boarding schools. The workers' wives could study in the Female Seminary to better purpose than in random classes by themselves. So the Madura Girls' School was moved to Pasumalai, to become the Female Seminary, with not more than thirty older girls as pupils and Miss Hartley as manager, under Mr. and Mrs. Washburn as advisers. Mrs. Washburn had had some experience in America as a teacher in young ladies' private schools.

Sarah said, "Mr. Rendall, when he comes, and the Taylors, will do all they can to help and encourage us, not only for their own daughters' sakes, but because they believe in the mission of the single ladies among the women and girls of India."

"Yes, and Father Chandler does, too. He is a great admirer of Miss Smith."

"Let's not be discouraged. We are bound to have a difficult time at first, until we have made a place for ourselves in the mission. The Lord's goodness to me is wonderful! Using the language with a little more freedom has made a great difference; I feel more at home among the people. And I begin to see doors of opportunity all around me. If only my strength holds out!"

"Is that the village?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, here we are! There is the schoolhouse. Let's just trust our Lord for the future, and not look too far ahead! Salaam, Chinnammah! And Sandhosham! And Swamiyardial! Good morning, Mariyarl! I see you have gathered all the Christian women to meet us!"

While the women and girls crowded around their missionary lady to meet the new Missiyammal, the horsekeeper placed their folding chairs in the little mud schoolhouse. Soon it was crowded with women and children sitting on mats on the hard-packed floor, while the doorway was filled with men's faces peering at the strangely dressed foreign ladies, perched on chairs instead of comfortably seated on the floor, and swathed in long-sleeved, high-necked and generously gathered and ruffled long dresses.

Then rose the voices of the women in the sweet lyrics now become so popular in the Tamil missions. Prayer was offered for women of all nations, newly converted to the Gospel, learning to read the Bible and to sew. The missionaries answered many questions about mission work among women in Egypt and in Palestine as reported in the pages of the *Missionary Herald.* When the meeting closed, many of the audience followed, while the ladies visited some of the houses of the village.

"How dirty these little streets are!" exclaimed Carrie.

"It's because they throw out the dust from the houses, and the garbage, too, right into the street," explained Sarah.

"How the people crowd around us! There must be seventy or more following us from house to house."

"Yes, they have little to see or hear in these remote villages."

"Our approach to a house seems to be the signal for as many as possible to crowd into it!"

"There's no intentional disrespect; it's just their custom. Here are old friends inviting us to enter."

"The houses are so close together it is almost like apartments in a single house round a central court. With space around the village, it's a pity they don't spread out a little."

"The houses in a single court *are* apartments of one house: all the sons have brought their wives to their fathers' homes, and then *their* sons have done the same thing. See how many of these little girls are wearing the thali; they are wives already, and slaves of the old dowager crouched over there on the floor chewing her betel."

Miss Pollock returned the courteous salaams of a group of men, and Miss Hartley followed her example, while the women explained shrilly all that the ladies had said in the last house.

"Have you left your home and country, as these women say, just to come and tell us of your Saviour?" asked one of the men, his forehead marked with the red and white namam of the worshipers of Vishnu, his hair shaved off except for the knotted kudumi, his body naked to the waist, his teeth and tongue crimson with betel and areca nut.

"Yes, that is just what we have come for."

"Then we will let our women hear you. A matter so pressing as to bring you so many miles is of the utmost importance."

"That is true. And now I am ready to begin my talk to them. May I speak to them alone? Be sure our friends, the men of the Mission, will come again to your village soon and tell you more of our Saviour."

"Certainly! Salaam, Amma, we will take our leave."

On the withdrawal of the men, the unrestrained voices of the women broke out in insistent questionings.

"Why have you come here? Where is your country? How far is that? Can we believe it? Where are your husbands? What are you to each other? Why have your fathers not found husbands for you? How strange! Do your families not feel disgrace in not marrying you? Where are your jewels?"

When the missionaries had answered all the questions as simply, truthfully and courteously as possible, they were permitted to tell something of the love of Jesus, who had left His home in glory to live in poverty among men and women and at last to suffer death for them.

Then they went back to the schoolhouse, where many followed, and where callers continued to come for an hour or more. With all, the ladies chatted as freely as their knowledge of Tamil would allow, making many friends. It was one o'clock when they sent away the last group of children, hung a bamboo chick, or screen, to shield themselves from the eyes of the curious, ate their basket lunch and rested a short time. Then the schoolchildren assembled, and Mariammal, their teacher, called the classes to be examined. When the inspection was finished, in came another caller.

"Amma, here is Meenatchi Ammal, a woman who was sick a long time but is now well."

"Yes, missionary lady, I was sick many months so that I could not so much as rise or stand. But the last time Taylor Dhurai came, he knelt by my mat on the floor and prayed to his God for me. Please tell him that I began to get well from that day, and have come walking by myself to see you. Tell him that I must hear more, more about the wonderful Jesus, who is able to heal one as low as I was!"

They walked to the exclusive part of the village, to find a group of caste-proud women assembled to meet them. They looked into faces brightened to the color of jaundice with the golden hue of saffron paste, and enhanced with many a jewel in nose and ears, gold circlets and flowers in the glossy black hair, and necklaces of gold sovereigns and chains. Many a wedding sailie with gold-thread-woven border, to contrast with its brilliant silken hue, had been brought out to grace the occasion. Miss Pollock talked to them of the beauty that does not fade and of jewels that never tarnish. Miss Hartley spoke of graces that adorned the mind and heart, to be learned in her school in Madura. She urged the women to send their daughters.

"One of your daughters is studying in the little village school here, with Mariammal as her teacher. It has not contaminated her; why not send others? Surely all your dear girls should learn," said she.

They picked their way out of the narrow and dirty streets and turned Old Charley's head homeward in the beautiful still evening.

The Mission records are silent as to the immediate cause of the vote taken in the Mission meeting two months later, when they met in Kodaikanal. The minutes book says that after hearing the report of the committee appointed the day before, and after several hours of conference upon the subject, it was voted that the secretary request the Prudential Committee to recall Miss Hartley on account of manifest inability to live and work harmoniously with the Mission. True to her promise, she returned to Mandapasalai and helped Miss Pollock the rest of the year, then left for America.

After Miss Hartley's departure, Miss Smith took charge of the Female Seminary, transferring her twenty girls to Pasumalai and joining them with the catechists' wives under Mrs. Washburn's care. The girls were taught sewing, crochet and cooking, besides the usual classes. Miss Smith formed a class in normal training, using the day school for practice teaching. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler continued the girls' school in Madura as a day school for little girls who were "not too young to love Jesus," said they, disapproving the removal of the older girls to Pasumalai, where none below twelve years old were admitted.

In February, 1871, when Mr. Taylor died, Mrs. Taylor and Martha were asked to remain in charge of the station until the work could be further provided for, and they went out on tour for days of tent work among the Christian agents, and for the women. As "Bible readers," or women to read in Hindu homes, were then only beginning to be employed, this work had to be mainly for pastors, teachers and catechists of the villages.

Miss Pollock needed an assistant. Her health soon failed, and she left for America in 1871. Within two years, Miss Smith also had to go home because of failure of health. In the Seminary persons holding responsible positions were compromised, and the Female Seminary returned to its former home in Madura, fully justifying the fears Mr. Chandler had expressed.

In response to Mrs. Chandler's request for a young lady to take charge of the Bible Women's work in Madura, came Miss Elizabeth Sisson in 1872, with Miss Flora Jane Chandler to help her mother in the girls' school. Before Miss Sisson had completed her Tamil-language study, she used to teach in Dr. Palmer's hospital-verandah Sunday school, where the youths of his Anglo-vernacular school bent eagerly over the Bible or listened attentively to her every word in the hope of learning English and becoming government officers.

As the Gospel story imaged before them the yearning love of the world's Saviour, there grew in their hearts a great impatience of the senseless fables of Hindu idolatry, that vented itself in long and bitter tirades against the gods of their fathers. She looked in pity on their grotesquely shaven heads, streaked with the red and white clay of Vishnu, or striped with the ashen mark of Siva, and answered, "I have nothing to do with the errors of Hinduism, be they many or few. My mission is to bring you a message of the only true God, our Creator—a message which has filled my own soul with joy, and waits to bless you in the same way."

When she visited the untidy women in the wretched homes of the city, with Miss Chandler or one of the four Bible Women, she thought she had seen the lowest of womenkind. But she found humanity several degrees lower when she visited with Miss Rendall among the village people. She exclaimed, "Never can you feel the full force of the phrase 'the great unwashed,' until you have called together a village crowd in heathendom!"

Among influential men, former students of the old English School of the Mission, were some who called her to teach their wives and daughters to read the Bible. Fifty pupils welcomed the Bible Women, and into almost twice as many homes they were invited to enter and read. In 1875, there were ten Bible Women in the Mission—five in Madura, and one each in Manamadura, Pasumalai, Tirumangalam, Mandapasalai and Battlagundu. Four of them were educated in Tinnevelly and the rest in the Madura Girls' Boarding School.

In May, the Mission asked the ladies of the Mission to meet and consider the subject of the work of the Women's Boards in Madura. As a result, Rendall, Capron and Washburn were asked to write to Secretary Clark requesting two young ladies, one of them a physician, to extend the work among the women of the district, and the plan was made to buy the land to the south of the East Gate compound as a site for a home for the ladies.

Mrs. Taylor resigned her arduous work and returned to America in March, 1875, followed by the affection and benediction of multitudes to whom she was a missionary mother. Mandapasalai Station was then occupied by the Howlands.

The people in a railway carriage looked with curiosity at a woman who had found a quiet corner to read her Bible. An imposing elderly Hindu, his forehead marked with the sacred namam, his chest smeared with holy ashes, rose in the center of the car and pointed to her.

"Do you see that woman?" he asked. "She is a Christian, and is reading the book of her God. She is not like you heathen women, who know nothing but your cooking, children and clothes. The Christian religion lifts her higher than you; it has wrought a happy change in this whole district."

The people listened in awe to such words from such a man.

The Bible Woman left the train at the same station with the strange witness for Christianity.

"Salaam, woman of the Book," said he.

"Oh, sir, you talk very wisely of the Lord Jesus; but tell me, do you know Him in your heart?"

"Alas, I should have been a Christian long ago but for my friends and family. When I was a boy, studying in Poor Dhurai's school, the conviction came, and has been strengthened through the years, that the religion of Jesus Christ must be the true one. The burden of that conviction is ever upon me."

"Sir, it is not too late! He waits to save you. You are one of four deeply convicted men whom I have met, who told me they had studied in Mr. Poor's school. Last year another of his pupils was baptized. Who knows what souls might take courage if you could brave your family and caste to confess Him!"

In July, 1876, Rendall and Capron had written that another young lady was now needed for Miss Rendall's and Miss Sisson's help. The Board appointed Dr. Emma K. Ogden for medical work and to take part in the proposed home for the missionary young ladies. But suddenly, on October 6, Mr. Capron died of heart disease. Mrs. Capron put her house in order, and in December moved to the West Bungalow in Madura, according to the request of the Mission, to establish temporarily there the Madura home for ladies which had been proposed and advocated by her husband.

She prayed, "Dear Lord, if it be thy call for me to stay in India, let me stay while I can keep my hold on my work; but when I lose that, let me go for Thy Name's sake."

Dr. Chester gave her a room in the schoolhouse next to Palmer's dispensary, with a place for in-patients, that her medical experience, with the help of two efficient Indian women, might be available to women in need. She assumed charge of the three city Hindu Girls' Schools, as a needed relief to Miss Rendall. Ailing ones flocked to her dispensary.

"I like to think," said she, "how the Lord Jesus waited at the roadside for sorrowing Mary to come and show Him the place where the dead lay. The same Lord waits to be guided to dead souls, and waits to have the stone rolled away, that He may speak the life-giving word. Then He bids us unloose the bands of superstition and ignorance, while He stands by; the work ours, but the power His."

A patient sat on the floor near her as she finished writing a prescription and gave it to one in the group about her.

"Your turn will come soon," said she to the waiting one.

"I sit in my house and think how you look sitting here, and how I shall come in the morning, and how you will speak to me. How much I think it over!"

"Do you? How pleasant! That is just the way I am staying here, doing my everyday work and thinking of my Heavenly Father in the eternal golden city, and how He will one day let me come where He is."

Writing thousands of prescriptions, visiting in the homes of her patients and friends with medical and spiritual help, her recreation the supervision of the Hindu girls' schools, her home life the care of the bungalow for the comfort of the young ladies, she stayed on in the mission. She was appalled at the sights in the streets, and overwhelmed at the number who had to be driven away from the house in the famine time, because "our own Christian people must first be cared for."

Dr. Ogden, on her arrival in January, 1877, was transferred to the Marathi Mission.

CHAPTER 28

Cholera and Famine

IN BATTLING with a cholera epidemic in Periaculam in 1870, Penfield contracted the disease himself. He recovered, but with much reduced strength and with aggravated symptoms of the disease from which he had previously suffered. The next year, after a tour over his whole field, formerly that of David Scudder, he fell a victim to typhoid fever. He said to his wife, "I do not wish you to feel that we made a mistake in coming to India. India belongs to Christ; it is all Christ's."

His little daughter Flora, born on the day he died, survived her father only three months. When Mr. and Mrs. Capron left for America in 1872, they were accompanied by young David Herrick, Miss Smith and Mrs. Penfield with Thornton and Irene.

Early in the year 1875, cholera appeared on the seacoast, advancing steadily along the chief routes of travel. Over nine hundred deaths occurred at the Jagganath festival at Puri. Hordes of pilgrims from there and other remote districts, on foot and in bandies, thronged the road, dying of cholera in the rest-houses and leaving infection wherever they passed.

Hindu festivals were being celebrated to propitiate the angry deities who were causing the prevalent cattle plague, but these were soon eclipsed by festivals to ward off cholera. Hindus and Mohammedans joined in magical rites to expel the disease goddess beyond village limits, marked off by festoons of leafy margosa twigs. When the pestilence carried off its victims from within the charmed enclosure, they were astonished to see that the strings apparently proved a protection to the missionaries and the native Christians, instead of to the village. They resorted to nightly ceremonies of music, dancing and buffalo sacrifices.

The Chettiars, sub-caste wealthy bankers, continued their additions to the great temple in Madura, building the golden-flagstaff Mandapam in the most elaborate style of Hindu architecture, with huge sculptured monoliths, at a cost of thousands of rupees, and adding the usual sculptures to the north gopuram, hitherto called the "bald gopuram."

But the cholera did not abate, spreading over the district in recurring waves throughout the years 1875 and 1876, in spite of the most careful sanitary efforts then attempted by the government. The wail of the mourners sounded in every street. The demon goddess Kali in the temple was rank with the smell of butter thrown upon her granite form as offerings.

Dr. Chester had a Mission medical class at Dindigul. He now offered to conduct a medical school and establish branch dispensaries for the local-fund boards if they would supply the means. The Madura local-fund board's school was accordingly opened in Dindigul in November, 1875. The course was three years, the number of students limited to thirty, ten in each class, each on a government stipend. Chester, as unsalaried superintendent, was supplied with a graduate of the Madras Medical College of the apothecary grade, E. B. Theobold, as an assistant.

The Madura dispensary, built by Palmer, supplied branches at Manamadura, Periakulam, Pasumalai and Tirumangalam with pills made of opium and acetate of lead. Missionaries and medical catechists were also supplied with the pills at their various stations. Among them was S. V. Pariyanayaham at Mandapasalai, who was one of the two men in Dr. Palmer's medical class in 1871. Old Gnanamuthu Colporteur worked in the Dindigul dispensary.

In these dispensaries thirty-eight thousand new cases were treated, where the year before there were about five thousand. Though many patients were not seen until the danger stage of the disease, they lost only nine in a hundred. By August the cholera prevailed at the great Hindu place of pilgrimage at Rameswaram on the seacoast, and all the principle villages from there to Madura.

"Shall we stop the house-to-house visiting? Will you be afraid to go among the people now?" asked Miss Sisson of her four Bible Women.

"At the first reports of the cholera, I trembled," answered one. "When it came right into my district, I felt I could not go to those houses and teach the women. But I asked the Lord to make me fearless to do my duty, and He blessed me and showed me that I was not to leave my work."

"It is true, Amma! He does strengthen us for it!" said another. "I was afraid of the hatred of my friends and relatives, and the things the heathen would say about women who go wandering up and down the streets, but He made me go with praise instead of fear. Our lives and deaths are in His hand; we have only to follow His will."

"It is blessed work!" exclaimed Miss Sisson. "I am rejoicing in your dependence on Him. After church services on Sunday some of the Hindu Girls' School teachers came to me and volunteered to visit their Hindu neighbors to testify to their joy in the Saviour, and some of the wives of pastors and catechists have gone, like them, even to distant villages."

"Yes, Amma, some of them join the touring parties when they come to their villages and do evangelistic work among their neighbors."

Famine followed the pestilence. Miss Taylor, Miss Rendall, Mrs. J. E. and Mrs. J. S. Chandler, Mrs. Capron and Mrs. Washburn, in charge of the boarding schools, began to feed the children on the coarser and cheaper grains in the hope of being able to take the schools safely through the famine. Collector Scott, by exercising his authority, kept the prices moderate for a time in Madura.

The railroad from Madras, opened in 1876, undoubtedly saved the lives of many, sometimes, in 1877, bringing a hundred and fifty tons of grain a day to Madura, and fifty to Dindigul.

People were selling their children and dying of thirst and hunger. Mothers drowned their babies rather than see them die of starvation. Cases came into the hospital at Dindigul with arms or legs broken in trying to get wild fruit, berries or seeds from the trees. Hundreds subsisted by digging the wild cormus root which grows in the cotton soil, the fresh juice of which blisters the mouth. After days of weary boiling, it is eatable and some had nothing else for many weeks.

The Christians said, "Thank the Lord for this provision for the starving people!"

The government established relief camps where thousands were fed, and asked the missionary ladies to go every day to care for the mothers with children. Dr. Chester was asked to take charge of the medical work in the relief camp in Dindigul. He was glad to undertake the work, in gratitude for the kind and very generous assistance of the government for many years in the support of the Dindigul dispensary. He visited the camp every day but Thursday, reserving that for the Madura dispensary. The members of the senior class in the local-fund medical school visited the camp also, daily and by turns to look after the ordinary cases in the camp hospital.

The Dindigul dispensary had received pay for their medicine and treatment from many of its patients before the famine, but now seldom could a patient pay for so much as food, and the government gave orders allowing Chester to receive food from the relief camp for all patients requiring to be kept in the hospital.

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Capron from America in 1875, she had spent several weeks in the hospital at Madras to augment her nurses' training and further prepare herself for the work greatly increased around her. The Brahmins had built houses near the missionaries' home in Manamadura to send their boys to the station day school. Aside from her medical work, Mrs. Capron superintended the health and food of the boarding school, several day schools and a feeding place for a hundred and fifty children.

Mrs. Chandler, returning from furlough in 1876 with her twenty-one-year-old daughter Henrietta, had a boarding school of twenty-five pupils in Palni, lessons in sewing and singing for thirty more, and a feeding place for famine waifs, where the two ladies ministered in faithful and patient sacrifice until Mrs. Chandler's death in January, 1879.

In Madura the government fed a thousand daily, municipal and private charities fed five thousand more, and still there were thousands dying of starvation. Government works on tanks and roads furnished food for thousands. No previous government had ever done so much for the people, but fully a fourth of the population of Madura District perished.

Dead bodies were picked up in the streets. Robbery and pillage were common. Incendiarism and suicide increased. Houses were broken into and ransacked for food. Various were the superstitious explanations of the famine:

"The Government Survey and Demarkation Department is fixing boundaries for land; that is why our gods are very angry and have brought this famine upon us!"

"The thunder of the skies has taken fright at the thunder of the Iron Horse with his long train!"

"If it were not for the bond of caste we would leave the worship of these devils who are destroying us!"

The crops of 1876 had failed completely; the sandy river bed and irrigation tanks lay baking in the sun. The newly opened railway proved a blessing for importing rice, much of it from Burma. But of what use is rice when you have not the money to pay for it? Many of the people were now penniless. Thousands went off to the coffee estates, leaving wives and children to survive if they could. A rich Chettiar in Palapanur held his large stock of grain for higher prices, only to see it burn for thirty hours, set afire by enraged neighbors.

The Government provided relief works on the roads in city and country through the Department of Public Works. But their policy was to relieve starvation, not distress.

One could not go along any road leading into Madura without seeing men, women and children laden with plows and hoes, the doors of their houses and the timber of their roofs hacked into firewood, in the hope of exchanging them for rice.

The missionaries gave work to the weak and starving weaver-caste converts of the church at Athangudi, which made them a self-respecting and growing church.

The Lord Mayor of London sent twenty-five thousand pounds as a first installment of the Mansion House Fund. Eight thousand pounds remaining from the Bengali Relief Funds were handed over to the Madras Committee. It was decided to use these funds in aiding the poor who were not reached by state aid and in caring for destitute children and orphans. A nursery was opened at Pasumalai with eighty children, and four hundred more were fed in the nursery at Madura.

In July Miss Sisson came up the steps of the verandah at Madura Home, hanging her topi on the rack and wiping her damp forehead.

"In what a fearful dictionary are we reading the definition of famine! Living characters, that die so soon!"

"Did you sleep last night?" asked Mrs. Capron.

"The piteous cries of 'Food! Food! Give us food!' did not subside until past midnight; then my slumbers were troubled with strange dreams," replied Miss Sisson.

"Yes, all morning it has been the same. The strain on one's sympathies is beyond endurance. I have taken some to the famine camp. Many of our Christians, whose tables are not sufficiently supplied for themselves and their children, yet rise and take a portion to some of the trembling, fainting ones at their doors."

"I could wish that Mary Rendall's marriage might take her out of such scenes at least for a time, but her new home in the Church Missionary Society field will be only forty-five miles from us. Etta will be here soon with the younger Tracys to take her place," remarked Mrs. Capron.

"Surely the Lord will give food to these starving people! What can it be which stands in His way to do it today? Can it be our lack of faith?" said Miss Sisson.

"He will help them in His own time, my dear. Perhaps He is only waiting for them to turn to Him."

"But we are looking to England for help! And to America! Why can we not simply trust Him, as Miss Blake and her faith missionaries are doing?"

"True, but is it not as much a work of faith to trust that He can send help through human agencies like our organized Board as through chance helpers, without any formal system? We are also trusting the Lord for means to carry on our work; not a cent for next year's need is in our treasury; we simply trust that He will provide it when it is needed."

Late in 1877 came more money from the Mansion House Fund in England, money from Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius and from other parts of India, to be used without regard for caste or creed. Mrs. Capron helped to feed the children of the silk weavers.

"A year ago I had seven children," said a gaunt woman as she laid two thin forms at the lady doctor's feet. "I do not know where the father is. The fifth child died last night. I carried it out to the burning ground and there left it. I had no money to buy fuel for the burning. I have these two left; look at them! And save them for me if you can."

C. Asirvadham, a faithful and efficient medical assistant, and two compounders, not sparing themselves in caring for cases of cholera, virulent in the time of famine, gave their own lives in the efforts to save others. Much of the success and usefulness of the dispensary were due to these men and Mr. G. S. Thangam, head assistant in the dispensary. The ladies, especially Mrs. Capron and Mrs. Chandler, were mourning the loss of Mariammal, called Virginia Donaghe, a dear and long-loved teacher, who died in the same epidemic.

Then came the locusts to eat up the new crop. The villagers met them with bands of music and chanted prayers: "O gods, have mercy on us! O gods, by your trident markings we know you are legions of incarnations of Vishnu! Have mercy on us!"

Chapter 29

More Help Comes

The American Board declined to take any responsibility in regard to the support of orphanages, diverting funds given for evangelization. The friends of the Board were very restive under the long-continued indebtedness, and the Prudential Committee and secretaries were making every effort to awaken a more general interest in missions. The annual meeting in Providence in 1877 was remarkable for the tide of religious feeling which rose, developed by the thorough and prayerful consideration of the fundamental truths of Christianity.

Secretary Alden read a paper, "Shall We Have a Missionary Revival?" a question suggested by the special visitation of the Holy Spirit which had gathered into the churches in America several thousand young disciples.

Said he, "Since the fundamental truths of Christianity are the only truths which can call forth and sustain the missionary spirit, a missionary revival implies a revived faith in these fundamental truths. No man will go forth as a messenger of good tidings to the heathen world, unless he believes that the heathen without the good tidings are perishing, and unless he knows the tidings.

"Others, perhaps, may doubt and question; he must *know*, upon a word which is infallible, that man given up to himself, destitute of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, is hopelessly lost, and that for every man Christ in all His fullness is provided. He must believe in an accomplished salvation provided for the whole world through sacrificial blood; in a divine Redeemer, able to save to the uttermost; in the abiding presence and power of the Holy Spirit, under whose dispensation those weapons which are not carnal are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. If the heathen are not lost, then the human race is not lost and there is no Saviour and no salvation."

Secretary Clark read a paper on "The Claims of the Unevangelized on the Christian Church," ending with an appeal:

"Oh, the pity of it! These millions of human souls with all the undeveloped possibilities of greatness and character, of manly virtue and womanly grace, going down to the grave in darkness and gloom, unenlightened and unsaved!"

On Wednesday evening, after Dr. Bartlett had presented the report of the Committee on the Home Department, and Secretary Clark had stated how painfully stringent must be retrenchments if for the year to come the receipts for the debt and for the year's operations should not be more than the five hundred thousand dollars named in that report, ex-Governor Page of Vermont rose.

"The debt must be paid here and now," he said. "It must be paid here and now. And the five hundred thousand dollars besides shall be furnished for the year's operations. I move that subscription cards be at once circulated for the purpose!"

The officers and members of the Board were taken by surprise. Doubts, objections, a motion to postpone action were interposed.

But the mover pressed his views. "I decline to withdraw the motion; there is unity here on this question!"

"I second the motion!" came from several in different parts of the house; and when the vote was taken, it was decidedly in the affirmative.

Then, to the surprise of the doubters, was manifested a joyous readiness of contributions and an abundant outpouring of Christian benevolence and of concern for those afar off who had not heard the Gospel. Within an hour it was announced that forty-eight thousand dollars had been pledged, clearing the debt. The pent-up excitement broke out in bursts of applause, laughing and weeping for joy, waving of handkerchiefs and swinging of hats and finally in singing "Old Hundred."

The offering made at the communion table next day for the relief of the families of native preachers and teachers suffering from famine or war amounted to more than nine hundred dollars, of which one-third was sent to the Madura Mission.

Thus, at last, came money from America.

"Someone has sent me five dollars for famine relief!" exclaimed Miss Sisson.

"The overland mail brings me word that someone has sent me a dollar, and another friend has collected fifty dollars for famine relief! They are tokens of mercy from our pitying Heavenly Father!" cried Mrs. Capron.

"How quickly I've turned every available sum of money into rice! It comes from above! they are praying for us!" exulted Miss Sisson. "Perhaps it was better that it comes now when we can do some substantial good to those whose cases have long claimed our pity."

Mrs. Capron was walking up and down, at a loss for words to describe her feelings of gratitude and relief.

"How can I say with what solemn joy I received my portion of that offering at the Lord's table in Providence!" she exclaimed.

At last, in 1878, the famine abated somewhat. High prices continued, while Government relief practically ceased.

The Mission had larger accessions than in any previous year, with 2,209 more members in the village congregations and 433 who joined the church by profession of faith.

Christians greatly enlarged their contributions, giving out of deep poverty a tenth of the crops they reaped, day by day adding copper coins to the store in the little clay kaliam, and rice in the Lord's jar, gradually filling it with the handful which the women put in each time they prepared the family meal.

Mr. Herrick in his villages near Tirumangalam distributed more than a thousand rupees, given by the Famine Relief Committee, to five thousand suffering orphans and mothers caring for destitute children.

The J. S. Chandlers in Battlagundu had twenty orphans left in their care, supported partly by a small grant from the Children's Aid Society of Madras and partly by friends in America. Father and Mother Chandler in Palni had more than three hundred to feed in their day nursery, of whom thirty died. When surviving relatives and friends had returned from their famine wanderings and taken many, seventy-eight were left.

The Washburns in Pasumalai had more than a thousand in their orphanage school and farm, cared for by the Madura Relief Committee.

"What are you doing? Stop!" called a catechist, seeing a mother throw a faintly struggling child into a tank and pick up another.

"They are dying; I have no food for them."

He rescued them and brought them to the orphanage.

"But what shall I do with any more?" wondered Washburn. "Our funds are giving out; relief has stopped; we may have to break up the orphanage while still we have a hundred and fifty children not called for."

"Sir, we are sure God will care for us," said one of a group of older boys. "We go by ourselves every day, morning and evening, and pray to Him that our home may be continued so that we will not have to be sent away to starve."

"Mangammal! Wake up! You have had rice today, haven't you? Will you lie down to sleep without thanking the Lord for it?" would be the question on the first night or two when a new girl came into the famine home.

At last, when the money from America began to come in, anxious fears were changed to praises. In 1879, after 1,070 children were cared for, the famine nursery was closed. The orphanage for larger children was continued for some years, until most of the young people were educated and sent out to support themselves.

On September 11, Miss Rendall was married in the west-gate church to the Reverend Hugh Horsley of the Church Missionary Society of Tinnevelly. The wedding was attended by all the missionaries, with many of the pastors and catechists who were in the city attending the September meetings, and on whom a wedding of "Europeans" made a deep impression. Its simplicity and sincerity was a witness, even to Hindus who could not attend, as a contrast to their ten-day processions, lavish entertainment and music.

Early in August, the Reverend J. E. Chandler opened new buildings for the Palni orphanage with pleasant and appropriate exercises.

The very next day, Miss Sisson asked Mr. Chandler to read in Mission meeting her letter informing the brethren that she was sending her resignation to the Board. This was a great shock to the Mission. Many were the attempts to persuade her to change her mind and stay. Secretary Clark protested, sending long letters of argument in hope that she would "see her duty" and remain where the Lord had placed her, but all to no purpose.

She left Madura in February of 1878 to join the new Faith Mission in Berar, established two years before by her sister and Miss Blake, but the next month had to leave India on account of failing health, rumored to be due to sunstroke.

By November she had so far recovered as to be engaged in missionary meetings in the United States. She was an effective speaker and writer, had aroused great interest among her friends and relatives by her letters describing the famine, and now wakened many to their duty in behalf of the heathen and stimulated others who had been giving large and steady contributions to the Board.

Among the latter was Mr. Asa Otis, a cousin, from whom Miss Sisson hoped to receive a contribution for famine relief. Miss Blake, who had accompanied her home, with a group of friends, spent the day in prayer, while Miss Sisson went to see Mr. Otis in New London, Connecticut.

Though he would promise nothing, he asked many questions about the Mission work in Madura. He proved his vital interest in his Master's service by the legacy he left the Board on his death, March 10, 1879, of almost a million dollars.

CHAPTER 30

The Development of the Schools

THE CITY of Madura, surrounded by the ruins of the high stone walls and square bastions of its ancient glory, was suddenly drawn from its age-long isolation and thrown into the current of the world's life in 1875 when the Prince of Wales opened the railroad from Trichinopoly. Telegraph and postal facilities made quick communication with other parts of India and foreign countries.

The Christian community of the district were informed of the world's news through the pages of Sathiyavarthamani, *The True News*, published at private expense by Washburn in the Lenox Press in Pasumalai, and its Tamil pages ably edited by Barnes.

These contacts with the outside world, and the energy of the new life in Christ in the growing church, stimulated the desire for education. In 1872, a group of Christians met and appointed twelve of their number, among whom were Abraham and Jacob of the first Christian family in the mission, Cornelius, Colton, Barnes, Rowland, Theron Loomis and others, to draw up a petition to the mission asking for higher schools for their boys.

The station schools were limited, the one in Tirupuvanam to twenty boys, the others to eight. And they gave only the rudiments of an education, ending with the fourth standard, which boys passed twice, receiving the principal's certificate.

In their reply, the mission stimulated the aspirations of the petitioners, pointing out the duty of the parents to encourage the existing schools by paying the fees required, and their hope of some day establishing, with the co-operation of all, a Christian college in Madura.

The expectation of 1870 that boys from the station schools would enter the theological seminary was not realized. There were only eight students in that school in 1874 when Washburn returned from furlough in America, and the supply of preachers and pastors was falling short, as was that of schoolmasters through the Christian Vernacular Education Society's training school at Dindigul.

In June, 1875, in accordance with the Mission vote of January, Washburn and Tracy chose twenty boys from the group assembled in hope of joining the high-school class preparatory to the matriculation examination of the Madras University. The chosen boys had, as required, passed the fourth standard twice, and were bright and promising sons of pastors and agents and other Christian families. They were formed into a sixth standard class of the middle school. From 1879, Hindu day scholars were also admitted, a privilege of which they, especially Brahmin boys, increasingly availed themselves.

In 1881, the college was affiliated with Madras University, receiving an "F.A.," or "First-in-Arts" class which would take the student through what would in America be called the sophomore year of college. In 1883, when this class took their examination in arts, there were a hundred and seventy-eight students in Pasumalai College. A gymnasium room, library and rebuilt dormitory had been added.

The large accessions, estimated at sixty to eighty thousand, who had renounced idolatry in South India and Ceylon and joined the various missions after the famine years, greatly increased the demand for well-prepared teachers and preachers. The Mission was caught without the trained men and women needed, and hastened to make up the deficiency. The girls' boarding school took the lead, having sent out twenty graduates with teachers' certificates during the four years preceding 1881, all standing high in the lists of candidates throughout the presidency. In that year, Miss Etta Rendall opened a class for a higher-grade examination, in order to keep in advance of the requirements for female education in the district.

Madura received from the Otis legacy, besides $10,371 for evangelistic work, $5,186 for educational work.

Rendall built Otis Hall for the girls' boarding school, conveniently near his daughter Etta's rooms in the bungalow he occupied at East Gate. Now no longer was it necessary to use the front verandah of the bungalow for lectures and public meetings of the school, as the central room of the new building was large enough for assembly, examinations, exhibitions and other meetings.

Here men teachers held the positions in the higher classes, as the women were not yet generally qualified. Yet the influence of the women on thir pupils was greater, for they lived with them, understood their temptations and habits, and had unlimited opportunities to speak the faithful word which led from ten to twenty girls a year to give their hearts to Christ.

In the center of the city, Rendall built the new English school, large enough to accommodate a hundred and eighty boys. Here he and his daughter started their Sunday school for Hindu boys, themselves taking the two highest classes and finding native teachers for the others. At the end of 1881, a chaplain had come to take charge of the congregation of the English church, where for many years Rendall had taught the East Indians* children's Sunday school, as had also his daughters in turn, and where he had often conducted church services. He had also superintended a day school for them.

In 1881, Mrs. Capron, as manager of the Hindu girls' schools, bought the North Gate school; and in 1882, built the Central School, both with funds from the Otis Legacy. The Pasumalai schools also benefited, building the Otis Classroom and making other repairs and improvements in 1880.

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*Earlier called "Hindu Britons," later "Eurasians," then "Anglo-Indians" and "Domiciled Europeans."

CHAPTER 31

Echoes of the Past

SOME TIME before 1860, a catechist employed by Father Chandler, then stationed at Battlagundu, gave a copy of the Gospel of Matthew to a man of good caste, head of his family and founder of his own little village. In 1879, one of John S. Chandler's catechists, visiting that village, noticed the little book stuck under the eaves of the thatched roof.

"Would you like to have me conduct prayers? I see you have the Gospel book here," asked the catechist.

"Yes, do talk to your God for me," replied he, now an elderly man and head of a large family.

From that day, he professed to be a Christian, the only one known in that village. Mr. Chandler put a school there, but after a time the people withdrew their children, fearing the Christian teaching.

"Please keep the teacher there a little longer, to instruct me and my household and to conduct a Sunday service. Then, when you have to take him away, I will be pastor for my family and people."

Mother Chandler had pupils in charge of her Bible Women. One, whom she herself taught, was a poor woman of low caste who, like many others, feared the loss of home and livelihood if she confessed her faith in Christ. In November 21, 1880, the Reverend J. S. Chandler saw thirteen people admitted to the church in Battlagundu, one the woman his mother had taught, now old and withered. Another was the old man who had received a Gospel portion through his father's work more than twenty years before. Two girls from the Romanist religion were the same day baptized after learning to read in the boarding school, having been selected to become the brides of two young teachers. The others baptized that day were boys and girls of the boarding school and of Christian families whose parents had all been converts in the earlier days.

Early in 1881, when Jones had been but little more than a year in Manamadura, he stopped at a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of his field down by the sea. His helpers had told him of three pariah families there who were good Christians, desiring to be baptized, though much neglected since the death of Mr. Capron and the consequent vacancy of the station.

Jones found them living in the merest hovels. In the shade of an old tree, they held a delightful meeting. The leader among them was a young man so dreadfully afflicted with leprosy, parts of his body being almost consumed by the terrible disease, that Jones could hardly bear to look upon him as he crept with difficulty into his place.

"Who are you, Little Brother?" he asked him, for in spite of his repulsive appearance he showed a particularly bright and happy face.

"I am the boy whom my beloved missionary, Capron Aiyar, took to the boarding school at Manamadura and kept there a year," answered the leper. "There I learned to read and was given this Christian Veda to learn more of the dear Saviour about whom they told me much. After I returned to my village here, I practiced reading from my Book, and have read much of it to my people, so that now they love it as I do. About five years ago, I was attacked by leprosy. Capron Aiyar gave me medicine and tried in every way he could think of to prevent the further spread of the disease over my body, but without success.

"Then he went home to Heaven. I called my friends together every day for prayer to his God and read to them from His Word. We have no teacher, but God has taught us. We never go to rest at night without first turning to Him in prayer and praise."

The little group looked into the missionary's face with absorbed and joyful attention as they drank in the words of the precious old, old story, then begged him earnestly to send them a catechist who should come at least once a week to the aid of their leper shepherd, whose strength was fast failing.

"Sir, we have been bringing contributions for this purpose for many weeks. Here are the little baskets containing what each of our families has saved for the Lord."

"And here is mine, too," said the helpless leper as he hobbled forward, clad only in a tattered loincloth, but his face beaming with joy. "It contains only a little, but it is for the Lord, who knows how to use even the smallest gift."

Two of the baskets were filled with small coins amounting to a dollar and a quarter, given by men who never earn more than five annas a day, the equivalent of ten cents, and who average in a year not more than five cents a day. Many times they must have felt pinching hunger since they had begun to lay aside these gifts for the Lord. The leper's tiny basket contained one cent and a half. But it was no doubt as precious in the Lord's sight as the widow's mite, and like that will go down in the history of the Mission, as a gift more than they all have given. For it was his living—not given out of an abundance. As God had accepted the leper boy, poor, weak and sick, and made him an apostle to this tiny church of unbaptized adherents to Christ, so He could accept his gift and that of his children in the faith.

One April day in 1886, Mr. Gutterson stood late in the afternoon in the little porch of the schoolhouse at Melur. The boys after the evening roll call and closing prayers had run away homeward, leaving only the masters discussing school affairs with the missionary in the doorway. A man bent with years and sin walked slowly up the path within a stone's throw of the house to which, twenty-two years before, Father Burnell had been carried after being beaten in the street in Melur. Gutterson knew him; he was the only survivor of the party who had beset with wicked intent the faithful preacher of the Gospel in that very street.

The old man paused at the step and gave his salaam to the missionary and the little group of schoolmasters, then proferred his request.

"Aiyah! I am a poor man; I cannot pay school fees for my three sons. Please take them into your Christian school without charge!"

"Three sons! I thought you had only one," remarked one of the schoolmasters.

"Yes, I have three. One is the son of my lawful wife, the other two of my other wife. Please, your honors, let them study free in your school!"

"Verily, missionary work has its romances," remarked Gutterson, "and the Gospel its peaceful revenges!"

The Gutterson family was in the Mission only ten years, being detained in America because the Board could not find travelling expenses for the large family.

The Reverend Mr. Buckingham, the second instructor in the Theological School, in 1886 on an evangelistic tour with a company of singers and catechists from the school, went into the villages of the neighboring robber-caste district.

The people received them gladly and bought a large number of Scripture portions, rejoicing the hearts of all and especially of the students who were helping. Two of those students had been, nine years before, heathen boys brought to the missionary by the stress and stringency of the famine, from these very villages.

Now they went back among their own caste people, living witnesses of what a transformation Christianity can make in those rough robber peoples.

The Reverend and Mrs. Perkins, with Father Chandler and his daughter Gertrude, in 1886 made a visit among the churches in the villages of the Periakulam Station. They arrived at Kambam on the occasion of the semiannual gathering of the people for presenting their thanks-offerings. The Christians had brought grain, chickens, a calf and forty-six rupees, then worth eighteen and a half dollars. This was the largest congregation of the Periakulam Station, consisting of nearly three hundred souls, mostly poor people engaged in coolie work up the Kodai ghat.

Miss Chandler was much pleased in examining the women to see their familiarity with the Bible as they repeated many Psalms and verses. None were able to read; they had learned all by heart, with the help of the pastor and his wife.

One very old woman, widow of a catechist who had died many years before, came trembling, leaning on a staff.

"Pray for me," she begged, "that God will soon give me a happy death and take me home."

Father Chandler's prayer comforted her much.

When they had taken leave of the people, he told the younger missionaries, "That poor, bent old woman is the widow of the blind catechist who once prayed with the blessed and childlike faith of so many of our Christians:

" 'These missionaries, who have known Hebrew and Greek from their birth, yet make such work of Tamil, help them, O Lord!' "

Mother Chandler, at work among the boys in the Palni boarding school, was considered a strict disciplinarian, her tender heart little understood by the children. They said that she used to keep a black bottle containing all the medicine prescribed for the school in one grand mixture. At "medicine parade" all who were reported sick stood in line for a dose out of the black bottle, on the principle that something in the concoction would, at least in some cases, hit the spot.

She was brought up in the strictest ideals of the Christian life as separate from the world, which included all ornaments of dress or decoration.

Like the other missionaries, she used to gather and dry specimens of the hundreds of varieties of ferns found in the woods in Kodaikanal, to mount in books or cards and send to friends at Christmas. She loved to handle and examine the beautiful fronds, comparing them with the descriptions and pictures in her Beddome. She never ceased to wonder at their great variety of spore mountings, some having the spores in little flutes on the edges, some in polka dots or straight lines on the back, some as if flecked on, others set with precision.

"For what purpose all this wonderful variety? Can it be other than for love of beauty, and as sheer decoration?"

It was a flash of light—the thought of the Creator as a lover of beauty liberated her mind from the enthrallment of the idea that the spiritually minded must eschew beautiful things.

One day Brother Burnell happened in when she had backslid far enough to be wearing a print dress with a frill. He was shocked at the evidence of worldly-mindedness and sternly rebuked her for being so ruffled.

A beautiful figure, and full of dignity, she did not hesitate in later years to wear her ruffled black silk and her lace cap.

A stream flowed down the ravine at Kodai and tumbled over in a pretty waterfall below the property now called Hillbrook.

While the missionaries were gathering for a picnic, Mother Chandler, with little Lottie and Johnnie, started to find ferns.

Gallant little Father Taylor offered to help her. He jumped on a projecting turf.

"It's firm," said he. "Here, take my stick!"

She took his cane, but her greater weight bore down the turf and she fell into the water, feeling something snap under her.

"Oh! My leg is broken!" she cried out.

Lottie threw herself on the ground and cried. Johnnie ran for his father. Father Taylor rendered all the help he could. It was soon found that not the leg, but the cane, had snapped.

The falls were named "Chandler's Falls."

When Dr. Murdock of the Christian Vernacular Education Society was visiting the Webbs in Dindigul, the children used to say verses at breakfast. One morning, the first child said, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee." Brother Webb looked shocked.

Then little Mary followed with, "Eat such things as are set before you."

"Doctor Murdock," said Mr. Webb, "I assure you, these are the verses for the day, and they have no personal reference!"

Chapter 32

The Jubilee

Two years before the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Mission, a committee was appointed to arrange for a celebration of the event. They sent letters to all the churches outlining a program of advance in self-support and growth. Rendall was unanimously chosen to preach the memorial sermon. But on June 13, 1883, he died at the home of the Reverend Edward S. Hume in Bombay, where Dr. Chester had taken him for surgical treatment.

Mr. Herrick in America wrote a character sketch of him as the model missionary, and the sense of loss among the Mission group and the Christian community was sincere and deep. The Reverend J. P. Jones, who had recently been appointed to take Washburn's place in Pasumalai while he visited America, was hastily appointed to Madura instead, and the Reverend J. S. Chandler was stationed at Pasumalai, while his parents were asked to take charge of Battlagundu station, leaving their beloved station of Palni vacant, but under Dr. Chester's supervision from Dindigul. The elder Burnell, after two years in an asylum for mental cases in Madras, had left for America.

Jones was elected treasurer, Tracy secretary of the Mission, and the Reverend Albert Barnes was invited to give the memorial address at the Jubilee celebration. No name was more highly esteemed than his in Pasumalai, where he had been on the teaching staff since the very opening of the school in Tirumangalam. As pastor of the Pasumalai church since 1871, he was counted the leading pastor of the Mission, writing and translating for the school and church and editing the *Tamil* and larger part of the *True News*.

In February, 1884, the Jubilee celebration was held in a pavilion of bamboo poles and coconut-leaf mats erected on the new property south of the East Gate compound recently purchased by the Woman's Board for the proposed Ladies' Home.

At seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, February 26, almost two thousand Christians assembled and sat on the ground in the shady pavilion. Sermons and addresses fired their hearts with joy and gratitude that God has sent them His Gospel and led them to their present position of triumph in the Name of Christ.

After the jubilee sermon by Barnes, the Reverend J. E. Chandler, as the one then longest in the Mission, spoke of former missionaries. Pastor A. Savarimuthu, ordained at Dindigul in 1858, and the pastor of earliest date then surviving in the Mission, spoke of prominent Indian helpers. Pastor W. A. Buckingham spoke of the Mission stations, and Mr. S. Periyanayaham of the medical work.

In the afternoon, Pastor Colton addressed the assembly, reminding them of the many changes in the district since the Mission had come; Mrs. Capron spoke of the Work for Women; Pastor M. Thomas, of the churches; Pastor A. Barnes, of the Native Evangelical Society, of which he had long been secretary; and the Reverend J. T. Noyes conducted a prayer and conference meeting on the churches.

As the afternoon shadows lengthened, the part of the celebration most impressive to the town population began at East Gate with the formation in their allotted places of the groups from the various Mission stations for the grand procession. A missionary rode at the head on his pony, while another cleared the way. Two trumpeters leading the band at intervals lifted their brass five-foot S-shaped rams' horns and blew a deafening blast. After the band came the Madura division, then Dindigul with banners, Tirumangalam, Tirupuvanam with drums and trumpets, Periakulam with four banners, Mandapasalai with eleven banners and a band, Battlagunda, Melur, Palni and Manamadura. By this time, the head of the procession was marching toward the Stone Elephant Street, a mile away at North Gate.

At the Line Church they halted and cheered; at the West Gate Church they were showered with flower petals and sprinkled with rosewater. Groups were singing out their joy in Gospel lyrics as they passed through the streets under the shadow of the great gopurams of Meenatchi's Temple. The police were there, but they had nothing to do but enjoy the procession; not a soul thought of molesting the Christians. Hundreds rushed to their doors and stared in open-mouthed wonder that there were so many Christians in the Madura District. Passing under triumphal arches, the procession completed the three-mile circuit of the city in two hours, returning to the East Gate compound as dusk fell.

There the people sat on the ground in the pavilion lighted by kerosene lamps and enjoyed the concert of praise by the boys and girls of the boarding schools, under the leadership of J. S. Chandler. The missionaries contributed flute and cornet solos accompanied by the organ. Visiting missionaries from Bombay sang Maratha lyrics, and the Dindigul band gave an overture. Dr. Chester closed the evening with a sciopticon exhibition, while Dr. Tracy gave another at the West Gate, both to large and attentive audiences.

Father Noyes presided over the meetings the next morning, which began with a young people's consecration meeting led by Mr. Gutterson. Then followed papers on the "Educational Work and Benevolences" by Mr. David and the Reverend J. Cornelius. Mr. Howland and Mrs. J. S. Chandler spoke on "Pasumalai, Past and Present," and Mr. Alfred H. Burnell and Pastor Nallathambi on "Giving."

Then followed a very festival of joyous giving. The proceeds were to be used for needed extensions at Pasumalai. A catechist who had served twenty-eight years rose and offered his services for the rest of his life without pay. A large majority of those in Mission employ had pledged a month's salary. A Hindu had put on a silver bracelet, with a vow that it should not be removed until he stood before the idol after a pilgrimage to a distant shrine to offer it for the cure of his disease; he unclasped it and saw it bid for and sold for seventeen rupees to swell the fund.

Bags of rice, collected by handfuls for weeks past when the housewife prepared the daily meals, were brought forward. Braces of fowls with tied legs squawked before the platform. A congregation of laborers brought nearly a bushel of grain they had received as wages. From brass pots conveniently hung on the bamboo posts of the pavilion came the frequent clink of coins and silver finger and toe rings being offered. Within an hour, three thousand rupees had been pledged, and by the end of the meeting 4,136, which was increased to five thousand during the meetings. Sheep, oxen and cows were pledged.

On Thursday morning, Dr. Chester presided over the English meeting, where were present a considerable number of English-speaking natives. Delegates from other missions brought greetings and congratulations—among them Mr. Shahu Daji Kukde of Bombay, the Reverend R. A. Hume of Ahmednagar and the Reverend C. Harding of Sholapur.

In the Tamil session, the Reverend J. P. Jones gave an address; then were read letters of greeting from the United States, including one from Father Herrick, one from Secretary Clark for the Board, and one from the aged Eckard, in which he told how the Jaffna missionaries had secured permission to establish the Madura Mission, how Spaulding had chosen Madura and how the first missionaries had established the Mission.

At the great communion service, the Reverend J. E. Tracy gave a stirring address in Tamil, and then Father Chandler and the Reverend J. H. Wychoff of the Arcot Mission administered the Lord's Supper to the throng of more than a thousand Christians, with the help of many of the pastors and deacons. Then Pastor Barnes rose and moved resolutions of gratitude to the American Board and churches for having brought to them the good news of salvation and for the many blessings which had followed—education, civilization, churches and the Lord's Day and many others, both spiritual and temporal. Mr. T. Loomis and Pastor Samuel Taylor seconded the resolutions, and the whole audience rose to ratify them.

"What a contrast," said Father Chandler, "to the occasion of the first celebration of the Lord's Supper in the old bungalow here, which the founders described as 'the setting of the table of the Lord in this moral wilderness.' Here is a company of redeemed heathen such as Todd may have dreamed of, clothed and rejoicing in the righteousness of their Saviour, their faces beaming with intelligence and love, and all together remembering Christ at His table."

They represented a Christian community of eleven thousand five hundred people, with eighteen ordained pastors, nearly five thousand pupils in the schools, every assurance of the further progress of their faith among their people, and an excellent plant for all the Mission institutions.

That evening the people came in families and congregations to call upon the Jones family as representatives of the Mission at Madura. Presenting their greeting with limes and garlands, they seated themselves by companies for the feast which was given for the visiting Christians, followed by a display of fireworks.

CHAPTER 33

A Rural Mission

HOWLAND FOLLOWED the Reverend and Mrs. Taylor in the care of Mandapasalai Station. Like them, he was indefatigable in touring his large field, visiting the Christian villages often in spite of the difficulty during the wet season of getting through the heavy cotton soil in his bullock bandy, and the many hours he had to spend walking along the ridges that divide the fields. On reaching a village, he would open his big register and look up the name of every Christian and inquirer, asking after those who were absent. He knew his people well, as did Mrs. Howland the women for whom she worked with the Bible Women in Mandapasalai and the villages near, and in Aruppukottai.

Besides building many a prayer house and digging many a well for his people, Howland built a number of substantial churches. His crowning effort was the beautiful church at Mandapasalai; its foundation had lain waiting for several years while the people held their Sunday services on the missionary's wide verandah and saved their offerings for the building. Then a grant from the Otis Legacy made it possible to build.

With unskilled builders and rude instruments, Howland wrought, himself supplying the necessary skill, and stimulating his workmen by his own personal labor on the roof as well as on the floor, until he succeeded in completing a church that marked a new era in the architecture of the Mission. The woodwork was a worthy finish to the excellence of the building, and the carpenter who did it was baptized at the dedication service.

Like Webb, Howland felt the great need of training the villagers in industries. Being in the center of a farming area, his attention was drawn to the improvement of farming methods. He procured a plow from the superintendent of the experimental farm at Saidapet, Madras. It was modeled to meet the practical wants of Indian farmers in lightness, cheapness and ease of draft. He tried it out in Mandapasalai in 1879, but the ground was too dry. After the first rains, he tried again, with forty interested and voluble spectators as soon as he appeared in his small field with the plow.

"It will never work! You need a man to pull the oxen by the nose, a boy to punch behind and another man to attend the plow!"

Apparently, the jeers of the crowd were too much for the oxen, which got frightened and bolted. So did the workmen.

But Mr. Howland was not discouraged, and soon made another attempt. This time the oxen walked quietly in the furrow and actually made some attempts to turn at the end, so that he delightedly called off the boy deputed to punch behind. The onlookers were profuse in their remarks.

"See how deep and wide the furrow is!"

"See how the plow covers the weeds! Let me take the handles!"

"Isn't it a pleasure to see land so neatly and evenly turned!"

Howland, in triumph, dispensed with the driver. The oxen, with lengthened nose-rope tied to the handles, came round at the end of the furrow in defiance of all the ancestry of Hindu plowmen and oxen. Then the bandy-man continued the plowing alone and finished the half-acre plot marked out.

To have an "A" harrow made, Howland brought drawings to Madura again and again, spending hours among the carpenters and blacksmiths getting the work done. The simplest sort of tools and farm implements in common use were not to be bought outright, but had to be bargained for part by part, and their manufacture and assembly watched in every detail, the parts carried to the various artisans to have each prepared and fitted together to make the complete tool.

At the same time, the Government was making efforts to help the farmers. The assistant Collector of Bellary exhibited the working of a plow he had ordered from America in July, 1880. The ryots were so pleased with it that the Government made and kept a stock of American plows on sale at their experimental farm in Madras.

They also offered a bounty for rats, which were overrunning the towns.

"These are not ordinary rats," said the people. "They are the embodiment of the spirits of those who died during the famine years. Because they did not get enough to eat during their lives on earth, they have returned to make up for lost time."

Rat-catching became the order of the day. Even good Hindus might catch them alive in traps, and many poor out-castes earned the Government bounty for killing them. Monkeys also migrated to the towns and villages, making such a nuisance of themselves that men were employed to trap and deport them from Madura and Tiruparangundram. It would offend Hindu sensibilities severely to kill them, for they are considered a sacred animal and called "Swami." They were let loose in Alagarmalai, the sacred mountain of the robber-caste god, where it was hoped the cultivators would endure their depredations with the customary Hindu patience, for who can escape the fate written on his forehead?

Tigers were seen closer than usual to the settlement at Kodaikanal; one near Neutral Saddle killed cattle, and another killed Michael Maistry's pony near his house.

Rats, monkeys and tigers! But, after rains, also mosquitoes! "Dear! Dear!" complained the younger Chandler. "We were told that they kept away fever, and so amid all their buzzing and whining we pictured to ourselves the foul demons of malaria despairingly fleeing away. But now comes along the *Scientific American* with the statement that mosquitoes both originate and disseminate malarial diseases! Alas! There remains no solace but grim submission to this boring of miniature artesian wells on all sides of our writhing persons!"

The next year, Howland continued his efforts to persuade the farmers of the black cotton soil of Mandapasalai to take up the use of the improved plows and harrows. Many who had emigrated to the Ceylon coffee estates had returned with nothing left of their small holdings before the famine. He applied for the use of a ten-acre plot nearly a mile south of the bungalow for the poor cultivators. A wealthy ryot neighbor put in a counter petition when he heard of this, thus raising the price so that neither himself nor Howland could afford to take the land.

One evening after the November monsoon rains, Howland rode out to see the land. Small boys were squatting over the holes in the ground where the termites had their underground tenements, calling the winged white ants. They caught them as they flew out, stripped off their long wings and popped their bodies into little brass chembus to enrich the rice-pot at home. Sometimes a nice fat one went into little brother's mouth instead of into the chembu.

Howland sat his horse, watching the boys and noting that the land was not yet under cultivation. Next day he sent to the manager, asking permission to cultivate it with the foreign plow and pay double as long as he used it for this purpose.

But the villagers, hearing from the boys of Howland's inspection of the land, turned out in a body on Sunday morning and plowed and sowed the whole to millet. When the Tahsildar came to measure the land and report to the manager on Howland's petition, he found the grain all sprouted. As the land was classified in the manager's books as "wet land," the villagers had to pay wet-land taxes on it, amounting to almost two hundred rupees, and the crop, sown at the wrong time, was a complete failure.

Howland compiled the English edition of the *Jubilee Book*, making it a beautiful souvenir with fine pictures, each as clear as a photograph.

The Madura Farmers' Club gave an excellent agricultural show with prizes at the Tallakulam near Madura in April, 1885. But Howland, although much interested, had left with his family a month before for America, because of failing health. A year before, it had seemed necessary for them to leave India for a much-needed rest, but the great needs of the work had so pressed upon them that they had bravely stayed on, to the great comfort of their brethren. They left expecting to return to India after a year or so; but in February, 1887, Mrs. Howland died at Auburndale, Massachusetts. Mr. Howland hastened home from a preaching trip to Montreal, only to fall a victim to food poisoning and follow his wife to the better home within a few days of her death, leaving their three children.

Chapter 34

Fruit in the Girls' School

Down in Texas a young lady received a letter from Dr. Alden, secretary of the Board, in reply to her application for appointment as a missionary. He suggested work in Foochow, Mexico or India. She took it to her pastor, the Reverend C. I. Scofield, and they knelt to pray for guidance. As they rose from their knees, both exclaimed in one breath, "India!"

"That is where Mrs. Capron is," remarked Mr. Scofield.

Sure enough, when Miss Eva M. Swift alighted from the train at Madura in July, 1884, there was Mrs. Capron with her pair of white bullocks and big family chaise, in which the two ladies led the line of missionaries who had come to meet her and the Reverend and Mrs. Hazen, through the streets of the city to the Mission compound. Mr. Hazen had first come to Madura in 1868, and now returned after an absence of fourteen years.

At the Mission house they found the rest of the missionaries to welcome them at dinner. Miss Etta Rendall and Miss Martha Taylor had left for furlough. Miss Gertrude Chandler, who had come to take her sister Etta's place and help her parents in their station work at Palni, was still with them, now stationed at Battlagundu. Mrs. Minor, Mrs. Chandler's mother, left that year her long service in the cause of missions, at Singapore, in Ceylon and in Madura, where she came from America in 1876, some years after the death of her husband.

Despite the difference in their ages, for Miss Eva was only twenty-one, she and Mrs. Capron found congenial companionship in work and Christian life, and a deep and precious friendship grew up between them. In the late afternoons, when their work for the day was done, the young girl would go and sit on the verandah with her new friend, or take her for a drive behind her spirited Pegu pony, hard-mouthed but very willing.

"Now, if you are driving for your own pleasure, let him go," Mrs. Capron would say as the chickens, dogs and pigs scattered before the pony's flying hoofs, "but if for mine, hold him in, please!"

Miss Swift loved to listen while her friend talked intimately and discerningly of Mission work and policies, of the opportunities and joys of her Hindu girls' schools and work with the Bible Women, of the many secret Christians among their pupils, of the longing hearts of her many patients in the Hindu homes of Madura, of the weekly clinic when Dr. Chester came down from Dindigul on Thursdays.

She it was who sent the bullock bandy and the waterman to the sandy river bed twice a week to dig a hole and dip up the water into the big pots for cooking, drinking and bathing. She bought in the bazaar for the outstation missionaries and kept a tailor to sew for them when needed. She ordered shoes from the chucklier, tinware in the tinner's street, carpentry and cloth. Butter was made by the milk woman, gray with dirt and often rancid by the time the coolie had carried it for miles in the sun on his head.

She was missionary-in-general to the whole community, leading meetings, playing the organ at church, visiting the sick and sorrowing, keeping in touch with the Christian families of the city.

"But surely you can't go every time they send for you!" Miss Swift would protest when she knew how weary the older woman must be, and the glaring and dusty streets through which she must pass.

"I cannot go to every occasion to which they call me, and so I tell the women that they must enjoy their happy events by themselves. But this is a time of sorrow, so I must go to them," she would often reply. Then Dr. Pauline Root called the driver to hitch the bullocks to the carriage, while Mrs. Capron went to get her sun helmet and to say, "Oh, dear Heavenly Father, put it into the heart of some good woman in America to pray for me while I go to minister to these, Thy little ones."

Miss Swift was spending most of her time studying Tamil and giving Mrs. Jones some help in the girls' boarding school. One day in the morning prayer-meeting she asked the girls how many of them were Christians. The girls all rose, large and small, amazement in their faces, that the new Missie Ammal could think it possible they were not Christians! What! Were not their parents Christians? Had they not attended church and learned the Bible lessons all their lives? Of course they were Christians, for certainly they were not Hindus or Mohammedans!

But a new spirit of earnestness was soon manifest; a new devotion to Bible study, a new kindness toward one another, and faithfulness in the duties of study, of school housekeeping.

In January, a normal school was opened in the girls' boarding-school; and in September, Miss Swift took charge of the two departments. The fifth, sixth and seventh standards were included in the normal school, the lower classes in the practicing school.

On a Monday in that month, when the missionaries were gathering for the annual meetings with all the agents, Miss Swift was in her room at the hour of evening prayer. There arose an unmistakable sound of weeping. She went over and stood in the doorway, astonished to find nearly half the girls on their knees or prostrate, crying out to God for mercy and forgiveness, oblivious of her presence among them.

"I am such a great sinner! How can I meet God?" they implored.

As her voice could not be heard in the confusion, Miss Swift ran back to the bungalow and called Mr. Jones from his office.

The two missionaries succeeded in quieting the girls so that they could pray with them. Miss Swift led away the more excited to a quiet place, where she could talk with them one by one. Then she held a meeting for them all and spoke of God's Word as the only foundation for their feet. They repeated after her many of the precious promises of God that He will accept those who believe on His Son and confess their sins.

"Are some of you ready to give your hearts now to the Lord and to accept the Saviour who is waiting to receive you?"

About thirty girls rose to their feet. Then all knelt while they offered their hearts to God in penitence and faith.

That night in the missionaries' prayer meeting, joyful thanksgiving was offered for the presence and work of the Holy Spirit of God so clearly manifested in the girls' school.

"I thought you would surely say something in the Mission prayer meeting last night, or add your thanks for the blessing in the school," remarked Miss Eva to her friend next morning.

Mrs. Capron gave her a quick look, but saw only sincere surprise in her face.

"In all my thirty years in the Mission, I have never once spoken in prayer meeting! Yes, I know it is startling to you. How could I withhold the helpful words I might have spoken, or my witness to the preciousness of my Saviour? But I knew what astonished criticism would have come from the men of the Mission. They came here before women in America enjoyed the freedom they now have. And old custom dies hard, even on the mission field."

That morning Miss Swift, Miss Chandler and her mother met with the girls in prayer and inquiry meetings, comforting and guiding them into His Way. The whole of the next few days was filled with the Mission meetings with the agents in the church, but on Friday, at the annual meeting for the women helpers who had come in from the outstations, several of the girls rose to tell of the joy and comfort they had received in believing. The teachers and Bible Women, many of them graduates of the girls' school, rejoiced in tears at their youthful testimony.

As they were leaving after the meeting, the girls exclaimed, "Our meetings are not long enough! An hour is too short! We want to praise the Lord all the time."

"The peace and order of the school are delightful," the matron said. "All the girls are ready and willing when their turns come to help grind the curry stuffs and to carry water to the guava and papaya trees. They even go at the sweeping of the compound with singing!"

"Amma, you will have no trouble in getting us to rise at five o'clock in the morning. We want to get up half an hour earlier so that we will have more time to sing praises and thanksgiving," said the girls. "Next week our lessons begin again. Will our Heavenly Father be pleased when we do not spend so many hours in prayer?"

"The Lord can see your desire; that will please Him more than for you to neglect your lessons."

Stimulated by the testimonies of the Madura schoolgirls, the teachers and pastors of Battlagundu went back ready to see the good hand of the Lord manifested there also. They started a daily prayer meeting which soon bore fruit in answered prayer for the revival of those among them who were church members, in the uncovering of long-concealed wrong, in confession of sins long hidden and in release from habits long indulged.

When the girls came back from the Christmas vacation they delighted Miss Swift with their reports of spiritual help and blessing they had received. One girl from a remote village thanked God that He had given her the opportunity and the courage to go out among the heathen women and tell them about Jesus. Another had been praying for a neighbor woman and rejoiced that she had now turned from idols to the living God. One had been teaching some girls who had come regularly for lessons during the vacation.

"And now, please, may we begin a Sunday school for the day-school children?" they asked. "We can do it without help through our own Benevolent Society, using the lessons we have learned in school."

For years after, when the long line of brightly dressed girls went home from church on Sunday mornings, children lined up and followed them to their Sunday school. Among them were increasing numbers, sometimes ninety to a hundred, of Hindu boys of the silk-weaver caste.

CHAPTER 35

Three Chittrai Festivals

THE BRAHMIN priests announce every year the auspicious days, usually in April, for the wedding anniversary of the great Meenatchi of the Madura Temple to the god Siva. Tens of thousands make pilgrimage from the surrounding country to enjoy the pomp and show of the street processions with the tall floats of the idols, the temple elephants, camels and bulls, the dances, drums and music. Alagar, the god of the robber castes, makes his progress from his mountain shrine through the villages, stopping at hundreds of wayside temples and shrines for worship, gifts and sacrifices.

Evangelists from the churches made up parties along the roads to Madura to meet the groups of pilgrims to this and other Hindu festivals, as well as the regular weekly street meetings in the city. Dr. Jones had organized these groups in much the same way that Mr. Rendall had carried on the work. Four simultaneous meetings in different parts of the city every Tuesday evening were conducted by laymen under a leader. The audiences were large and attentive to the lyrics and a plain and winning statement of the Gospel.

Two little daughters of one of the pastors, pupils in Miss Swift's day school, accompanied their father and his party in their street preaching. They collected all the tracts they could find in their home. A surging crowd of people were attending the Chitthrai festival. But without the least fear, the children spread their grass mats under the eaves of the waiting idol car and began to sing the lyrics they had learned at school: "Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all," rose their sweet young voices. Many stopped to listen and bought their pamphlets and tracts, then asked for another song.

Meanwhile, their father missed them from the rest of the party in the milling throngs, and searched for them with great anxiety, until he suddenly heard their baby voices singing together to the listening crowd.

A Hindu Tract Society was organized in Madras to counteract the influence of the Christian Tract Society and to draw away the boys from Mr. Jones' new High School. During the Chitthrai festival of the next year, 1888, two others joined the preacher of their society in Madura. Their tracts were given out freely in the streets. They had no defense of Hinduism, only attacks on the Gospel of Christ. Their preaching was particularly bitter against the Bible, which they assailed with arguments from the works of Bradlaugh and Ingersoll.

"Take off that Christian coat if you want us to listen to you!" shouted a devout Hindu.

"Do keep your children away from the proselyting schools of the padres!" urged the Hindu preachers, even following the boys home from Jones' High School to interview their parents. Their efforts were without success at first, as only four boys from the lowest class were drawn away. But the violent and constant harangues and the feeling among the Hindu masters and students that the school was growing more thoroughly Christian than ever, led to an insurrection at the close of the year among the Hindu boys which caused much confusion. Most of the students of the high-school department had to be dismissed for insubordination, and the Hindu masters left the school, announcing their intention of organizing a rival institution in which they would teach Hinduism, their "dear, Aryan religion."

During the festival, the churches of Pasumalai and Madura had about twenty-five preachers proclaiming the Gospel and selling books in the city. Some of these were from the other stations, and among them laymen and students from the Theological Seminary.

The Hindu preachers would start up an opposition meeting a few yards away. Sometimes they succeeded in inciting the people to attack the Christians with stones and clubs.

The Christian witnesses patiently bore abuse, determined not to give up their lawful privilege of speaking in the streets. The police were faithful in giving protection, and a posse of them under a Hindu constable was assigned to prevent disturbances. They prohibited the Hindu Tract Society man from holding a meeting nearer than forty yards from any Christian preaching party. The Hindu constable, in a vigorous address, defended the Christians and silenced the Hindu preachers.

"Why don't you reply to those tracts and books you object to so much, instead of merely heaping abuse upon the Christians?" he demanded.

The Hindu missionaries accused the most sacred and influential Hindus of the district, members of the monastery and managers of temples in Madura and Rameswaram, of inexcusable slothfulness because of their neglect of the work of helping to distribute their tracts.

"Why don't you go out and preach like the missionaries?" they suggested. "We must adopt the missionaries' methods if we wish to keep our religion and culture. Don't you know that Christianity is turning our country and religion topsy-turvy?"

But the Madura Hindu authorities had centuries of custom behind them. One of their leaders spoke for them.

"As the head of this temple monastery, it would be a disgrace for me to go after people and invite them to listen to addresses as the missionaries do, in the streets! None of our order could do it. It is not our custom. Could I, an incarnation of the god, worshipped annually by the people, call a meeting and beg them to hear me, think you? No! Let them come to us and seek instruction, if they are of the twice-borne castes, sitting in the temple corridors. Our work is study and meditation.

"Besides," he continued, "our Holy India, the center of the universe, surrounded by her concentric seas of buttermilk, molasses, ghee, will never be converted to the Book religion; and my vows of purity prevent me from going into the streets or into any house where there may be women and children. My monks and I must live apart from all such defilements."

The final result of the work of the Hindu Tract Society was to awaken a greater interest in Christianity and to set in motion a current in its favor stronger than had been known for a generation. Many educated Hindus had read the Bible in school and college, and were thoroughly convinced of the heavenly character and origin of the Book. But through fear of their caste relatives, they had refused to take their place as Christians.

A number of influential Brahmins met to consult about means of putting an end to the disturbance.

"For fifty years," said one of their speakers, "Christianity has been in our midst, and we never before had any trouble until these Hindu preachers came to excite the ignorant against the Christians. It is a shame and a disgrace to our town."

The controversy awakened some Christians from indifference. Some learned through persecution that Christ had implanted within their hearts something they were willing to defend and make known even at the risk of their own lives.

The next year, by the time of the Chitthrai festival, the opposition of the Hindu Tract Society had subsided. Owing to the recent disturbances, the civil authorities were averse to allowing any street preaching. But Jones presented the case to the collector, who permitted the evangelistic workers to preach in ten selected places, while the Hindu preachers were invited to select ten places not too near the Christians. But they were not pleased with this arrangement and refused to preach at all.

A larger and better work than ever before attempted was carried on by the Christians. From forty to a hundred preachers were busy in the streets for eight days, addressing a hundred and fifty thousand visitors in the city. Their force was divided into ten parties, four of them in tents, each located in some populous center or on a thoroughfare. The audiences were large and attentive. The work was entered into heartily by the whole Christian community. Those who could not go out and preach or sing, witnessed among their Hindu neighbors and friends and upheld the workers with prayer. Even little children were much in prayer for the success of the Word.

A Mohammedan tahsildar came to Mr. Chandler asking for a school for girls. Miss Dency Root established one where sixty Mohammedan children attended. Vedhamarnikam, and later Shemish, a Hindustani-speaking convert Bible Woman, taught Bible and other subjects for the next ten years, until 1891, when the followers of the Prophet refused longer to allow it.

CHAPTER 36

A Bible Institute

MRS. KNOWLES, of Worcester, Massachusetts, left a legacy of five thousand dollars to the Board for Mrs. Capron's work in Madura. When the news came, early in 1885, the residents sent the collector a petition signed by a hundred and ten names asking for a site then occupied by the city pound for a school for Hindu girls. Mrs. Capron asked for the first two thousand dollars of the legacy for buying the land and building the schoolhouse.

Early the next year, the four Bible Women who had long worked with her were bewildered to know that she was soon to leave them and return to America.

"What can our Heavenly Father mean by taking her from us?" asked Harriet.

"Surely He knows our need, and the need of our pupils and the homes we visit!" exclaimed Yesudial.

"Hush! Do not doubt His goodness or His wisdom!" answered old Gnanapirahasi, then twenty-five years in the service. "His plans are beyond our understanding, His wisdom is unsearchable. Has not our Mother Capron often said so?"

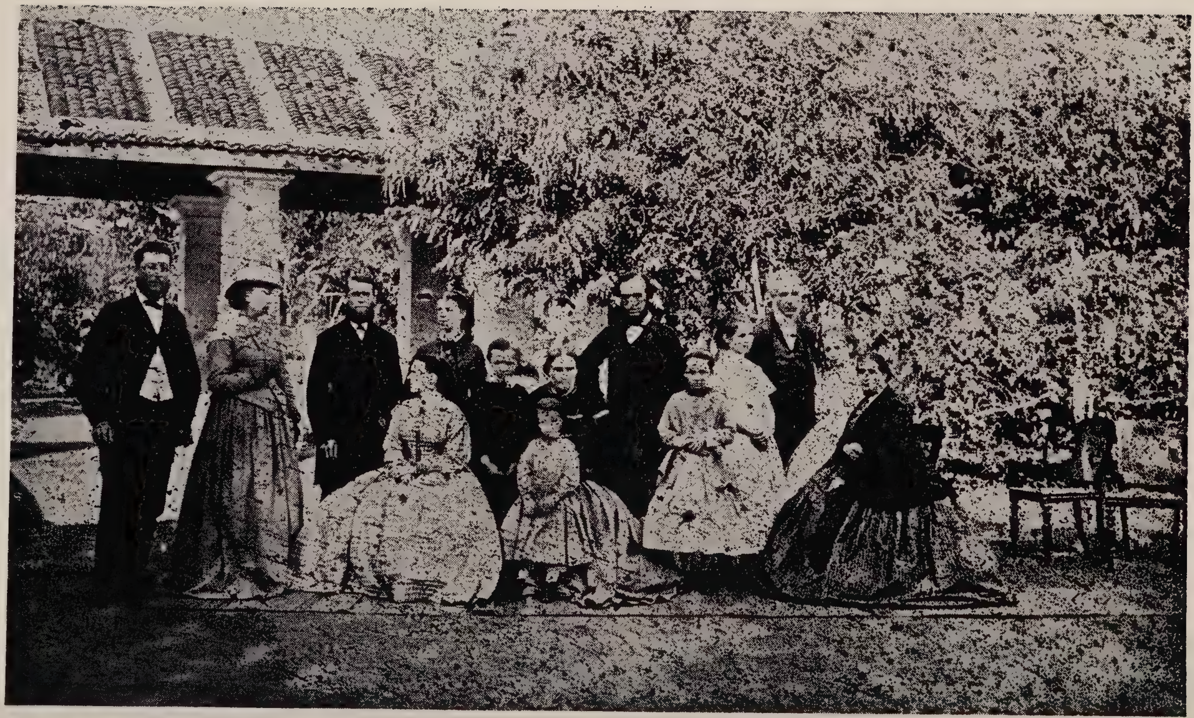
"Perhaps, though we cannot see His plans from the beginning, they will work out to His glory," said Michael.

Knowles Bungalow, the new home for the mission ladies, was finished in April, 1886, and Mrs. Capron and Dr. Pauline Root were soon to move in, but now the first meal there would be a farewell dinner for Mrs. Capron. Mrs. Jones was away, so Miss Swift managed the affair. Dr. Chester and Mr. Washburn spoke, an album of photos was presented to Mrs. Capron and Miss Swift sang "Ain Countrie."

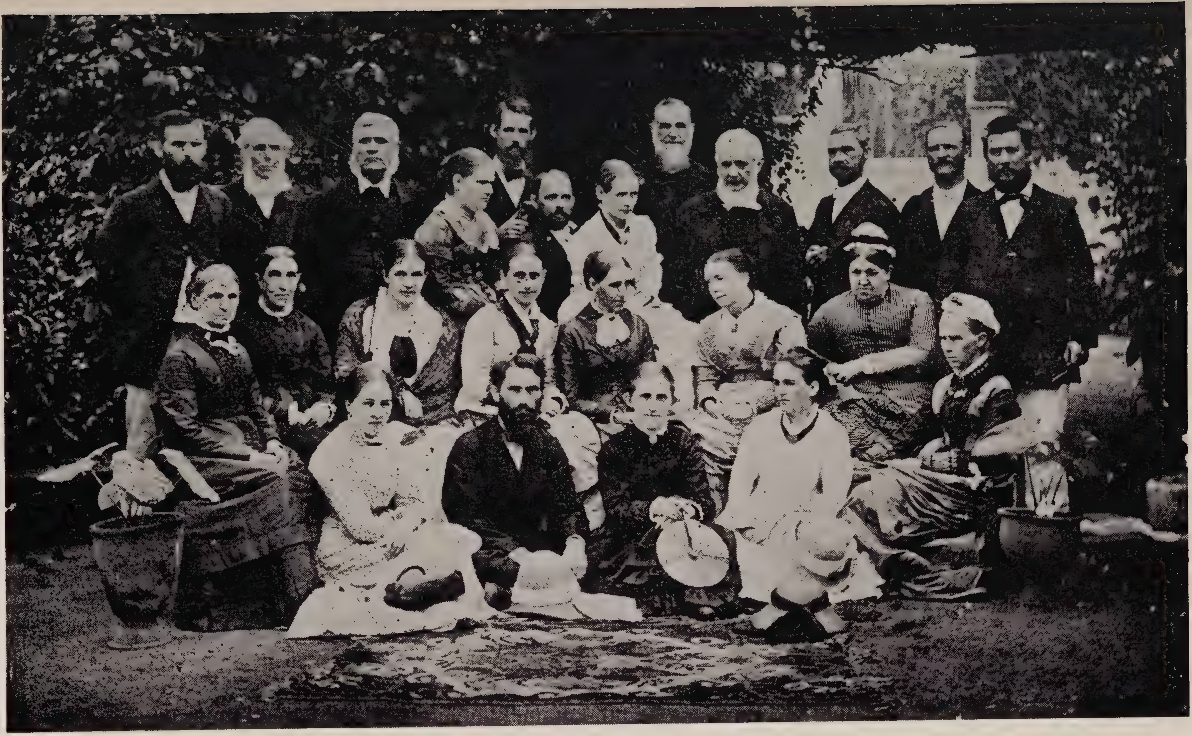
In America, the Reverend D. L. Moody heard Mrs. Capron speak. He was planning to open a Bible institute in Chicago, and asked her to come and be superintendent of the women's department.

Roadside Gods

Golden Lily Tank, Meenatchi Temple

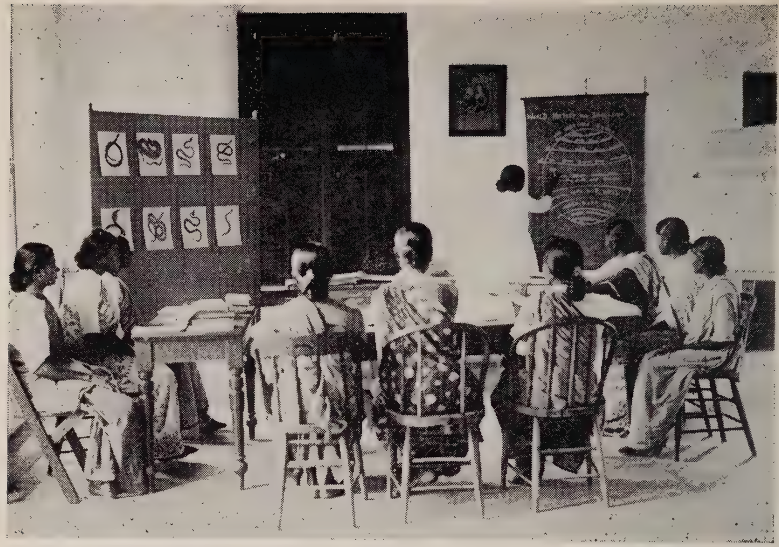


A mission party, 1868

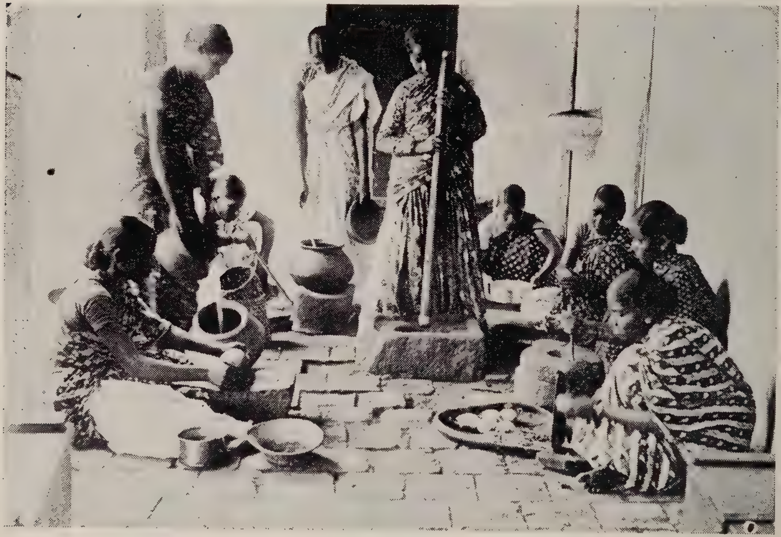


The Mission in 1883

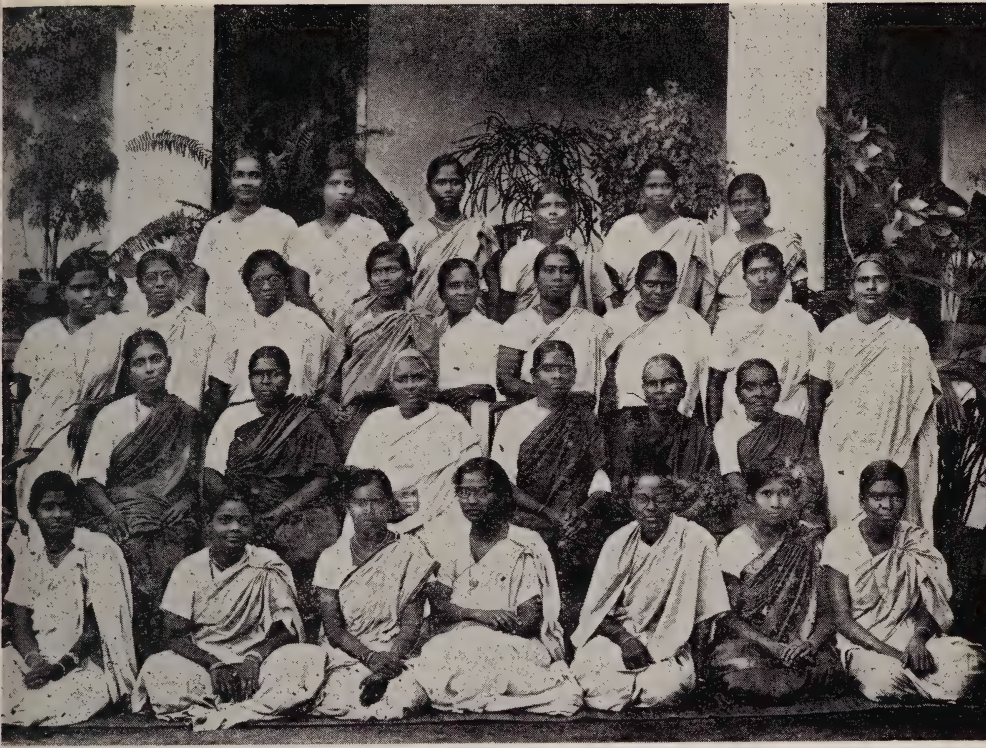
Top Row: Mr. Burnell, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Rendall, Mr. J. S. Chandler, Mr. Noyes
Third Row: Miss Rendall, Mr. W. S. Howland, Miss G. Chandler, Mr. J. E. Chandler, Mr. Washburn, Mr. Jones, Dr. Chester.
Second Row: Mrs. T. S. Burnell, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. W. S. Howland, Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. Chester, Mrs. Capron.
Front Row: Mrs. Alfred Burnell, Mr. Tracy, Mrs. J. S. Chandler, Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Miner



A geography class in the girls' school, Otis Hall, 1900



School girls in Otis Hall, preparing the daily meal



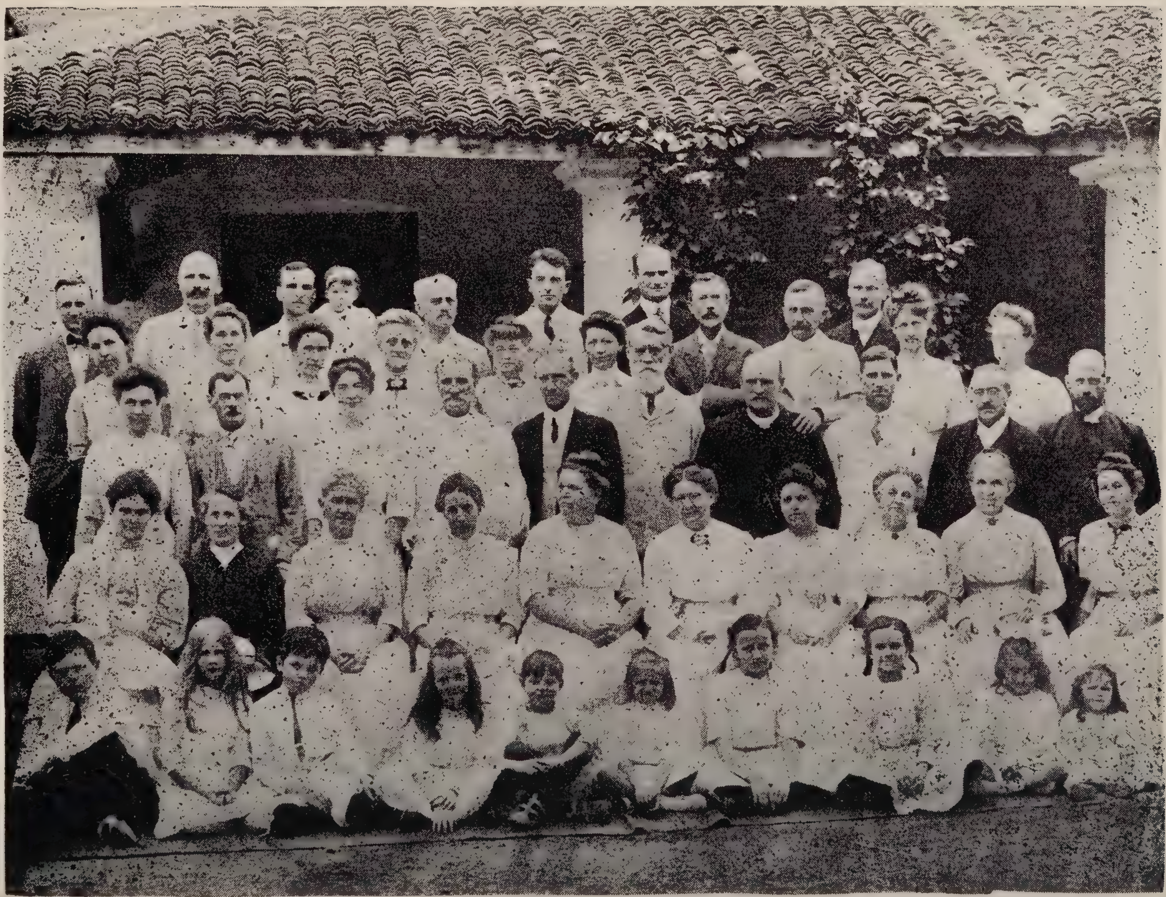
Group of Indian women leaders, Madura Mission

Back Row
Mrs. Rajammal Manuel, Miss Jemima, Mrs. Paulray Thomas, Miss Sellam Daniel, Mrs. Esther Job, Miss Maragadham Joseph.

Third Row
Miss Getzi, Miss Jebavadhi James, Miss Devarakam Abraham, Miss Pushpam Yesudasan, Mrs. Esther Ephrim, Mrs. Fenn, Miss Jessie Packanathan, Mrs. V. S. Mary, Miss Frances Dhyriam.

Second Row
Mrs. Chinniah, Mrs. Jebamoni Devadass, Miss Elizabeth, Mrs. Mary Joseph, Mrs. G. S. Devadirvakam, Mrs. Thungam Gabriel.

Front Row
Mrs. Alice Naharaga, Mrs. Thambu Asirvadham, Andu Samuel, Dr. Grace Kennett, Miss Margaret Taylor, Mrs. Devaraj Paul, Miss Sellamani Davamani.



American Madura Mission, January 1913

Front Row

5 Wallace children; Dorothy Jeffery, Ruth and Sylvia Holton, Zumbro girls

Second Row

Mrs. J. H. Lawson and baby, Miss M. M. Root, Miss E. M. Swift, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. J. S. Chandler, Mrs. F. E. Jeffery, Mrs. W. P. Elwood, Mrs. J. E. Tracy, Mrs. J. P. Jones, Mrs. W. M. Zumbro.

Third Row

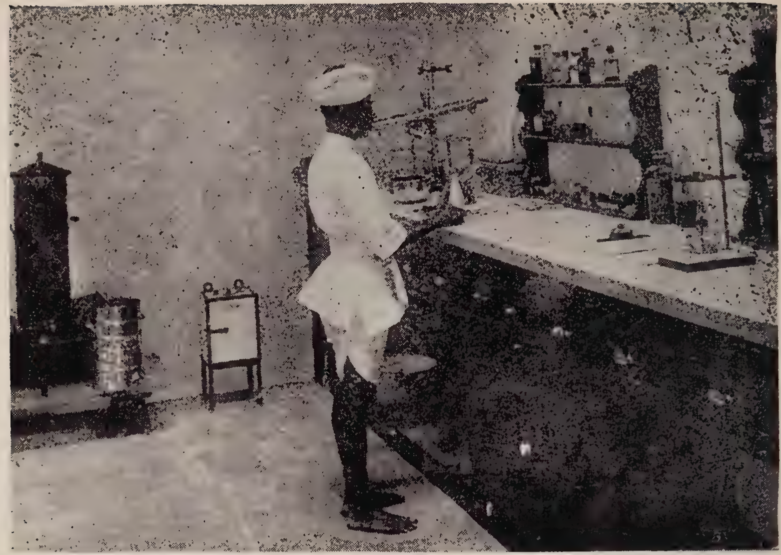
Mrs. W. W. Wallace, Rev. W. W. Wallace, Miss G. M. Jones, Rev. J. C. Perkins, Rev. W. P. Elwood, Rev. J. S. Chandler, Rev. J. P. Jones, Rev. L. C. Powers, Rev. E. P. Holton, Rev. F. E. Jeffery.

Fourth Row

Miss K. B. Scott, M. D., Miss G. E. Chandler, Miss Z. A. Curtiss, Miss M. T. Noyes, Mrs. J. X. Miller, Mrs. J. J. Banninga, Rev. D. S. Herrick, Dr. F. Van Allen, Mrs. B. V. Mathews, Mrs. Holton.

Fifth Row

Mr. J. W. Stanley, Rev. J. X. Miller, Mr. J. H. Lawson & daughter, Rev. J. E. Tracy, Rev. B. V. Mathews, Rev. J. J. Banninga, Rev. W. M. Zumbro.



A compounder in the laboratory at the mission hospital, 1915

A village school, 1917

"But I am just retiring from work! It is far from my thought and probably beyond my strength to take a position as organizer of a department in a new institution!"

"I must have you there," insisted Mr. Moody, "even if you do nothing but sit on the sofa!"

So she took charge of the first buildings on La Salle Street, and organized the women's department of the work on the lines of the Bible Women's work in Madura, giving each student a "parish" in which to visit from house to house, making friends and winning her way into the hearts and homes of the people.

Meanwhile, Miss Houston took over the work of Bible Women in Madura, granting their request to be permitted to attend Miss Swift's Bible classes in Otis Hall.

Because of the controversy about future probation then raging in church and Board circles in America, giving for mission work had declined until the missionaries heard nothing but "Retrench! Retrench!" Dr. Clark visited the theological seminaries to present the claims of the mission field before the young men, only to find their minds demoralized by the prevailing doubts of the missionary enterprise, answering in their hearts if not openly, "Here am I, send my sister!" And even some who offered were not accepted.

A notable exception was Dr. Frank Van Allen, who was appointed to the medical work in Madura in December, 1887, and came with his wife in November, 1888, at the same time with the Chesters returning from furlough.

But never had women's work shown such promise. Doors long guarded against the missionary men were slowly turning on creaking hinges to let in the increasing numbers of missionary daughters and other consecrated young women pressing forward to heed their Master's call to teach all nations. The Women's Boards and the Missions interpreted the situation as the clear leading of Providence to put more emphasis on the work for women. Miss Mary Perkins came in 1888 to work as an independent missionary among the women and children of her brother's station, Mandapasalai. Her friend L. Gertrude Barker came on December 16, 1893, and they left together on March 6, 1901. Miss Barker had begun Bible Women's classes in the hospital built for Dr. Root, and all grieved that so promising and lovely a woman could not return, because of the illness of her mother. Miss Gertrude A. Chandler, living with her parents at Battlagundu, managed the girls' boarding school there. Dr. Root was in charge of the women's medical work of the Mission during Dr. Chester's absence on furlough in 1888. Miss Dency Root had charge of the four Hindu girls' schools in Madura. Miss Swift was working in Otis Hall. Miss Mary Root was studying Tamil in Dindigul, where Miss Carrie Bell was managing the boarding schools and the dispensary work during Dr. Chester's absence, and Miss Bessie Noyes in 1889 was in charge of the women's work and the Hindu girls' school.

"Sister Swift, I saw visions all night!" exclaimed Dr. Jones one morning after the weekly Mission prayer meeting.

"Let's hope they all come true!" she replied. "But why?"

"You ask why? What is going to happen if the ladies speak up in meeting? Don't you know what Saint Paul said about women keeping quiet? And didn't you ever read how he said he did not permit a woman to teach?"

"Yes, but our risen Lord commissioned a woman first to witness to His resurrection, didn't He?"

And Dr. Chester wrote, "What's this I hear, a young lady speaking in meeting? It's startling! What will happen next?"

During her year and a half of Tamil study, Dr. Root found it impossible to resist the many calls to visit and treat cases among the Hindu and Mohammedan women of the city. In May, 1890, the old schoolhouse Dr. Palmer had built, and which Mrs. Capron had used for the women's medical work, was torn down to make room for a Women's Hospital. Patients were told to wait for surgical treatment, or sent to other hospitals, or treated in the houses of their friends. In the latter part of the year, Dr. Root made several short tours in the villages with the Misses Root or Miss Perkins, who did evangelistic work while she treated the hundreds of sick ones who came to her.

The Woman's Board of Missions had given two thousand dollars for the hospital in Madura, and later gave three thousand more. The walls were built high for the coolness to be secured by plenty of air space. When Indian friends, among them the generous Rajah of Ramnad, gave donations, and the municipal council a grant, the second storey was added. The finished building was eighty feet long and thirty-eight wide, with a ten-foot verandah along the sunny western front and six-foot verandahs on the other three sides.

Though faced with increasing responsibility, the young ladies had no voice in the councils of the Mission. The arrangement of assigning each single lady to the missionary of her station, nominally as an assistant, was the practice. If she had any communication or business with the Mission, it must be through him.

"The right of speaking in the meetings and of voting is withheld fully as much for your benefit and to save you vexation and care, as for other reasons, just as in the Board at home," remarked one of the men.

"What other reasons?" the ladies asked each other. "And how can we present such problems as the enlargement of the girls' school and accommodation for the Bible school, unless we have the same privileges of free discussion which the men have?"

But Secretary Clark came to their rescue with a letter expressing astonishment that they did not already have the privilege of at least attending the business meetings as a matter of course.

"Whenever the ladies become a disturbing element in your meetings, please report the same, and we will impose proper restrictions," he wrote.

The ladies were not satisfied with this position; and in 1889, the rule was amended and the ladies invited to attend those meetings where Mission estimates, official correspondence and stated letters to the Board were to be read, and where informal conference on Mission policy was conducted. This left them still without a vote on any questions. Whatever they wanted to present to the Mission must be presented in writing. But the ladies, while recognizing the advantages in conciseness and orderly arrangement gained by presenting their requests in writing, did not see why they should be singled out to adopt that method, while the men were permitted to bring their requests in person and orally.

The enlargement of the girls' school was a pressing question to them. Otis Hall held four classes, but the school needed thirteen. Dormitories, verandahs, the shade of trees did duty as classrooms, and the girls moved benches and school apparatus for space to sleep at night. In September, a pastor's daughter came down with smallpox. The sickroom was in use as a classroom, and there was no place where she could be isolated. They had to send her off in a bullock cart on the all-night journey to her home.

The young ladies presented, at the May meeting, 1890, their request for the right to represent their work in person in the business meetings of the Mission, and of participating in the discussions and decisions regarding it, attending the meetings as active members of the Mission. They wanted to understand the work of the whole Mission and to assume the responsibility of whatever service might be asked of them in that relationship, especially the right and duty of voting on questions relating to their own work. Their petition was signed by Miss Swift, Miss Mary and Miss Dency Root, Miss Carrie Bell and Dr. Pauline Root.

In June, when the Chesters returned to Dindigul, Miss Bell went to Battlagundu to take charge of the girls' boarding school and the Hindu girls' schools while Miss Chandler went on furlough. In the same month, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Miss Swift left for furlough, and Miss Bessie Noyes took charge of the Madura Female Normal School, which she raised to the standard of secondary lower, introducing the study of English again into all the classes from the second up, though some people asked, "Of what use is English to those girls?" Miss Bessie loved to talk with her girls, leading them through her love to the Friend whose sacrificial love had so enriched her own life.

Back in her own home in Dallas, Texas, Miss Swift spoke to a few personal friends about the work for women in Madura.

"As much as the women in training for evangelistic work in Mrs. Capron's Bible school in Chicago, our Bible Women need preparation for their great calling," she said.

An immediate interest was aroused. Especially her pastor gave cordial assent.

"We have been praying for a long time that God would lead you out of schoolwork into direct Bible teaching; surely your plan for a Bible school is His answer," said these friends.

"I found the officers of the Woman's Boards and of the American Board favorable to the plan. It is a work they have long desired to begin. Miss Pollock has given me encouragement and some good suggestions. But in this financial depression, how can we do anything?" said Miss Swift.

"We will ask God to make His will clear to us by providing or withholding the money needed to begin the work," said Mr. Scofield. Saying little to anyone, they continued to pray for guidance by the provision of the money as it would be needed to begin the work. And Miss Swift, when she was ready to return to India, had the money in hand.

She spent six weeks in 1891 in the Bible Institute in Chicago with Mrs. Capron, studying the organization, courses of study, interior management and, above all, the atmosphere of saturation in Bible truth and prayer. On her return to India, she met in London Miss Houston, who asked her to take the message to Madura that she would not return to the Mission after her furlough.

At the end of the year, Donald Perkins was very sick and was taken to Dindigul for medical care under Dr. Chester. Miss Bell was visiting there, and helped in the care of the sick child until she was attacked with a severe form of cholera and died on December 10, 1891.

In the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Pasumalai institutions on September 15, Miss Bessie Noyes planted a memorial tree, to the strains of "To Fifty Swift-fled Years," while the college choir sang:

When fifty years have sped
May then beneath thy shade
  A thousand stand,
Who in these halls have wrought
And then by deed and thought
Have their land nearer brought
  To God's own plan.

When Miss Swift returned to the Mission in September, she was asked to take charge of the Bible Women's work in Madura, which Mrs. J. S. Chandler had been doing since Miss Houston's departure. Miss Bessie Noyes continued in charge of the Otis School, where the girls with difficulty pronounced the unaccustomed English sounds and said, "We have lost Miss

Sweet and gotten Miss Nice!" The Government inspectress ranked their school second in the Madras presidency, and called it the "Girls' High and Training School," and from 1901 on, a few were passing the matriculation examinations.

Miss Bessie wanted to move the school out a little from the city. Four classes were meeting in noisy and hot temporary classrooms built of bamboo and coconut matting. The Woman's Board sent $5,000 for a second storey and additions to Otis Hall, but the work was delayed while Miss Noyes and Miss Swift, with a Mission committee, explored the possibilities of providing for both the new Bible school and the Girls' High and Training School.

The Woman's Board added $5,000 more, and a lady sent a thousand dollars in 1893.

Some of the Bible Women had newly joined the staff, and were sorely in need of instruction. In order that the Bible school might have direct contact with the work of the Bible women, and that they might have the benefit of the school, the four candidates for admission into the school were joined with the Bible Women in the first class. The four entered their new home, a native house near the Mission compound, on the afternoon of November 30, 1892. The young ladies, with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, joined with them in their first family prayers and the beginning of their housekeeping together.

The next morning, in Miss Swift's room, fourteen students entered upon their course of study and practice. The money paid the initial expenses and lasted several months. The Board and the Mission had made no provision for the Bible school, but from month to month its needs were met, so that for five years no budget was brought into the Mission. The Bible Women held cottage prayer meetings in Hindu homes where three or four secret Christians met together with their Lord. The Bible Women also had their own missionary society, supporting three Bible Women and paying their cart-hire and a subscription to the church.

"How can you run the Bible school without an appropriation?" asked Miss Samson.

"I don't know how we do it, but God knows; why then should I be anxious? This morning I have bills to pay, and my purse is empty again. Last month I was faced with such a need, and the postman brought me just enough to cover the bills. Well, here he comes! Salaam, postman! Are there any letters for me?"

"How thrilling! May I stay and see whether you get a check?"

"Yes, of course. And here it is! Just enough, too!"

"No money, no human resources, the nearest friend some thousands of miles away, and a gift from an unknown benefactor comes which just fills the need!"

"It is a heartwarming experience indeed, and one which brings God very near," answered Miss Swift.

At first, the classes met in Miss Swift's own room; then Dr. Van Allen kindly gave them a room upstairs in the new Women's Hospital, as it was not yet being used. For Dr. Root had gone to America early in 1891, and on June 28, 1893, when her new hospital was opened, came her cable saying she could not return.

There was soon need for dividing the classes for the second year's work as well as for more room for the living quarters of the new class. Plans were drawn for a building to house both the missionary and the training students. The Mission approved the plans and applied to the Woman's Board of the Interior for five thousand dollars to erect the building. The churches of Indiana contributed a thousand dollars in memory of Miss Bell, the foundations were laid and the name "Indiana Hall" chosen.

Cholera increased. The people were dropping like autumn leaves. The Christians came together in cottage prayer meetings when cholera entered the homes of the missionaries.

"Oh, Lord, take us, but spare the missionaries!"

Elsie, the Bible Woman who taught and comforted the waiting patients in the Women's Hospital, met with her fellow workers for prayer before the new year's work should begin, in health and strength. The next night her wasted form was laid away to rest. Miss L. Gertrude Barker and Miss Samson were just beginning their missionary life.

One morning Dr. Van Allen came into the little home the newly arrived Vaughans had made in three rooms in the doctor's bungalow, and said, "Mrs. Vaughan, you must take us all to board. This cholera has developed into a very serious epidemic."

"Why, Doctor, I have hardly enough for ourselves! And just this little oil stove!"

"That is all right; yours is the only safe table now, since every other house is affected."

"I do pray that none of us gets it; I'm sure if I should ever get cholera I would have to die; I could never survive the severity of the treatment they give," remarked Mrs. Van Allen.

"The new municipal water supply should have protected us from so severe an epidemic as this," said Dr. Van Allen, "but the temple car in the procession crushed one of the pipes and put the system out of commission, and the people had to go back to the use of their wells."

For three weeks, Mrs. Vaughan's table ranged from six to a dozen people, another place or two frequently having to be set as missionaries came in unexpectedly. Mr. Chandler was called to the railway station in the middle of the night to see a man attacked by cholera there. They had a talk together; next morning the man was dead.

Father Chandler came along one evening a week later from his room in Mission House, and found Mr. Vaughan giving orders to have the bullocks brought.

"Are you going for a drive?" he asked.

"Yes, we are taking Miss Samson out for a little relief from this confusion of the constant wailing and burials; it has kept up all night and all day."

"If you will hitch up my bandy instead of yours, I'll be glad to go along," said he.

So Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan rode in the front seat of the American carriage, while Father Chandler kept Miss Samson in gales of laughter over his Tamil stories, being reminded of all sorts of amusing experiences by roadside glimpses as they drove out the jail road and back to East Gate.

"We were on our way to visit Palni, where we were soon to be stationed. Doctor White, who was turning over the work there to us, was with Mother Chandler and the saman in one bandy, and I was in another with some of the children and luggage.

"At the seventh mile from Dindigul, there was a regular Slough of Despond. This flooded street reminds me of it. In 1913, a fine bridge was built there. But the first thing Mother Chandler knew, they were nicely bogged down, with discouraged bulls and a fatalist driver, resigned to wait until the dry season. So Mother addressed the driver with her most vigorous Tamil, but without the slightest effect.

"At last she turned in desperation to her silent companion. 'Brother White, I wish you would say something to him!' So Dr. White put his head out the little window and said, 'Varndikara!' Just a grunt from the driver. He tried again, "Varndikara, ponal nalladhu!' meaning, 'Driver, if you go now, all right."

"And on this mild protest, the driver resorted to tail-twisting, and we were soon out of the mud!

"Forty or more years afterward, this little phrase used to start a crew of chair coolies midway up the old Periyakulam ghat, calling a whole chorus of eager questions to 'Kuttus Aiyar,' as they called Mr. Gutterson, 'Shones Aiyar,' or Doctor Jones, and 'Nice Aiyar,' as they called Father Noyes."

Their pleasure ride was forgotten that night, when both Miss Samson and Father Chandler were stricken down by cholera. The midnight quiet at the bedside of the sufferers was broken by cries from the hundreds who passed and repassed in processions, hoping by fastings and offerings to propitiate the dreadful goddess whose sport it is to destroy human life. The poor superstitious worshippers of the Virgin, too, could find no better refuge in their hour of need than the idolatrous frenzies of their Hindu neighbors.

While her husband and his father lay so dangerously ill, Mrs. J. S. Chandler entered as first patient in the new Woman's Hospital and bore her son on January 9th, 1894. Miss Samson and young Mr. Chandler were spared, but Father Chandler rejoiced to go out through even that gate that he might "enter in" forevermore.

In the latter part of February, 1894, Mrs. Noyes, returning from a visit to inspect the second-story being added to the Central Hindu Girls' School, was dragged in her carriage and seriously injured with head wounds. Miss Bessie took her to America, where she recovered. But Miss Samson did not regain her health, and after trying mountain and plain, and Ceylon, had to give up hope of work in the tropics. With but a week's notice, Miss Swift left to accompany her to America.

When she had taken her charge to friends, Miss Swift stopped in Chicago before going to see her own mother. There she received an urgent request to attend a finance committee meeting at Union Park Church. She spoke about the work in Madura, and though they were hard pressed for their own church work, the members of the committee longed to respond generously to her plea for the Bible Institute Building in Madura.

Mrs. Noble, wife of their pastor, was much loved by all the members, and her death a sad bereavement. The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society gave money for the purchase of a floral wreath as a tribute of affection. But before the purchase was made, a note was found among the papers of their dear leader, asking that no money be spent on flowers.

They took the money to their pastor, and in the midst of his sorrow he counseled them, "Put it into human lives." These words came with much force at such a time. They knew that Mrs. Noble's heart had ever been open to the need of the world, and that her interest had gone out to the women of less favored lands. They learned of the need of the Bible school in Madura and knew that the women trained there would go out to speak of the love of Christ to many thousands.

But their money was but a small amount, so they determined upon the larger effort to attract the whole church. The result was a gift as Miss Swift returned to India, which enabled her to go on with the work until it was clear that the building could not be finished with less than fifteen hundred dollars more. She asked God for it. Friends of Carrie Bell in Indiana sent a gift in her memory. The secretary of the Woman's Board wrote, "How much more is needed?" She answered the inquiry, but expected nothing, as these kind friends had done all they possibly could.

Several months later, at the breakfast table, Miss Swift remarked to her fellow missionaries, "I think I shall have fifteen hundred dollars tomorrow when the foreign mail comes in."

They broke into merry laughter. On the morrow when they came to lunch the mail lay at their plates. Miss Swift opened the first one that came to hand and read the first sentence aloud:

"We think you have waited long enough for your house, and we are sending you fifteen hundred dollars." It was from an unthought-of source, but through the Woman's Board.

"It has fallen out of heaven!" she exclaimed.

The building work went on, Miss Swift leaving her classes to

Mr. David for several days, to dabble in brick and mortar, standing over the carpenters, masons, coolies, cart-drivers, earth-haulers and whitewashers to get the building done in time for the opening.

"It will be many a long day," said she, "ere Indiana Hall is the scene of so great a development of latent native energy!"

On July 27, 1897, with Mrs. Jones as chairman, a large gathering of people assembled to celebrate the opening of Indiana Hall and to see the Lucy Perry Noble Institute introduced to its new home. Miss Bell's and Mrs. Noble's portraits were unveiled, to be an ever-present reminder to teachers and students of the goodness and power of God.

CHAPTER 37

Dr. Van Allen Builds a New Hospital

IN JANUARY, 1890, after a year of Tamil study, Dr. Van Allen was asked to take charge of the medical work in Madura, for fifteen years managed by Mrs. Capron and native "dressers" with weekly visits by Dr. Chester from Dindigul. To the old dispensary he added a thatched ward for in-patients, with money received as thanks-offerings from wealthy patients. Pastor Taylor daily preached in his out-patient department.

"There is no doubt that many are burdened with their sins, and that greatly. I have often been struck by this; it is a wonder to me that they do not accept more eagerly the means of relief," said the doctor.

Mrs. Dumergue, wife of the District Judge, who had presided at the opening of the women's hospital, did not lose her interest in the medical work, but in 1894, joined with Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Municipal Chairman, in a benefit fancy sale, by which they donated four hundred rupees to the work of the hospitals.

Dr. Van Allen, encouraged by these gifts, planned a new hospital for men, to take the place of the old dispensary, which was insanitary and much too small. His Indian friends subscribed immediately thirteen thousand rupees, the Rajah of Ramnad giving six thousand. He was a graduate of Madras Christian College and a great admirer of Dr. Miller there. He had been generous in gifts to the Women's Hospital and to the Pasumalai schools, favoring Christianity while remaining a Hindu and giving also to Hindu building.

A Zamindar came to beg the doctor to go to see a relative who had come from his distant village to Tiruparangundram, five miles out of town, to wash in the sacred tank and die. Though he was much too weary that evening for such a trip, which would take a couple of hours each way, he went, not once, but many times. To the surprise of the patient and his friends, the man recovered. He then made a donation of eight hundred rupees to the hospital and published abroad what great things had been done for him.

"This foreign doctor can cure anything!" said his friends among the Tinnevelly zamindars, and brought in many patients in desperate state. Failures and successes followed, but the doctor's reputation stood firm.

"Why do you make so many visits to your patients? You have seen this friend of mine every hour today!" exclaimed Bachyachariar. "And he says you came in the night, too!"

"When a man is sick, he likes to have his doctor come often to see him," replied the doctor. "Another thing I've found out—a caste man does not like to be in these open wards with other patients. When I build a hospital I shall have single rooms, even if they are small."

When the doctor began in 1894 to ask for money to build his hospital, he found friends able and willing to help him; among them Bachyachariar, a brilliant young pleader of the Madura bar, and A. L. L. Ramaswami Chettiar, a wealthy financier who was lending his support to the Rajah of Ramnad.

Said Ramaswami, "The rajah has set aside a thousand rupees for a bathing ghat at the foot of the Albert Victor Bridge, which the Prince was to have opened. I don't think this will ever be built. Why not ask him to transfer it to the hospital?"

"Agreed! Can you go with me to see him tomorrow?"

The rajah granted the request, and Dr. Van Allen proceeded to lay the hospital foundations of beautifully cut stone. The site was across the street from the old dispensary, on the line of the ditch of the old fort, and in some places the foundations had to be sunk to a depth of nine feet. The diggers turned up a stone rishi on his knees; they set him up to continue his meditations in peace, before the Mission bungalow.

"Something of a find," remarked Mrs. Chandler, "but when the excavations were made for the Women's Hospital they found the skeleton of one of old Tirumalai Naiak's elephants!"

"It looks as if you would have to stop right there at the foundation," said Jones.

"I will make a try at getting more money from my old patients before I give up," replied Dr. Van Allen.

Taking with him his faithful assistant, Minatchi Naidu, he went among his wealthy friends and patients, the relatives and caste people of Ramaswami Chettiar, who contributed generously, Pandari Sanadhi even taking five hundred rupees from their common temple funds. They gave him five thousand rupees. Gifts from the zamindars of Singampatti, Sethur, Sivagiri, with some the Christians gave, and more from the Rajah of Ramnad, brought the sum up so that the ground floor could be built.

"The missionaries came through Christian love to us," said the rajah. "Now we are giving through Hindu charity, or dharma!"

For the last section of the work, ten thousand rupees more were needed. The generous rajah, having given a total of nearly ten thousand rupees, now gave a promissory note for another ten thousand, and the second storey of the hospital was started.

"What name would you like the hospital to bear?" they asked the rajah.

"Call it the Albert Victor," he said.

The Mission treasurer, the Reverend J. P. Jones, asked the Government for help, and they gave a grant of two thousand five hundred rupees. His Excellency the Governor promised to come to Madura to open the new building.

Then the rajah wrote that his circumstances would prevent his meeting the obligation of his promissory note. The doctor could not suspend operations. He went into the bazaar among his Chettiar friends and borrowed ten thousand rupees, and the building was opened by His Excellency on October 29, 1897, the day appointed.

Bachyachariar made a speech at the opening, and afterward he and Dr. Van Allen went out in the heat of the following May to raise the debt. The Nattakottai Chettiars are most likely to be at home and at leisure at that time. When the American lagged with fatigue in the enervating heat, and was ready to give up and turn the slow bullocks homeward, his Indian friend would call on him to brace up and not yield to any difficulties. They returned with five thousand rupees.

Ramasubbiar had put a hundred rupees into a society for the protection of animals, which had been organized in Madura and had later been disbanded. He went to Mr. Fischer, who had been treasurer of the society, and proposed that his hundred rupees be given to the doctor for the debt on the hospital.

"Why not give the whole amount in the treasury? I think it would be eminently fitting," said Mr. Fischer. Thus came the final five thousand.

There were nineteen single rooms in the hospital, a chemical and bacteriological laboratory, an operating room, verandahs ten feet wide surrounding both floors, and a prominent portico in front. It was a beautiful building of cut stone, brick and mortar. Plaster covered the walls, kept scrupulously clean and freshly whitewashed inside and out.

CHAPTER 38

The Seminary on Wheels

ALAGASUNDHARAM'S ORDINATION, at Pasumalai, and the anniversary meetings of 1900 were over and the school closed. Jones took the Seminary force with fourteen others, including three missionaries, for his annual itineracy in the villages of the most inaccessible and neglected part of his station territory. In spite of the heat of the April days, they kept an exacting schedule of early rising, prayer, Bible study and preaching in all the villages within a radius of three or four miles of each camp. They had reports of their work and lantern preaching in the evenings. Each member of the party averaged fourteen or fifteen miles of walking a day.

Though often tired, all kept the pace. Students, pastors and missionaries alike rejoiced in the privilege of spreading before the heathen the glad news of a risen and glorified Saviour who will receive all who come to Him and can save to the uttermost.

"Why do you blame us for worshipping our many gods, when Christians also are idol worshippers?" said some who had observed the worship of the Roman Church.

On this trip they covered more than three hundred square miles, preached in hundreds of villages, addressed thirty thousand people and distributed thousands of handbills, Bible portions and tracts. They carried two magic lanterns, ten violins and several large Sunday-school colored picture rolls.

In many villages the people were suffering because of drought, some carrying their drinking water two or three miles.

"Come and hear of the living water which Jesus gives to those who come to Him!"

"Sirs, do not mock us. Neither God nor man can help us in this Kali yuga. We hope for nothing good; all the powers of the nether regions are let loose, and moral and physical evils reign supreme."

"But our God is not like them. He has power greater than all the evil spirits and can conquer them. He gives rest to the weary and peace to those distressed."

"No use! This is the worst age that could come to us—the Iron Age. And there remain thousands of years of it."

"All the more reason for you to seek salvation from One who is able to save you."

"But have you not heard? The Dindigul astrologer says that on the fifteenth of Avarni, which is the thirtieth of August in your calendar, some terrible calamity of earthquake, fire and complete destruction is coming. We have therefore sown no crops nor made any provision for the future. Evils of famine and drought have crushed us all these months; why should we struggle further against what is written on our foreheads?"

"What can the astrologer know of God's plans?"

"Sirs, you only show ignorance of the influence of the stars. This astrologer it was who predicted that the king would not be crowned on the day set. The stars do not lie; the coronation was postponed because of the king's operation. So we must believe whatever the astrologer reads in the starry heavens."

In a big town of wealthy Chettiars, leading men of the place distributed scurrilous tracts against the Bible among those on the outskirts of the audiences, and on the second night succeeded in breaking up the magic-lantern preaching service. The streets rang until nearly midnight with the echoing praises of the great god Siva, called "The Destroyer."

"This is a wealthy town," remarked Jeffery. "I suppose there must be fifty residences averaging in cost fifty thousand rupees each."

"Yes, easily," replied Jones. "When I was here twenty years ago, these two rich towns of the Chettiars were small and unpretentious. This one had only half a dozen large fine houses, and the other only one."

"Strange that they receive us so inhospitably! I supposed that these men, whose friendship our doctor has gained by his surgery, would be ready to receive from his fellow missionaries the only remedy for their souls."

"They are the most devout Hindus and the most bitter anti-Christians. Still, I prefer this kind of reception to one of absolute indifference. It proves that they are aware to the contrast between their religion and ours."

"But why are they so hostile? They gave liberally to Doctor Van Allen's hospital."

"Oh, that was Hindu dharma, and does not show any sympathy with the Christian religion. They are just laying up merit and power over their gods by giving us money for a building."

"By their fruits you shall know them! While the charitable Christians of Western countries are sending millions of rupees to relieve the terrible suffering of the famine-stricken people of North India, I have yet to learn of a rupee being contributed by these wealthy Shylocks for the famishing brethren."

But in another large village, the head of the monastery connected with the great temple received the missionaries cordially.

"Our mission is to preach Christ to the people. Can you give us a place in the village to pitch our camp?"

"Certainly," replied the head of this and five other large temples of the region. "Come this afternoon to the big porch of the monastery and preach to the mutt officials. I have also an extra bungalow which you may use as long as you like, and in the evening you may have the monastery porch again for your lantern lecture."

So, in addition to the regular street work, the seminary party spent three and a half hours preaching, singing lyrics and showing Bible pictures to "his holiness" and other temple authorities assembled with the multitude.

"Thank you for coming to give us your message from God," the chief priest said when they were preparing to leave. "You have done us good. I have a Bible, which I have not read much. Please come again when we have had time to look into your Veda to see if these things are so."

Afterwards when the missionaries talked over the day's events in their tent by the lantern light, Jones exclaimed, "Would that we had more men and means to occupy this region permanently and thoroughly for our Master! The seed which we have sown will hardly be watered by any preacher for another year."

During the latter part of the year, Mr. Jeffery invited the agents of his two stations, Melur and Tirupuvanam, to Melur for a week of Bible study and conference. From the Pasumalai Theological Seminary came Mr. Massilamani to help, and Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer

Movement. Many hearts were touched with a new spirit of devotion. Eddy was then devoting himself to Tamil study, with the intention of qualifying himself for holding such meetings in the vernacular for deepening the spiritual life of the native Christians.

Early in 1901, Jones was obliged for health reasons to visit America. Rather than close the theological seminary, the mission placed it in charge of Mr. Chandler, already heavily loaded with the charge of the Madura Station. A happy solution of the difficulty was the arrangement to devote the year to the practical training of the students in the field, under the charge of Mr. Eddy. He took them on itineracy for twenty days each month, following the same exacting schedule that Jones and the other missionaries used on itineracy, except that now some of the missionaries and pastors were using bicycles in their two-by-two excursions from the Gospel tent. The mornings were spent visiting and preaching in the surrounding villages, the afternoons in Bible lessons and the study of Hinduism and pastoral theology, and the evenings in evangelistic meetings.

The remaining ten days each month were devoted to preparation for the work of the following month. The wives of the students studied at Pasumalai, as usual. The aim of the work was to train the students in a love for, and use of, the Word of God, and to love and seek souls.

By this plan, about double the usual amount of itineracy was done during the year.

"It is not possible by any means to follow up the results of this far and wide enthusiastic preaching of the Gospel," wrote Mr. Wallace in the annual report, "in tents and under the trees, by the wayside and in the crowded bazaar, at the early dawn and late into the moonlight, by magic lantern, picture roll and printed word, by song, address, conversation and prayer. It is work the results of which are often unseen and sometimes far-reaching."

There was awakened interest in street-preaching on the part of the teachers, many of whom went after a long day's work in the schoolroom to visit the nearer villages. Instead of finding it an additional burden, they found it a source of rest and joy.

CHAPTER 39

The Shanar Riots

THE OUT-CASTES numbered fifty million in all India, and formed a sixth of the village population. The Shanars are not outcastes, but Sudras; and no caste ever profited more by conversion than did they. They are classes among the Sudras who do not employ Brahmins as purohits, or priests, and whose touch pollutes. Toddy-drawing from palmyra trees was their ancient occupation, though they claimed once to have been of the warrior, or rajah caste. Their religion was a form of demonology and their position in caste now was just above the Pallas, Pariahs and Chuckliers, who are regarded as unclean and prohibited from the use of Hindu temples. They were ranked just below the vellalas, Maravars and other castes permitted in the temples.

Through the stimulation of Christianity their community in Tinnevelly increased in education and developed excellent teachers. Many took to trading, cultivating and money-lending, and settled in Madura District, where they had some families of wealth, until there was a large and prosperous body of Shanars who had no immediate concern with the immemorial calling of their caste and adopted the name of Nadars. In many villages they owned much of the land and monopolized the wealth. By industry, frugality and education they won responsible positions as merchants, teachers, vakils or lawyers, and clerks.

Now they aspired to social rank. Winfred, one of their number and a son of the first pastor of the Mission, wrote a pamphlet to prove that they were Kshatriyas of the olden times and therefore next in rank to the Brahmins. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm by Hindus as well as Christians. As descendants of the ancient rajahs, they assumed the sacred thread, palanquins at weddings, the right of temple entry and the right to wear jewelry after the manner of those of the higher castes. They entered themselves as Kshatriyas in legal documents and called their school "Kshatriya Academy." They stationed men at the gates of the gardens where their women went to draw water, who forced every woman of their caste to carry her water pot on her hip rather than on her head, like an untouchable.

In 1874, they made an attempt to enter the Meenatchi temple in Madura, claiming the right as merchants or traders. The effort was a failure, owing to the plea that long custom was against them. They had not been allowed to enter since the time of Tirumalai Naiak, when that rajah built the summer manapam for the goddess Meenatchi. He had called upon each caste to provide the materials supplied by their occupation. He ordered the Shanars to supply the coarse palm-sugar to mix with the mortar. They refused on the ground that they were traders and not tree-climbers, whereupon the rajah made the decree that they should forever be forbidden to enter the temple.

On May 14, 1897, they made another attempt, this time in the town of Kamudhi, where they entered the temple in defiance of the temple authorities, with tomtoms, music and torches, and presented their offering to the idol. The Rajah of Ramnad, as hereditary trustee, brought suit against them for sacrilege.

The Shanars alleged before the court that they did not belong to a low-caste people, but to one superior to the Maravar caste, to which the rajah himself belonged. This infuriated the Maravars and others; and, with much threatening, a crusade was declared against the Shanars. Roving bands of Maravars plundered Shanar villages and streets, and finally they organized a raid and posted public notices that an attack would be made on the town of Sivahasi on the 6th of June. On that date five thousand Maravars swept down upon the Shanar community of the town, burnt houses, looted property and killed and wounded men, women and children. In the Government prosecutions which followed, almost two thousand persons were charged, five hundred convicted and seven sentenced to death.

The Kamudhi case went against the Shanars in the Madura court, and they appealed to the high court in Madras. The riots meanwhile continued throughout the Tinnevelly and Madura districts for four or five years, Kallars of all castes joining their Maravar castemen in looting, burning and killing. Much blood was shed, bazaars closed and the streets of many villages deserted of women and children.

As the Shanar Christians cared not a straw about the privilege of temple entry, they were not generally disturbed in these troublous times, so that for once it was safe to proclaim oneself a Christian.

"You claim to be a Christian," the raiders would say, "then tell me, where was your Christ born?"

"That's right. Now recite some Bible verses from memory!" If this were done correctly, they let the suspect pass unscathed.

The Mission congregations and schools, especially in the southern part of the district, did not escape the excitement. Sympathetic caste riots broke out in the Pasumalai schools. The Kallar caste students attacked the Shanar students, many of whom were attending all grades of Mission schools, until they, goaded to desperation, formed a secret society called the M.O.C., or Maravar Opposition Company, the members of which took an oath to drive the Maravars from the school or to leave it themselves if any of their own number got into trouble. They armed themselves with clubs and lathis.

The plundering and robbing of Sivashasi was a signal for a general uprising against the Shanars, who, by their attempt to elevate themselves among the castes, had become an Ishmael among the Hindus. From the Brahmin down, every caste was their enemy. They began to look about for a religion more tolerant of their growing ambition toward self-respect. Some turned to Mohammedanism. But the Mohammedans generally sympathized with the high castes in the quarrel. Rumor was afloat that if the appeal of the Kamudhi case in the high court in Madras went against them, they would all become Christians.

"The only way to stop these disturbances is to shut up the schools and drive out the missionaries," said one prominent man.

Shanar boys began to attend Perkins' Hindu boys' school in Tirumangalam, and girls the Hindu girls' schools in Aruppukottai, where many villages of Shanars applied to Hazen for instruction. Shanar teachers in the Hindu girls' schools had long been accepted by Brahmin and high-caste families, as were Shanar Bible Women in their homes. Women who had blocked their doors to Miss Quickenden's Bible Women, standing defiantly with arms akimbo, now welcomed them with smiles and invitations to enter. Shanar leaders came asking to join the Mission. In a village in Aruppukottai Station, the people roundly abused the idol with vile epithets and gave it a sound beating for refusing to help them in their time of great need. In many a village they plastered their idols with mud and blocked their shrines with thorny brushwood.

The Mission could not take full advantage of the enlarging opportunities among the Shanars, for lack of adequate funds to employ catechists and teachers. The Board appropriations had been reduced forty-five percent. Hazen went to receive a dozen families who had applied for admission, and found twenty-six families, with a hundred and seven people fully determined to become Christians who then and there signed a covenant to be the Lord's wholly and forever. The men filled the little mud church so that there was no room for the women and children, who looked in at the open doors and windows. Another village sent asking him to receive seventeen families, and many such groups in various villages were converted.

They proved staunch Christians. In this one year fifty thousand people were changed from bitter opposition to open friendliness. Had the Mission been supplied with resources to receive them and teach them the essential truths of the Gospel, thousands of these in the Madura District would have followed their neighbors into the Christian fold. But without education and patient Christian nurture, they would become a worldly, corrupt and unmanageable church.

The census report of 1901 startled all by the growth recorded of the Christian community. While the Hindus had lost a fraction of one percent in numbers, the Parsees gained four percent, the Jews six, the Mohammedans eight, and the Protestant church fifty percent.

Hindu leaders of discerning mind recognized that the movement of this out-caste group and of others of the Pariahs toward Christianity was spreading far beyond their ability to control by opposition. The Hindu Tract Society wrote in one of their handbills:

> How many thousands of thousands have these missionaries turned to Christianity? On how many more have they cast their net? If we sleep, as heretofore, in a short time

> they will turn all to Christianity and our temples will be changed to churches. Do you not know that the number of Christians is increasing and the number of Hindu religionists decreasing every day? How long will water remain in a reservoir which constantly lets out, but receives none in? Let all the people join as one man to banish Christianity from our land.

The Hindus resorted to imitation of Mission methods when their efforts of opposition failed. In various places they called in the Brahmin priests to perform rites over out-caste Pariahs to admit them into the pale of Hinduism. When assailed by devout, orthodox Hindus with the accusation that they were acting against the laws laid down in the Vedas, they called a big meeting of Brahmins who declared that the practice was in accordance with the teachings of their Vedas.

In 1902, when their case was decided against them, the Shanars had spent forty-two thousand rupees in court fees. Eddy and Hazen happened to be itinerating with the theological students in their villages when the decision came, and went to see them in the mother village. But in their bitter disappointment, the Shanars were suspicious of the missionaries; perhaps they felt that the Christians, too, had cast them off. They would not open their school for a meeting, but their headman later received the missionaries cordially and listened to their Gospel, admitting that their own gods had abandoned them.

A man blocked his door to the Bible Woman who had been teaching his wife. "Whatever house a Bible woman enters," said he, "the family god of that house deserts it!"

"It is not us you are opposing, but God," she answered, "and He will avenge!"

Next morning, when she passed his house, the hired mourners were bewailing his death.

One Sunday two of their young men stood at the church door listening to the sermon, and at last went in and sat down. Next day they were fined and whipped by their caste people. On New Year's morning, the pastor received and baptized an earnestly believing young Shanar. His caste men immediately took a vote that no one should give him work, food or shelter. They put him in close confinement so that no Christian could communicate with him. They boasted that he had denied Christ and put the mark of Hinduism on his forehead by smearing the sacred ashes, and that they had cleansed him from the filth of Christianity by pouring ashes all over him and washing him with holy water.

Chapter 40

Capron Hall

When Miss Bessie Noyes took charge of the Madura Female Normal School in June, 1890, the standing was raised from that of Primary Grade Higher to Secondary Lower training school in the Government classification, and a high-school class was added. The study of English was introduced from the second standard. A headmaster, two assistant masters and a trained mistress were added to the teaching staff, bringing the number to four masters, four mistresses and five pupil teachers for the hundred and sixty-nine pupils.

Miss Bessie gave much and devoted attention to the spiritual life of the girls. The Benevolent Society had become a Christian Endeavor Society, but kept up its high standard of giving to many and various objects. They paid the salary of their own Bible Woman, working in a village near the city, and often went on Sunday afternoons to help her conduct her Sunday school. They had their Comrades of the Quiet Hour and their members of the Tenth Legion. And they kept up their Sunday school for the younger children of East Gate, including many Sourathtra and other Hindu boys.

Miss Helen Chandler spent her years in the school developing the normal-training department. Miss Mary Noyes joined the school in 1892. The girls had always loved singing, but under her teaching they learned to sing part songs, to enjoy translations of English hymns and to pay attention to the quality of their tones in singing.

The school had outgrown its building, classes were meeting under the trees and on the verandahs, and various plans were considered to remedy the situation. In the May meeting of 1893, after a long discussion it was voted to move the site farther out southeast of the town. But the vote was seven to six, and the Mission did not wish to move on so important a matter with so close a vote. Three ladies with large experience in the school heartily favored the move but had no vote.

"Why is the Mission doing nothing?" wrote Secretary Clark.

The Reverend and Mrs. Francis E. Clark, founders of the Christian Endeavor Society for Young People, were visiting the Mission just then. He said, "It is such wonderful work! I am greatly impressed by the neat appearance of the girls; such a contrast to the appearance of the Hindu women in the street and the temple."

Seeing that the Mission did not agree, the Board called upon the treasurer to return the first $5,000, rather than let it lie idle. The Mission hurriedly passed a resolution asking Miss Mary, who was then manager, to have plans and estimates made for building on the land kindly offered by Dr. Chester. But the Indian Christians, through the representative pastors, at the following September meeting presented a petition against moving the school to Dindigul.

There was an effort to buy Mr. Fischer's land, and another to buy from a Brahmin gentleman in the Tallakulam area north of the Vaigai River. When the latter was bought, the railroad ran a survey for their line to Ramnad right across it, so this was sold.

But in January, 1898, they secured land west of the railroad and south of the river, near the Purtu Tope, where every year the great festival of Siva's miracle at the river takes place. Then began a long series of suits against the Mission on account of various boundaries.

On the terraced roof of Otis Hall, they built a coconut-leaf shed for a dormitory. Along the back wall of the compound, they added a row of sheds for classrooms, while the school increased yearly in numbers.

"What a contrast to the days when we had to give the girls plantains, ravakies and copper coins to coax them to come!" exclaimed Mrs. Chandler.

Then the eastern boundary of the new site involved the Mission in lawsuits. Two little idol shrines could neither be demolished nor included in the Mission property. Eventually, that boundary was outlined in a jagged line, leaving the shrine intact.

But at last, in 1892, Mr. Keeling, district engineer of the Department of Public Works, was able to take up the work.

The Woman's Board in Boston chose the name "Capron Hall," because of Mrs. Capron's distinguished services for the school, both as a member of the Mission in former years and later as a member of the Woman's Board. Many friends were glad to give their offerings as a memorial to her.

The Governor of the Madras Presidency laid the cornerstone in March, 1903. A Tamil lyric greeted Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Ampthill, as they entered through decorated welcoming arches and were garlanded by former students whose daughters participated in the exercises of the day. Under a canopy of red, white and blue streamers, iron rails supported the block of black marble, duly inscribed.

The guests were seated in a leafy pavilion. Three hundred students of the school, thirty alumnae, fifty Hindu and Mohammedan girls from the day schools, and groups of Swedish-mission, Eurasian and European girls from the railway compound represented the girlhood of Madura which the school would serve.

Songs, exercises, distribution of garlands, roses, sprinkled rose-water, and the laying of the cornerstone by the Governor finished, Lady Ampthill released a ribbon which held the large British and American flags furled on their bamboo staffs, and English and American girls and boys drew up the flags to float in the breeze. Schoolgirls echoed the fluttering colors in a drill with scarfs. His Excellency expressed his desire that Americans and Englishmen should always be united in doing good. The dull stony ears of the idols in the little shrines heard nothing when the happy throng sang their evening hymn, nor the Western harmony when the fresh young voices rose:

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
  God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
  God save the king!

Less than two years later, in December, 1903, the beautiful building was dedicated. It cost 59,000 rupees, of which the Educational Department of the Government provided 19,500, the Woman's Board 37,300, and private individuals 2,000. Six cottages, given by the ladies of the Mission and their friends, were ready for the teachers.

The missionary ladies, Miss Helen Chandler and the Misses Mary and Bessie Noyes, moved into rooms in the school building. The school was opened in January.

The next year, Miss Chandler had thirty-four pupils in her Normal School Department, of three grades, and coming from six different missions. The Indian staff were seven woman teachers, the matron, and eight men teachers. There was altogether three hundred pupils.

CHAPTER 41

The Anniversary Celebration, 1909, *in the New College Grounds in Madura*

SOON AFTER his arrival in July, 1897, Mr. Wallace was helping Mr. Herrick in the Jones School at West Gate while he studied Tamil. He worked with deep interest among the boys in their Sunday school and Christian Endeavor Society. When the Mission was suffering from the stringent reductions of 1898, he wrote:

"Thoughtful Hindus are saying, 'Let everyone stick to his own religion; that is patriotism for us. Christ is your Saviour, not ours.' In this revival of Hinduism is a welcome sign of awakening. Here God's blessing is apparent, revealing our opportunity to advance. Shall we retreat at the moment of victory? In all the pomp and din and outward splendor of Hinduism, we know that they that be with us are more than they that be with them. Christ wants India; India needs Christ; it is the business of the Church to establish Christ's Kingdom here."

After the meeting of the Board in New Haven, which had promised much but brought little financial relief, Jones wrote:

"I have a sad and wretched sense of injury under this burden of debt and responsibility for the most essential and precious department of our work, the Theological Seminary. Shall I wait in faith, spending three times the appropriation, or shall I send the students home?"

Vaughan wrote of the necessity of taking up industrial work in carpentry, farming, and brick- and tile-making, and of the methods used. The Mission had given permission to begin this work, but not the needed hundred and fifty dollars.

Zumbro was working among the boys in the high-school and college classes in Pasumalai. He wrote of the Y.M.C.A. work in the villages near, of his Sunday school and daily classes:

"One of the best things the Missionary College is doing is the teaching of the Bible to the young men who are to become the leaders of the people in general matters. We have Bible study every day; I have been teaching the Gospel of John, and consider it one of the best books for a class of Hindu boys."

There were two college classes, with fifty-two boys. He was drawn toward special work in child study, but held that the work he had come to do first of all was to make known to the people the way of life and truth as it is in Christ.

The Washburns had just returned from America, and Mr. Washburn, then ready for his closing years as principal of the college, wrote early in 1898:

"On landing in Madras we were met by old students of the school employed there. All along the three hundred and fifty miles between Madras and Madura there is not a mission which has not in its service men educated by us and occupying places of high rsponsibility. They met us at every railway station, making our journey a triumphal procession. Besides the Hindus educated in our institutions, not far from a hundred Christian men of some college grade have gone out since 1881, the year of our affiliation with the Madras University. And nearly every one of them has gone, not into Government work, but into mission work. The few exceptions have almost all made medicine or teaching their profession. The three hundred and fifty schoolmasters we have trained since 1886 are scattered far and wide over the Tamil country. And all the male teachers in the Mission, as well as two hundred preachers, evangelists and pastors, were trained in Pasumalai."

Zumbro, who had passed through great financial difficulties in the Pasumalai schools, wrote:

"What a loss of hundreds of rupees spent on their training in past years, if we have to dismiss many of our teachers for want of money to pay their salaries, now that we have them trained! Unless special help is received I shall have to cut off part of the school, sending home both boys and teachers. When we want the teachers again they will have found other work, and the money we have spent to educate them will be lost so far as our own work is concerned."

Zumbro was beginning industrial work in the Pasumalai schools, not only with the hope of preparing the boys for a trade, but also to develop in them characteristics of industry, faithfulness and perseverance. He sent them back to build a wall three times, until they got it right, and endured their hammering and sawing on his home verandah because no money came to build their small carpentry shop on the foundation they had laid. Late in 1902, a gift from Williams College came just in time to save him from going bankrupt or starving out his boys.

G. Sherwood Eddy held a series of special services for revival there, when many of the Christian students experienced a quickening of conscience which brought them to their teachers with confession of sin. Many Hindu students were moved to take up a careful study of the Bible, and later to join the church on confession of their faith.

Said Zumbro, "As the Hindu reformers are imitating our methods in befriending the out-castes, they will also imitate our higher education. Mrs. Besant's Hindu College in Benares, like the Hindu College in Madura, is frankly an attempt to keep Hindu young men from mission schools. Our Hindu and Brahmin resident students are content in their hostels, but the day students are not satisfied with the slow bullock bandies we supply to bring them from Madura."

"It would be better to raise our Madura High School to college grade," suggested Wallace. "We'll never get Hindu boys to come in great numbers as far as Pasumalai. There are three hundred now in the Jones High School, who would consider college if it were near them."

The Government was then making plans requiring a complete separation between colleges and high schools, both in building and management. This involved raising the requirements and doing away with second-grade colleges or making them revert to high-school standing. Therefore, the Mission moved the collegiate part of the Pasumalai institution to Madura, opening the college in the Madura High School building in January, 1904. The Prudential Committee of the Board approved of the change and asked through the pages of the *Missionary Herald* for ten thousand dollars to secure a site in the city and to build at least one building.

There was opposition from the Madura Hindu College, which was opened in 1889 and in keen competition with the Jones High School in Pasumalai, so that sanction from the Government was delayed until May. The Reverend J. X Miller was transferred from Battlagundu, where he and his wife were studying

Tamil, to Pasumalai to take up work. Otis Hall was transformed into a bungalow to be occupied by the Reverend and Mrs. Wallace.

Then, in 1903, the Board received a gift of a hundred thousand dollars from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and sent thirty-two thousand to Madura for the new college building and nine thousand for Pasumalai. The Mission bought the Ramasami Iyer land on the north side of the Vaigai River from the Widow's Aid Society for eight thousand five hundred rupees, and the land adjoining it for ten thousand five hundred, totaling over eighteen acres, and began to have brick made and burnt on the spot, superior in form and quality to the usual bricks available. Then a dancing girl presented her claim for a portion right in the approach from the main road, which was settled at their cost by the Mission.

On November 21, 1906, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Arthur Lawly, among a company of English officials and American missionaries, laid the cornerstone. In the course of his address, he said, "I hail with satisfaction the opportunity which you give me to say, as the head of the Government of this Presidency, how highly I appreciate the value of your splendid work, done ardently and earnestly."

Zumbro was then on furlough, making every effort to secure an endowment for the new college. When he returned with his bride in December, 1908, a Board of Trustees for the American College had been organized in New York City, and the Prudential Committee had approved an effort to raise an endowment of three hundred thousand dollars.

A Mission Committee made plans to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Mission on February 24 to 26th, 1909. They suggested a thank-offering gift to the Board as an expression of gratitude to God for the blessing of the Gospel, to which the Christian community responded generously.

The opening meeting of the celebration was a service of praise and a sermon by the venerable Reverend S. Vedhamanikam, who spoke on the text, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Mr. Zumbro read a paper on "The Industrial Element in Education."

An audience of twenty-one hundred people gathered in the spacious College Hall on the second floor of the new building to see the procession of the years, which illustrated the Mission's educational history. First was seen the old pial school, with a gray-beard teacher and his pupils sitting on the floor rattling off their Tamil alphabet and poetry, when the missionary comes in on horseback and pays the teacher according to the number of Bible verses repeated by the boys. Then came the beginnings of the boarding schools, the Hindu Girls' Schools, the agricultural, athletic and evangelistic work at Pasumalai. The Capron Hall girls showed their skill at mathematics, cooking, sewing and Bible study. The college boys exhibited their scientific attainments, and theological students demonstrated how to preach in crowded streets, winning over their opposers to help them subdue other objectors.

At five o'clock came the dedication service for the new college building, presided over by Collector Gilman. After Mr. Herrick had read the historical statement, Mr. S. Venkatachariar, principal of the Madura Hindu College, spoke on "The City and the College," telling of the ancient fame of Madura as the political, religious and intellectual capital of southern India, commending the Mission on its choice of the beautiful site near the People's Gardens and in a fast-developing part of the city, and expressing his appreciation of the work done by the Mission and of the emphasis which it put on religious education as fundamental.

The Reverend J. M. Russell, of Madras Christian College, speaking on "The University and the College," declared that the university now required a standard of its affiliated colleges so high that it would necessitate their endowment. The final address was by Mr. Gilman, who declared the building open, and Mr. Zumbro offered the prayer of dedication.

During the three days of the seventy-fifth-anniversary celebration of the Mission, the seven large classrooms were filled with an educational exhibition and crowded with visitors. The hostel's one storey had rooms for Brahmin students, with dining room, store room and kitchen on one side, and on the other the same accommodation for Christian and non-Brahmin students.

On the second day, historical addresses were given covering the various lines of work in the Mission, and greetings were brought from the Board and from other missions. In the afternoon, a procession with banners marched to the ancient Tamakam to greet Collector and Mrs. Gilman and to escort them to the college grounds, where Mrs. Gilman planted a young asoka tree while the Capron Hall girls sang an appropriate English song.

Sports and fireworks from Dindigul followed, and Mr. Zumbro gave a lantern lecture on Indian art.

On the morning of the third day, the Christians met again in College Hall for a grateful commemoration of the Lord's Supper, followed by the offerings of their gifts. The first was from the death bed of a young teacher in one of the Hindu girls' schools, who had carefully gathered seventy-five nickel anna pieces as her gift, but had been called to her heavenly home a few days before. The Bible Women of the city brought five gold sovereigns; some small village congregations gave a sovereign each; and Mr. J. H. Hacker of the London Missionary Society, Travancore, sent five as a memorial of the Reverend John Rendall. The gold offerings continued until a hundred sovereigns had been placed in Miss Noyes's hand. Then followed hundred rupee notes, until the total gifts reached 3,115 rupees.

Then the whole company marched in procession through the town to the historic East Gate Church, where they stood and sang the beautiful consecration hymn composed by the Reverend S. Simon.

The Reverend P. M. Eames, dean among the Mission pastors, pronounced the benediction.

CHAPTER 42

Modern Movements

FROM 1894, pastors representing each of the five circles into which the Mission territory was divided, were chosen to meet with the Mission for a day of each session of its business meeting, and participate in the discussion and voting on any question they brought. A year or two later, five laymen were added to this group.

In 1901 came a deputation from the American Board, consisting of Secretary and Mrs. Barton, Dr. J. F. Loba and Mr. W. F. Whittemore. Dr. Barton, who had been a missionary in Turkey, where each station was manned by several missionaries, suggested that this system be introduced into the Mission at some favorable place. The Mission asked Mr. Vaughan to sell the bungalow at Tirupavanam, which was often vacant, and build a second bungalow at Manamadura. Mr. Vaughan was appointed to take charge of the schools and finances of the station, and Mr. Holton the itineracy and direction of the agents in the evangelistic work. The industrial schools and boarding schools were joined in a union. The two missionaries inaugurated a system of supervising catechists to relieve them of some of the burden of the primary schools and the village churches, and employed the wives of the catechists also as teachers when possible.

In 1904, the Native Evangelical Society celebrated its jubilee by changing its name to the "Home Missionary Society" and raising a fund to begin independent work. They called the Reverend G. K. John, one of Dr. Washburn's famine orphans, from the Mandapasalai Church to be their first missionary, and sent him to their chosen field, Konganadu, a district north of Dindigul and in the Mission area. He was soon joined by a schoolteacher and an evangelist. The people supposed that the preachers were beggars, like Hindu mendicants, and for some time would not listen to their message.

An All-India magazine, the *National Missionary Intelligencer,* was started to represent such distinctively Indian missions in many parts of the country. All the churches in the Madura Church Union were paying their own pastors' salaries in 1887, and contributing to their Missionary Society's work.

The two London Missionary Society's missions in the Madras presidency were working in a joint committee with the Madura and Jaffna Missions of the American Board toward church union; and in 1905, these four missions, undenominational but largely supported by Congregational churches, joined in a General Assembly of delegates representing all, and organized the United Churches of South India, Ceylon and Travancore. The seventeen missionary and the thirty-nine Indian delegates adopted by a large majority a Declaration of Faith and the Constitution already approved by their missions and the Madura Church Union. In 1908, this union was called the South India United Church, by union with the South India Synod of the Presbyterian Church, which was made up of the Dutch Reformed Church and the United Free Church Missions, in 1901. The South India United Church then consisted of a hundred and eighteen churches with a hundred and fourteen thousand Christians. The Church of Scotland joined in 1911. At the time, the remark was made, "The union we have just consummated has not made us one, but has revealed to us the fact that we are one."

In 1909, the Madura Mission entered into co-operation with the Indian Church, placing all the evangelistic and elementary educational work in charge of a District Conference of representatives of the Church and Mission. The conference worked through Circle Committees, and conducted evangelistic work and elementary education through pastorate committees in the local churches.

Outside the Mission, other movements of importance were developing: the National Congress Movement, the Social Reform Movement, the Swadeshi Movement. The first and most prominent was an agitation among prominent educated men who were restless under the restrictions of British rule and desired a greater share in government. Mr. Surendranath Banerjee, twice president of the Congress, was crowned and anointed by the Brahmin pandits of Calcutta as leader of the Indian people. Of the five percent of the people who could read and write, the Christians were the majority and were loyal to the British

Government; the group clamoring for place at that time would be less than two percent of the people.

As a part of the National Congress Movement, there was a revival of Hinduism, which the leaders desired to make the national religion. The Brahmo Samajists declared that Hinduism was altogether too much divided for the purpose, and that there was a much better chance for either Christianity or Mohammedanism to aspire to such distinction. But Mrs. Annie Besant, leader of the Theosophical Society, with headquarters in Madras, encouraged Hindu aspirations, defending idol worship as a manifestation of magnetic influence, and the use of Sanskrit manthirams as demonstrating some mysterious but scientific theory of the efficacy of sound as a power in the spirit world.

The Social Reform Movement held an annual meeting and branch meetings in various parts of the country to urge legislation against child marriage and polygamy, and to win favor for widow remarriage. An act legalizing widow remarriage had been passed in 1856, but it was little observed because of the strict rules opposing it in the Hindu religious books and tradition. The most advanced of the reformers were willing to marry widows only if they had become so in childhood, and had never lived with their husbands. According to the census of 1901, there were in the Madras Presidency alone, fifteen widows under one year of age, six hundred and seventeen below five, and eighteen thousand and seventy-eight below fifteen years of age.

The Social Reformers, through their paper *The Indian Social Reformer,* also advocated an abatement of the ruinous expenditure customary for weddings, the education of girls and raising their legal age of marriage to twelve. But they found little support in the actual carrying out of these reforms against the opposition of those whom the paper characterized as "ignorant and bigoted priests, the most God-forsaken enemies of progress anywhere to be found."

The Swadeshi Movement toward the promotion of Indian arts and crafts advocated the burning of foreign articles of clothing and the boycott of all foreign goods. In many places Indian guilds were promoting dyeing, weaving and other industries in a more quiet and effective way.

Much social and religious bigotry was manifest, its roots in the caste system, which exercised such power over the individual that even the leading social reformers could not put into effect in their own homes what they advocated from the public platform. Pandit Bishen Narayan Dhar, then president of the Congress, said about 1912:

"Consider where we stand in the scale of civilization, when we have only four women and eighteen men per thousand who are literate; when there are millions of our countrymen whom we look upon as 'untouchables'; when we have about a hundred thousand widows of less than five years, and caste rules still forbid sea voyages; and when Mr. Basu's Special Marriage Bill is condemned as a dangerous innovation."

At that time, it was estimated that the cost of the holy men wandering about among the sacred rivers and shrines of India, estimated at forty rupees each per year, would be twenty-one crores of rupees, equal to two hundred and ten million.

In America the Laymen's Missionary Movement was forming regional and denominational sections, holding enthusiastic banquets to promote missions, displaying large mottoes, "The World for Christ in This Generation," and applying modern business methods to collecting money for missions. Their declaration was:

"Believing it to be the duty of the Church of Christ to preach the Gospel to every creature, it is my purpose to pray, to give, to study and to work, as God may give me opportunity, that the church of this generation may obey this command."

Dr. Samuel B. Capen, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Movement and president of the American Board, wrote the pamphlet, "The Uprising of the Men for World Conquest," in which he declared:

"We have been in the retail business in foreign missions long enough. We men want to turn the current of thought to missions as the greatest thing in the world, and to show the world our proper conception by the largeness of our views."

The missions represented by the South India United Church opened the United Theological College at Bangalore in 1910, for higher training for pastors. The Reverend Francis Kingsbury was appointed tutor in pastoral theology and Tamil, to represent the South Indian United Church on the staff.

The Mission industrial schools and agricultural experiment farms, some of them, like that at Manamadura, being under official observation by the Government, were the pioneers in the very significant movement toward the economic improvement of the condition of the people. New hand looms imported from America were restoring a market to the Indian weavers who had been crowded out by competition with Western machinery, and joint stock companies were being organized to develop this industry. Better farm methods and implements raised the value of farm acreage, in some cases four hundred percent. New machines and tools were introduced for the development of the ancient Indian crafts, manufacturing companies were being formed, foundries built, mines exploited, and a banking system was appearing.

But the old movements went on among the great mass of the people, untouched by the stir among the few aspiring educated. And the old worship went on just as before. After three months of Tamil study in Pasumalai, the Reverend Lawrence G. Powers was walking with his munshi, Mr. Muthanandhan, through the nearby villages practicing Tamil conversation about the quarters of the various castes, the temples, bazaars and occupations of the people.

On the day of the great festival at Sikandaramalai, they started at six in the morning, walking with the crowd of pilgrims. Some worshipped the rising sun, some threw coins to the spirits inhabiting certain of the roadside peepul trees. At the temple all began by worshipping the idols at the entrance, then passed on to do homage to those inside. They bought cow-dung ashes to rub on their bodies, and oils, fruits and flowers for the gods. Many had their devoted heads of hair shaved, and offered the matted coils to the gods. The temple elephants moved among the worshippers, picking up even the smallest coins thrown before them.

At the side of the temple was the large tank of sacred though green water, where all sorts of people washed their clothes and bathed. The road past the tank runs two miles round the holy granite hill. It was lined on both sides by beggars, their cloths spread before them to catch the coins and kernels of grain thrown to them. Many were blind or deformed, some had lost limbs, some were lepers, some suffered from elephantiasis or other diseases. Ascetics lay under heavy stones or piles of sand, almost entirely buried. Some lay on brambles; a tiny baby did penance by lying naked on such a pile. Women knelt the whole distance, bowing low at every step on their knees. Some men rolled the two miles in the hope of receiving the forgiveness of half their sins. As they neared the end, their friends tried to rouse them and spur them on by singing.

But throughout the Mission area, the steady movement toward Christ continued. Out of the turmoil of strife and persecution in village after village came congregations of forty people, a hundred, or more. Men who had read a tract or a Bible portion years before, now came with two or three related families from their villages to ask for baptism, a school and a catechist-teacher, whose salary they would help to pay. New members were added to old congregations on the itineracy. A lone Christian, or a Christian family, would suffer persecution for years, then bring in the head man of the village and his friends, caste people as well as out-castes, begging also to be taught the new Way. Boys taught in Mission schools, like Narayanasami of Palni, because of their conversion denied the privilege of entering their own homes, sometimes fed like Pariah beggars outside the door and later driven away, went back to their villages with their Christian wives and families, and won their way into the friendship and respect of their own people.

Once on tour Jeffery was wakened by a crowd of Chuckliers, the sandal-makers, who begged him to get up and baptize them. In his nightclothes, he lit the lantern in his tent and received them as disciples of the Saviour.

Though persecution invariably followed, groups of low- and out-caste people continued to come in. Perkins suffered much with his converts in their persecutions, from riot, incendiarism, assault, loss of work and ostracism, and false cases brought before the courts.

"Soon, instead of a missionary with rheumatic tendencies, you will have a madman on your hands!" he wrote to Dr. Van Allen.

When Perkins was sick in 1909, G. Sherwood Eddy received over four hundred Roman Catholics into church membership for him, from among the fishermen on the seacoast, who had resented the neglect of their priests and turned to the Protestant missionary for guidance. These people suffered no less persecution from their Roman Catholic relatives than the Hindu converts, but stood firm in the grace of God, abandoning their dependence upon priestcraft, ceremony and dead works.

At the end of 1909, Eddy was called from Battlagundu and the Y.M.C.A. work among the colleges, to America to help in the promotional work of the Laymen's Movement with his brother, and as general secretary for the Y.M.C.A. in Asia. He was to spend seven months in evangelistic work in the Orient, and five in promotional work in America.

Said Mrs. Margaret Eddy, Sherwood Eddy's mother, "See the children of the missionary families running about barefooted, their lessons irregular, and so early to be separated from their parents!"

"The one personal trial of the missionary that makes the heart ache more than any other is the early separation from children in the time of adolescence, when home means so much to both children and parents," wrote Dr. John S. Chandler in his *Seventy-five Years in the Madura Mission.*

Mrs. E. H. Walker kindly took into her home in Auburndale the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Snow, when they returned to the Micronesia Mission in 1869. Many others were later welcomed, and Mrs. Walker bequeathed the house to the Board as the "Walker Home for Missionary Children." In 1893 Mrs. S. C. Little started the Oberlin Home, later called "Tank Home." These homes were a comfort to the parents, but mails too a month each way, even as late as 1941. They felt that a better solution would be a school at nearby Kodaikanal, where during some months of the year their children could enjoy home life with them in Kodaikanal, and in long vacations at their Mission stations.

So in 1892 the Arcot and Madura Missions asked the American Board for a school in Kodaikanal. But the other two Missions of the Board were not ready to join in the request. The scheme was delayed until 1901. Then Mrs. Eddy offered her services as manager, and with the help of Mrs. Jeffery the school was started in a rented hotel property called "High Clerc." On a visit to America Mrs. Eddy raised ten thousand dollars to buy the property. Others joined the staff and the School adopted the curriculum of the Chicago system to the eighth grade. Soon other Missions joined and the school grew. In 1930 the first High School graduate, Tracy Manley, finished college preparation. By the 1930's a few finished every year, and in the 1940's classes of fifteen were graduating.

CHAPTER 43

Visitors, 1913

IN 1913 came a deputation consisting of Samuel B. Capen, LL.D., president of the Board, the Reverend George A. Hall, member of the Prudential Committee, and the Reverend William E. Strong, D. D., editorial secretary.

When the Church Council presented their address to the deputation, they said:

"We approach you at this time as a body upon which has devolved in recent years the entire responsibility for that which lies at the heart and center of all missionary activity; the Pastoral, Evangelistic and Primary Educational work of the Mission. . . . We are not behind any in our effort to attain unto the two-fold duty and privilege of a Christian Church, self-support and self-extension. . . . With regard to self-government, our well-organized ecclesiastical bodies and the District Conference must speak for themselves. The latter was organized in 1910. It has opened to us new continents of opportunity and responsibility, which we are still year by year trying to appropriate and to bring to abundant fruition."

Miss Henrietta F. Brewer, treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific, was also visiting the Mission. On a Saturday in May, she stopped at Dindigul on her way from Madras to Madura. As the train neared the old fort town on its higher level, running between emerald-green rice fields, native trees and vines in the jungle, picturesque rocks rose abruptly here and there, some topped with old forts.

"Welcome to Dindigul!" said Mr. Perkins at the station.

"I'm glad to be here after a day and a night in this bumping and swaying car! And how are you and the family?"

"We are all well. Mrs. Perkins and Jimmie are still in the hills. Here's a jutka for you; I'll send your luggage by another. Do you think you can get into it? Here's a chair the station master has brought."

She scrambled in at the back of the small two-wheeled cart with its rangy pony, while Mr. Perkins mounted his bike and gave brief directions to her driver. She could not sit up under the low curved top, so she reclined like a Roman at a feast, on one elbow, thankful for the crib mattress and pillow Mr. Perkins had provided. She got brief glimpses as they bumped along of the clean white roads of the village, and finally of an avenue of half-grown trees.

Here were drawn up, to her surprise, two hundred children and their teachers, greeting her with "Salaam!" as she rattled by, returning their greeting as best she could with her free hand. They escorted her to the bungalow, where they garlanded her with a huge wreath of yellow-button chrysanthemums with a big yellow locket at the center, thick as a boa, and as warm. After an eleven-o'clock breakfast, they adjourned to the verandah, which was of magnificent proportions, with white pillars, green vines and cement floor, and packed with boys and girls, their teachers a fringe around the edges.

"Now I understand your need of your big rooms and verandahs," said Miss Brewer. "The heat would be unendurable without plenty of space, and the verandah cools the rooms inside. The bare floors, with a few jute or mat rugs, look so cool, too."

"We have to keep them bare so that they can be washed with soap and water, or sometimes corrosive sublimate," said Mr. Perkins.

A welcoming program of songs by various groups of the boarding- and day-school children followed, of which the visitor understood little until one group at the top of very strong-lunged voices sang, "American Board, Salaam!" Quickly, a group of boys circled, swayed and jumped, singing to the rhythm of their thick, bright-painted sticks.

"This song," said Mr. Perkins, "is the story of the prodigal son. It's an old temple dance, and the original words are full of obscenity, but the schoolchildren know it only with the Bible stories the teachers have written for it."

"What fun they are having! And the others seem to enjoy it as much as the players."

"These dances are their games at playtime, adapted to whatever lines the leader sings."

After the maypole, with ribbons of all colors streaming from a wheel tied in the rafters, a group of older girls, with suspicious bulges in their waist-scarfs, sang and pelted the guest with flower petals until she felt like a bride.

Then Pastor Hull told the children how their visitor had come from far to see the work of the Woman's Boards; and she, with the pastor to interpret, told how in China, Japan and Korea she had found the same bright chrysanthemums and the same bright children's faces, and how happy she was to see them thus learning to read and to love the story of Jesus. Then her Kodak came into play; the children had a puffed-rice treat, and dispersed. Mr. Perkins took her to see the buildings for the boarding schools, the Hindu Girls' School and the church Mr. Webb had built in 1860.

He told her how glad he was to get the money from the Board of the Pacific, which had come in January, how much persecution his converts had to suffer in false cases being brought against them in the courts, often to the loss of all their worldly property, of the mass movements of out-castes which were slipping back into Hinduism's hopelessness because there was no money to employ catechists and teachers to guide them into the truth.

"But I can't show you all your girls, as we have had to send some of them home with chickenpox," he said.

"It is a wonderful work! I wish all our church women at home could see it as I have today; I shall write about it all in *Life and Light.*"

Miss Brewer tells of meeting "Mother and Anna" at the station and going on with them to Madura. There they were guests of the Zumbros at College House, and Mr. Zumbro took them to see the wonderful old temple, its stone corridors dimly lit with tiny brass castor-oil lamps and chandeliers of glass lamps, and foul with squeaking and swooping bats.

"The lamplighters struck once," he told the visitors, "and the poor helpless gods had to sit in darkness. Our *True News* magazine advised them to put in an electric plant. The managers of the temple are actually planning to do it!"

Sunday morning, Mrs. Zumbro took them in the carriage to see Capron Hall, with the ladies of the Woods Bungalow, and to follow the teachers and the girls in their long procession to the morning service in the little North Gate church. Miss Noyes, Miss

Gertrude E. Chandler—whose Aunt Gertrude had been in the Mission before her—Miss Zada Curtiss and Miss Gwen Jones came in their carriage, perhaps the grand victoria that Gertrude had bought in America, sight unseen.

"The church is much too small for our three hundred and twenty-eight girls," said Miss Noyes. "We often meet in the school during term time, opening our three classrooms together to make an auditorium. Mr. Webb, son of one of our former missionaries, has offered five thousand dollars to build a new church which will be big enough. But we need more; we would soon outgrow any church built to hold our present number, with this neighborhood congregation. It will not be long before we have five hundred girls."

They visited next morning the Albert Victor Hospital, where Dr. Van Allen told them why he did not charge fees for the treatment, and how the Hindus had given to help build the hospital.

"When we have to meet bills for medicine and other expenses, and have not the money with which to pay, we do just as they do in London or New York, namely, go out and hustle for money. It is hard work; we dread it, but there are always the rich, who will give for the unfortunate. I got a bill of medicines two years ago from London, with no money to pay for them. I went out into the Chettinad and got it in a week, with thirty dollars extra. A rajah has promised five thousand rupees toward the endowment fund, and already paid in a thousand. The fund now stands at twenty thousand, and is going up to twenty-four thousand, or eight thousand dollars."

A Mohammedan stopped him in the immaculate portico of the hospital to make a thank-offering, which the doctor held in his hand while he inquired after his health and told the visitors how remarkably brave many of his patients who were in great suffering, and of several converts among them.

Dr. Chandler was at East Gate, devoting his time to the Tamil Lexicon.

They were conducted through the Women's Hospital by Dr. Katharine B. Scott, who was efficiently managing the work until Dr. Parker should arrive in July, with Dr. MacNaughton, who would join the new Union Tamil language class at Bangalore.

She told them of the five compounders and ten nurses, all new to the work and needing a trained nurse to teach them; of the frequent cases in which the doctor is called too late to save the patient's life; of the difficulties of treating patients in their homes, lying on the earth floor, privacy secured only by hanging up dirty sacking as a curtain or by closing the wooden shutter of the one window; of working by the light of a twisted wick in a tiny castor-oil lamp, or the flaring kerosene lamp without a chimney; of the difficulty of treating successfully cases suffering from the effects of superstitious and cruel handling, of how often caste and custom deprive the Hindu woman of the care she needs.

"Doctor Parker says an Indian hospital accumulates protégés, old and young, as naturally as a magnet attracts iron filings. Let me show you the Birds' Nest. They are in tiny rooms along this corridor, right at the bungalow. But she hopes some day to have a house for them. Three of these babies were saved from being given to the temple as dancing girls; they would have gone through a ceremony of marriage to the god, represented by a sword or something, and then employed as prostitutes in the temple. Some of our Birds would not have pulled through sickness, neglect, and starvation without the best help the hospital afforded; the lives of some depended on the devotion of the nurse in charge of the Birds' Nest. Not one would be alive today if Doctor Parker had not taken them in. Many of the older ones owe their lives also to Zeline Cronier."

"Who was she, and how did she help?"

"They got acquainted when Doctor Parker was studying in Paris, and were much attracted to each other. Miss Cronier was born of Romanist parents, passed through the trying experiences of the Commune, and was then caring for her aged mother. After her mother's death, she came at her own charges, in 1897, and made her home with Doctor Parker, never returning to France. She was a great-hearted woman, and loyally accepted every friend and obligation of Doctor Parker's as her own. She worked without any compensation in money, and most efficiently managed the doctor's house, as well as overseeing the hospital and lovingly caring for the orphans. She died in January, 1912."

"Apparently a hospital, or at least some doctors, may also gather helpers and friends as well as waifs! And money, too!"

Miss Swift gladly told them something of their work when they visited Indiana Hall.

"The Bible school has eleven students, all in one class. We take them through their complete two-year course before admitting another class, having neither dormitory space nor teaching staff to accommodate more. Their work is done by normal-school methods, with much criticism and discussion. They visit schools and homes, work with the children in Christian Endeavor, hold mothers' meetings, preach under the leadership of the Bible Women, both in the city and in tent work or village, study the work of the Bible Women under the direction of the headmistress, and practice gaining and teaching their own pupils."

"We also have heard something of the industrial work," said one of the visitors, "and would like to see what is done."

"Here is some of their sewing, dressmaking and embroidery. But we need more room in order to help new converts who have no resources and are in danger sometimes because of their Christian profession. The Women's Hospital will soon need the space we are using here in Indiana Hall, and we have secured a new site north of the town called Rachanyapuram, the 'Place of Salvation.' We have the beginning of funds for this, which will cost seventeen thousand dollars to make provision for more than a hundred women. Then we can take up gardening and farm work, and experiment with poultry, silkworm culture and grass-mat work. Our Converts' Home women can study while working part time."

"How many Bible Women has the Mission now working in the city?"

"Miss Root has twelve, and their pupils are almost a thousand women and girls of fifty castes. One of our Bible Women works entirely with the silk-weaver women, who speak Gujerati, and two who know Hindustani are set apart for work among the Mohammedan women."

"Come over to Otis Hall with me and see Miss Root," suggested Miss Swift.

"Our field of work is the neighborhood in every direction from the center of the city, called villages, and outside several miles also," said Miss Root. "Each Bible Woman lives in a central village and gives Bible teaching to all who will learn from her in all the villages within walking distance of her home. They use songs, reading lessons, English classes, and special meetings here in the bungalow with programs of verses, stories, singing and dialogs, closing with refreshments—anything that will attract their pupils so that they can invite them to Christ."

"And what are your needs? New buildings? Perhaps houses for some Bible Women?"

"Yes, we do need some small cottages for some of them who are living in rented cottages. But we need especially a trained and educated Indian woman to help us in such meetings, giving lectures and attracting the caste women with music and pleasant programs. Many Brahmin and caste women come in their curtained jutkas, because we see to it that no men are in sight!"

"Now you have seen all the work here in the city," said Mrs. Zumbro, "but only one of the outstations."

"We would like to see them all, but that would take too long. Our Board of the Pacific has a Bible Woman here, a schoolgirl there, in the Aruppukottai Station, and we would like to see that work."

"That can be arranged. The Jefferys are there, you know. Mr. and Mrs. Holton carry on much the same type of work at Melur, and Mr. and Mrs. Elwood at Palni, but all are hampered by the need of better buildings. At Palni, Mrs. Elwood says one of their recitation buildings has been condemned by the government engineer as by the Mission Building Committee. Classes of forty are held in rooms eight feet wide, and on verandahs only a foot wider. Fifty-six girls sleep in two earth-constructed rooms twenty-six by eight or ten feet—eight and a half square feet to a girl! They can't turn over! Three teachers live together in a room eight feet square. The boys fare no better, and there is no isolation ward for cases of contagious disease. They had smallpox, and had to put their patients on the church porch!"

"Is there no plan to improve such awful conditions?"

"Yes, the Mission is asking for thirty thousand dollars for Dindigul, and intends also to build in the other boardingschools, but the money isn't in sight yet. The Tracys are in Periakulam, Mr. Mathews at Battlagundu, the Banningas at Tirumangalam.

They all have the care of the churches, station work in evangelism, and the ladies do much of the work for the children in the boarding and Hindu Girls' Schools."

"Are there more of the outstations?"

"Yes, Powers, of the South Circle, is at Kamudhi. He tours his district doing evangelistic work, especially through the schools. Last year he made a fine survey of our educational system and the work of the village schools, which told a great deal about the methods in use and the needs of primary education in the rural villages. He says that the students of India need, more than all else, acquaintance with Jesus Christ as an inspiration, and with His ethics as a guide to unselfish, public-minded citizenship and leadership. Mrs. Vaughan is not back from America yet, but is caring for her aged parents. Mr. Vaughan is at Manamadura, where Mr. Hazen is also stationed happily in his work. After all the years of care in the churches, Mr. Hazen says he is glad to have those responsibilities dropped onto the Indian pastors, and to be free for evangelistic work.

"There is a good deal of leprosy in our district, especially near Dindigul and Manamadura. Many among the Criminal Tribes suffer from it. Cases come into the outpatient department of the hospitals, and on any village tour Doctor Parker meets several of them, sometimes in a very contagious stage of the disease. Often their families turn them out when the true nature of their disease is discovered, and the numb and heavy arm or leg soon becomes the leprous claw or stump. Doctor Parker has just got from government twenty acres of land a mile from Manamadura Mission bungalow and opened a home for lepers, receiving as the first patient a former student in Capron Hall. The Mission to Lepers furnishes all the money for this work, asking our Mission only for a missionary manager and doctor. Mr. Vaughan has gladly undertaken to manage the home, and Doctor Parker visits the patients periodically."

"Miss Heath has told me," said Mrs. Zumbro, "how the patients help the doctor give the injections, and Mr. Vaughan how he has stood holding the umbrella over her in a pelting rain while she treated scores of lepers."

Mr. Zumbro showed his guests over the main building of the college, the hostel, the second story of which was put on that year, with a liberal grant from the government, and donations from Indian friends. He had been Principal since 1910.

"Just last month we have succeeded in being affiliated with the Madras University as a first-grade college. We are in Group Five, History, of the B.A. course, with Mr. Saunders heading the Department. And we hope soon to be affiliated also in Physical Science, with Mr. Flint as head. They will both he here soon. We have a lot of books for our library, and furniture and apparatus for the Science Department, but we must have our new science hall before we can begin B.A. work in Physical Science."

"What proportion of the students are Christians?"

"Of the two hundred in the college, about fifty are Christians."

"I'm so sorry the Guises were not able to stay!"

"Yes, we have all so admired their courage in the face of their loss of the darling little girl, and then both of them were so seriously sick. They hope to come back, and we are all waiting to see how their health is at home."

In Pasumalai, Mr. J. X Miller showed the visitors his splendid work for boys.

"We are graduating more than fifty trained teachers every year from the normal school," said he. "Yet we cannot begin to supply the demand. We urgently need a new science laboratory, a dining hall and four more classrooms for the model school."

He took them to see the new Theological Seminary, dedicated just a month before—a building of beauty, dignity and strength—with its Swift Hall, Severance Hall and endowment fund largely donated by Mr. Edward Whitin.

"Is the instruction in English here, or in Tamil?"

"Here it is mostly in Tamil, but our higher theological training is done for college-grade men at our inter-mission Theological Seminary at Bangalore, where our representative on the faculty is Mr. Herrick. Doctor Jones is in charge here, but after getting most of the money for the building in America, and then seeing it built and opened last month, he and Mrs. Jones left for Karlsbad to recuperate, on Doctor Van Allen's orders."

When they reached the railway station at Virudhupatti, they found the bullock cart awaiting them.

"This is the coach Mr. Perkins had made when he was at

Aruppukottai," Mr. Jeffery told them afterward. It was a cart with high wooden wheels, springs, a high sun-proof cover, windows at the sides and a door at the back. It was made up flat inside, with a mattress and pillows. The luggage was stored underneath. They crawled in.

"Isn't that jar wrapped in dripping cloth a cusa? Mrs. Jeffery must have known we'd be thirsty."

With a chirrup and a jerk of the tails of the two white bullocks, and a few prods with the stick on the part of the driver, they were off on their twelve-mile drive. At first they exclaimed every time the wheels dropped into the ruts with mighty jolts, and when the wriggling motion threw them roughly against the sides of the cart, but finally they stowed the pillows against all danger spots and enjoyed the scenery.

They were driving through the black-soiled fields of cotton and roadside trees, all numbered as government works to protect them from the goatherds' forked knives on long poles. Jutkas, bullock carts, laden donkeys, goats and cows, people in picturesque garb and grouping, women carrying a naked baby astride the hip, loaded coolies with bundles of cotton or water pots on their heads, made a colorful scene. Groups of dark-skinned worshippers prostrated themselves or offered gifts at wayside shrines with their obscene images, or bathed and laundered their clothes in some muddy pool, while crows and parakeets flew screeching overhead.

A mile from Aruppukottai, Mr. Jeffery met them in his phaeton and the three drove off ahead of the bullocks. Soon appeared the red-tiled roof of the bungalow in its setting of green trees. As they drove through the gates, they saw the winding driveway filled with all the children of the boarding schools with their teachers, drawn up to welcome them. Headmaster James played the violin, a boy made strange music out of a box, another clapped cymbals, and all raised their voices and yelled a song of welcome.

"How pretty they look!" shouted Miss Bridgeman above the din, "with their blue, white and red clothes against their dark skins, under these lovely green trees, with the white columns of the bungalow hung with bougainvillea for a background!"

Mrs. Jeffery welcomed them on the verandah, where speeches, songs, garlands and showers of rose petals showed the joy of the people. "This is Mrs. Esther James, head teacher. She will read her address of welcome, and it is she we must thank for the songs you've been hearing. She composed them and taught them to the children."

The girls of the Hindu girls' schools of the town sang and danced their loveliest kollatum, clad in beautiful fabrics and loaded with fascinating gold jewelry and tinkling silver anklets.

"How heavy the bracelets are on that woman's arms! And see how many of these girls have such long ear lobes that the weight of their ear jewels hangs right down to their shoulders!"

"Yes, they are proud of them now. But some of these girls, if they go to Capron Hall some day, will be having them cut and sewed up at the hospital in Madura. At school the girls feel it is not good style to wear them long, as they do here in the villages."

The pastor of the Aruppukottai church, the Reverend Samuel Joseph, came with his family and most of the congregation, salaamed deeply before Miss Brewer and Miss Bridgeman, and offered limes as a token of welcome.

"You'll have limeade for days to come," said Miss Quickenden.

Then the band arrived and performed with drums and dances. After the tomasha was over, the missionaries and their guests retired to the flat housetop to enjoy the breeze from the sea that comes up in the afternoon at this time of year. But they were soon called down to see a Bible Woman from one village and a catechist from another, bringing questions in legal matters to Jeffery. For a favorite form of persecution in the villages of his station was to bring false cases against his converts in the law courts, and sometimes innocent Christians suffered imprisonment and loss.

Then all went to the tennis court, where they were seated on the ground before banana-leaf plates and served the annual spread of rice and mutton curry sauce with the boys and girls of the boarding schools. After supper they went to call on the retired pastor, Y. J. Taylor, who had baptized four generations of Christians in that community.

The visitors saw much of the station in the three days they spent there.

"You can see that the Girls' Boarding School building is pitiably inadequate," said Mrs. Jeffery. "Here's where they sleep, like straws in a box, as close as possible on the stone floor."

"Is this the kindergarten? How can you make a circle for the games and stories with this ell in the middle? And it's much too small anyway, with not enough light and air. I must tell the people at home. How much would a new building cost for them?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars would do it, with rooms for the Bible Women. And about as much would pay for a school dormitory."

"Can't you give the boys a little more room in these higher classes? Two classes at once reciting in one room is a bit thick, isn't it?"

"Yes, we are hoping someone will give the money for that and for a new church to be named after Mr. Perkins, whose work here has meant so much to the people."

"How much will the church cost?"

"Three thousand dollars will be enough to meet the needs of our growing Christian community and to serve as a center. You know most of the members of our church have bought land in a tract surrounding the new church site here near our bungalow, and they fully expect to build their homes in the shadow of the church."

The visitors left after having seen four of the sixteen centers of work, riding from place to place in the bullock coach. Everywhere they received a hearty welcome. Their visit brought a precious fellowship to the missionaries, with hope that the churches at home would respond to their need for the growing work.

CHAPTER 44

Harvest Time in South India

THE CHRISTIAN women formed a Converts' Aid Society to help women who had given up home and protection for Christ; and in 1912 the Bible school established an industrial department to provide means and employment for them. During the first year they earned a hundred and twenty rupees a month by their work in making garments, mending, embroidery, crochet and drawn work. A Brahmin convert made a happy marriage.

In 1914, practically no effort was being made to gather new congregations, for lack of means to care for them. Mr. Charles S. Bates, of Exeter, New Hampshire, gave ten thousand dollars to support fifty new evangelists in fifty villages, and half this money was assigned to the Madura Mission.

"Work in many of our occupied villages is languishing for lack of funds; shall we start work in new villages?" asked the missionaries of each other. "We have been trying to put this kind of work on the Indian church as fast as possible; should we open a work which will be largely independent of the church, both in administration and in support?"

"By shortage of funds," said Vaughan, "we are being driven into a form of work which offers financial aid in fees from non-Christians and grants from Government. Debarred from reaching out for conquest, we are using more effort in training the Christian community, but it is evident that education is not holding its own even there."

"The day of the evangelistic catechist has nearly passed," said Elwood. "Almost every agent has become a schoolteacher. Preaching work has decreased during this past decade, and teaching increased. It is clear that the Indian church is not yet ready to take over the evangelistic work, either in financial resources or in men."

"It is something of a shock," said Vaughan, "to find that we have gotten so far away from all real evangelistic effort that some of us, and many of the pastors, feel that a man cannot be supposed to be properly busy unless he has a school to occupy his time. This offer, with its rebuke, is just what we need."

"In the last twenty-five years," said Elwood, "the Board has reduced the appropriation for our out-station work, now the main seat of evangelism, by nearly seven thousand rupees; more than twenty-three percent. We have scarcely more children in school today than we had in 1893, when only twenty-three and a half percent of the Christian children were there. Thirty years ago, three thousand, eight hundred and fifty-two Christian children could not read, and now the number is nine thousand. I long for the time when Christian children will receive the reward of their inheritance; in the two hundred thirty-two village schools for six hundred and fourteen villages where there are Christians, only a thousand, four hundred and twenty-six Christian children are in the schools meant for them, with seven thousand, nine hundred and eighty-two Hindu and Mohammedan children crowding in around them."

"Is there no difficulty about caste in the village schools?"

"The caste situation is improving there. Low-caste Christian teachers now have their desks and chairs in the room, and caste and out-caste children sit side by side on the benches," replied Elwood.

"Let us go ahead and choose villages and catechists," was the final decision, "and hold a conference, with Mr. Tracy to give instruction in methods of evangelism. Perhaps Bishop Azariah of Dornakal will help us. He began his work in the Madura Y.M.C.A. twenty years ago. He stirred the great conference at Edinburgh to its depths."

Some of the chosen twenty-five catechists walked thirty or forty miles to that conference along the dusty roads. The Tirumangalam church became their classroom by day, their dormitory by night, when each spread his jamkalam on the floor. The Mission appointed the Reverend C. S. Vaughan to superintend the campaign, with the new missionary, the Reverend Harold Cooper, as associate, while he studied Tamil.

While the *Church Herald* was full of discussions of faith and order, in the hope of a closer union with bodies then outside the South India United Church, the Chinese church was engrossed in evangelism. The Reverend H. A. Popley wrote, in September, an editorial describing the Chinese evangelical campaign, and the true union of the Body of Christ was strikingly manifested in that the United Church at once dropped all theoretical discussion of unity and joined heart and soul in as striking a movement for the evangelization of India. Eight different missions in the General Assembly of the South India United Church afforded excellent facilities for organization.

The preparatory work began in July, 1915, when the Madura City Campaign Committee of forty members was organized, consisting of the pastors and representative laymen from each church, including the Church of England and the Church of Sweden. The Committee on Survey made a study of the schools and colleges, the merchants and traders of the community, and the social conditions of the city. They noted the old students of mission schools and those who were seeking after the truth, and prepared a list in the campaign office of a thousand friends among whom personal work should be done. Each of a hundred and fifty personal workers was given the names of some non-Christians for personal work.

The Committee on Preparation of the Workers adopted the Korean Bible Study Plan. Said one member, "To pray for an outpouring of God's Spirit on the church, without teaching them to read the Bible and to pray, seems to me as unreasonable as to ask for a water supply in our homes when we have not put in the pipes."

The demonstration of Christian unity did not stop short of the whole Church of Christ in the early years of the Great War, as shown in a statement printed in the *Church Herald*:

"As a sister church in India, we are sure that everyone of our members will sympathize with the position of the German Missions in this country. We have nothing but respect and admiration for their work, and we trust that this will not suffer as a result of the war."

Personal workers gathered in institutes and circles to study the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. Every leader in the women's groups read to her circle the "Suggestions to Workers" prepared by the South India United Church Committee. In many a Throne of Grace Book was written a list of names to be uplifted in daily intercessory prayer. "God's Plan for Soul-Winning" was translated into Tamil for the study circles. Dr.

Tracy was released from his station work after his furlough at Neutral Saddle, to visit the centers and aid the churches and leaders of South India and Jaffna in a careful and thorough work of preparation. Special training was also given by Frank Buchman of America.

A pavilion seating three thousand was built on the spot in the East Gate compound where the magicians tried to kill Dr. Scudder with magic rites. The Reverend B. C. Sircar, whose name in Tamil means "state," or "government," came from Calcutta to address the meetings. He was of a high-caste Bengali family, a graduate of Toronto University, Canada, an ordained minister of the Baptist church and secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Dr. T. R. Glover of Cambridge was another speaker, and a series of bajanai sermons was conducted by Mr. Iyadhurai Bhagavadhar of Tinnevelly. All were expertly interpreted to the Tamil audience. The addresses made by Dr. Tracy, the veteran missionary, were in Tamil, and got hold of the hearts of the people. Many signed cards asking for instruction or baptism.

Eight thousand two hundred and eighty-eight people were doing personal work.

Preliminary meetings were held in Miss Swift's bungalow until the women came in such crowds that she had to ask the Christian women to stay away. More than two hundred and fifty women under Miss Swift's leadership, in small groups under many leaders, were doing personal work.

The great pavilion was open on all sides, and near the street, so that Hindu women shrank from the publicity of entering. When a thousand tried to enter her bungalow, Miss Swift built another coconut-leaf pavilion behind it, which the women entered through her central rooms or through the nurses' classrooms. Hindu women of all castes came hours before the time for the meetings. At every entrance, Christian women received and directed them. In gorgeous robes and rags, kempt and unkempt, in groups or alone, escorted by Christian friends who had sought them out, they streamed in and out. Bible students lifted babies from tired arms to give their mothers a chance to listen.

The year 1915 witnessed a city campaign. Seven thousand four hundred and twenty-two men and women were received into the church. At the beginning of 1916, the District Campaign Committee appointed campaigns in six rural centers. Two part-time secretaries went round every month organizing the work and conducting meetings. Workers wore badges with Miss Swift's slogan: "Each one reach one, each one teach one." The Reverend T. Subramanyam of Madras and the Reverend Francis Kingsbury of Bangalore addressed the meetings at the different centers, while all rejoiced to hear two such faithful servants of God, who were among the best converts to the Christian faith.

Reverend V. Santiago and Reverend Y. D. Samuel took part in rural campaigns in Dindigul, Tirupuvanam and Melur, where for part of the time Mr. T. Aiyadhurai Bhagavadhar and Mr. Paramanandham were engaged for musical evangelism.

When the Seminary closed for vacation, the Reverend and Mrs. Banninga took the students in a party of twenty-one on itineracy among the villages in the Konganadu Mission Field, where the Madura Home Missionary Society has its work, to awaken the churches to their responsibility. Even the most ignorant and illiterate Christians testified to what Christ had done for them among their own neighbors and friends.

In Jeffery's station of Aruppukottai, many of the higher castes were converted. Ten families were brought to their final decision by two students home for their vacation from the college.

Jeffery told his workers about Venkatammal, of a wealthy Hindu family, who studied a short time in the Aruppukottai school.

"After her marriage she did not forget about Jesus the Saviour; but, when twenty-two years old, she brought her baby boy to be baptized with her in the church. In spite of the excitement among her relatives, under her new name of Vedhamoni, 'Bible Jewel,' she entered the boarding school and learned to read her Bible with the infant class.

"When vacation came, she went home an earnest witness for Christ. And she returned no longer alone, but bringing those she had won—her widowed aunt with son and daughter, her sister and her sister's husband, and later her own husband to be baptized.

"Any Christian, no matter how ignorant in this world's knowledge, could do something for his Saviour by simple witnessing. The age of miracles has not passed, when the Holy Spirit can take such and transform her into an eager Christian worker."

Jeffery went on a two-week campaign with Dr. Tracy, expert Tamil scholar, thoroughly conversant with the ideals and genius of the village people. In each place they had in ingathering of converts.

Pastor George and the Reverend Burleigh V. Mathews of Battlagundu made a tour with two teachers among the hill villages, six thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the thirteen villages visited, the only Christians were the families of the teachers at Poombari and Kukal, in a total population of five thousand. The people had not seen white faces or strangers for a long time, in their inaccessible and miasmic surrounding among their terraced rice-fields, and fled into the jungle. They were led back one by one to listen to the Gospel story. A few who could read received handbills and Bible portions.

Throughout the mass-movement areas, the problems of illiteracy and poverty were as pressing as the evangelistic movements, yet resources were not available for meeting them. The Christian community was growing faster than it could be educated.

In 1916, the Mission was informed that they need not look to the Board for the plant needed nor for financial assistance in educating Christian children. This decree was a blow at the foundations of the Mission educational system. The war had also raised the prices of food and cloth, so that many were unable to keep their children in school. And Government grants declined with the attendance.

In the conference for workers in Dindigul, one of the speakers, in the course of his address, said:

"Hinduism is not built on a moral foundation as Christianity is. We have not here, as Jesus had when He proclaimed His message to the Jews, a long moral preparation of the people's hearts and consciences as to the character of God and the duty of man. For that reason, we cannot agree with those who say that the Vedic scriptures may bear the same relation to the Christian Gospel in the case of Hindus, as the Old Testament bore in the case of the Jews. The Hindu Scriptures, with much that is precious and profound, lack the Hebrew Psalmist's and the prophets' vivid realization of God's moral majesty and their intense desire for personal freedom from sin in order that fellowship with a holy God might be attained."

Mr. Buchman was in Madura a week before Mr. Eddy to prepare for his arrival. The last week in September was a special week of evangelism when all the churches carried on aggressive work with marvelous results.

Mr. Sherwood Eddy came to Madura on a Saturday in September. His first address occurred that evening in the great pandal near the Memorial Gate to Mrs. Van Allen in the East Gate compound. He spoke in English before the sounding board, and was interpreted by a young man with a clear-carrying voice, so that the six or seven thousand, who had crowded into the pandal and waited some hours for him, could all hear. Though the bulk of the audience was Hindu, not a word of opposition was heard.

In a series of meetings, he showed first some charts of India's brighter side—pre-eminence in the rice crop and the world's jute and cattle trade, fourth in railways. Then he showed the darker side—poorest in per-capita wealth among the nations, with a high death rate, the majority of the children not in school, and many child widows. Then came a series of charts showing the rapid growth of Christianity and the steady decline of all the national religions.

On the first night, he spoke on the national need of India; on the second, the personal need; and on the third, on Christ as meeting these needs. Seven hundred people signed cards asking for further instruction, and seventy workers were ready to take up that work. Many were baptized as a direct result of personal work done by Christians; ten thousand were added to the South India United Church. Many were won by testimony given by converts almost as new as themselves. One Bible reader brought a hundred and fifty of his relatives.

Miss Swift arranged for three final meetings for women, addressed by Eddy, Popley and Mr. Kadambavanam, all assisted by the Bhagavadhar Aiyadhurai, whose singing was pleasing to all. The Christian women brought a thousand or more to these meetings.

On February 9, Mr. Lawrence C. Powers was married to Miss Johanna Metzger, who had been principal of the girls' high school of the German Basel Mission. She had been helping in Capron Hall while war conditions barred her from her own work. On March 2, he attended the usual weekly prayer meeting of the Mission, and the next day, at three o'clock, was dead from the dreaded cholera. A few days later, Rathinam, Bible Woman, was snatched from her work among the Saurashtra women. Then one of the Bible-school students died.

On the advice of the doctors, they sent home as many of the students as had homes to go to; and eight days later, the child of one of the Bible students died. Miss Swift was scheduled to give addresses on Isaiah and on women's work in the campaign, but she canceled these, saying, "It is my simple duty to stay at home and disinfect the whole place."

A Brahmin young man was baptized after the English Sunday-evening service of July 23, 1916, under the name of Paul Lawrence, after the great apostle and Mr. Powers. He was subjected to fierce persecution before the break came with his family, but nothing could shake his conviction in his relation with Christ as his Saviour. Brahmin girls were taken out of the Hindu girls' schools for fear of conversion. Leading men held public meetings to pass resolutions of protest.

A poem appeared in the daily paper, the *Madura Mail*:

Oh, Hindu Brothers, Beware!
The fisher comes with tempting bait,
The fox it comes with cunning gait,
With luring words on us doth wait,
Beware! Beware!
Oh, friend, heed not to that Sircar!
The state his speeches cannot mar,
And so thy sense from wavering bar,
Beware! Beware!
And Eddy, he doth eddy 'bout,
He tries our common sense to rout;
Conversion is his faith, no doubt.
Beware! Beware!
And many more, like locust's swarm
Have risen with a thought to harm,
And stain our noble faith of charm;
Beware! Beware!

A Brahmin woman of high social standing, a member of the Indian Ladies' Club, with other wives of officials and influential business men willing to break over the old ideas of seclusion, came asking the headmaster of the Hindu Girls' School she had attended to find a place for her among the Christians. He asked Miss Swift to take her.

"We must wait until we can know her better and feel more sure about her."

"Ammah, she has no chance of living a Christian life in her own home; her husband and his family will cast her out if she so much as slights the worship of the evening lamp. She wants to be baptized."

"Yes," said Miss Swift, "and if she is, they will say she is rendered impure according to their rites, and unfit to eat with them. Her very presence will pollute them because of her association with Christians."

"And she will have no financial support, but will lose even her dowry jewels."

"Can we not find some way to protect these convert women? Surely a country where religious freedom is supposed to be enjoyed, and where the people are demanding political freedom, must give freedom of choice of a religion to women!"

"Ammah, I am a convert from just such a family, and I have struggled all my life with this problem, but see no way out. The same men who are demanding freedom in politics, are refusing it in their own homes!"

"I fear she will be beaten and imprisoned if we send her away, but my industrial home is full. I have no room for one more. Tell her to wait, while we try to learn more about her, at least, and find out if her conversion is sincere."

When the headmaster returned to his own home from this interview, he found the woman there.

"What have you done? Your family will not receive you back when they find out that you have been here! You had better go home at once without letting them know!" he said.

"Sir, it is already too late. I have left home and relatives and taken refuge in a Christian home; and to make a sure barrier, I have eaten food cooked by Christians. I cannot go back; you must find a place for me."

"I am afraid of your family. You know what danger you have put us all in, as well as in what danger you stand. I will take you to Miss Swift and see what she can do."

At 8:30 that night, he left her on Miss Swift's verandah. The Bible Women and students who found her there knew Miss Swift had refused to receive her, so they took her to a Bible Woman's house until morning, when they brought her to Miss Swift.

"What do you expect me to do? Will not your relatives blame me, perhaps even bring a case against me in the courts if you, a minor, leave your home and come to me?"

"Ammah, you have not called me from my home; I came of my own accord to you for help and shelter. Ever since I studied as a child in the mission school at Dindigul, I have treasured the intention of becoming a Christian. I took part in the Christian Endeavor Society and gave my copper coins, waiting only until I should be of age to come to you. Now I can wait no longer. There is no chance for me in my family. They are ignorant worshippers of idols; they are wrong; their customs are wrong. They would treat me wrongly and force me to wrongdoing. Ammah, you must help me!"

A young carpenter-caste lad in Holton's station heard in 1913 of the relief to be obtained from leprosy in Dr. Parker's asylum at Dayapuram, and went there for treatment. There Christ found him and changed his whole life. Holton baptized him about two years later. He was discharged as cured; at least he had no outward sign of his former disease. He took his Bible, his shining face and his changed life back to his village, miles away from any Christian influence. He gathered a small school and taught his boys for a year or two. His elder brother was led by the change in him to come to his Saviour, as was the head man of his village, a Kallar chief of notoriously wicked life. The whole village was stirred to watch keenly the lives of these converts, and to listen without hostility when the missionary preached in their market place.

Mr. Sircar came again the next year to Madura. The new town hall was secured; and in spite of Mrs. Besant's opposition in sending a speaker to lecture on theosophy, large numbers crowded in. The Christian preacher's messages were strong, noble pleas for the universal need, the universal man, the universal religion. A part of each day was set aside for personal interviews both there and at the college.

A result of the campaign was the opening of the Women's

Exchange on April 18, in Vandi Savadi Lane, near the Roya Gopuram of the Great Temple. The central room of the house Miss Swift secured would seat three hundred, making a headquarters for women's work in the campaign and for all the developing activities of enlarging women's work in the city.

Meanwhile, the Bible school and the industrial home for converts were moving to their new site at Rachanyapuram, Salvation Place, where Wingate Hall was built. A hundred women were in the Industrial School, earning their living while they learned.

Paul Lawrence was immediately kidnapped by his people after his baptism, and carried to another city. For some months the missionaries did not hear of him; then, in some way, he returned. In spite of great difficulties, he came regularly to Cooper's bungalow, bringing another Brahmin student anxious to know about Christ the Saviour, asking Cooper to start a Bible class so that they could learn more. The other student afterward was baptized George Sundharam, and spent many years as a doctor in the Mission hospital and the hospital for lepers. And Paul Lawrence became a secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in India.

A group of missionaries, some of them in the United Theological Seminary in Bangalore, with certain Indian leaders, notably K. T. Paul, were strenuously agitating for home rule in the church. As the Indian church in the Madura and Ramnad districts was already controlled by Indians, not much impression was made in South India.

In 1918, the London Missionary Society withdrew from the Pasumalai Theological Seminary, but the Ceylon Mission joined in their place. The next year the seminary became affiliated with the university at Serampore, Bengal, so that the university diploma was thenceforth given to those who completed the English course.

Stanley Jones and Sadhu Sundar Singh helped in the evangelistic campaign, speaking in Victoria Edward Hall. In 1919, the Eddys again toured India, with Dr. Hutchins of Oberlin. They held four-day meetings in Madura and Aruppukottai, with another glorious victory for personal evangelism. One of the remarkable developments of this campaign was the large number of Hindus who came into the East Gate church to hear Eddy, people who would not formerly have darkened a church door. The morning meetings were for Christians, to train them in soul-winning, the evening ones for others, every one brought by a Christian worker.

In their Extraordinary Council on March 21, 1919, the Malabar churches voted to unite with the South India United Church. In April, the Executive Committee of the S.I.U.C. appointed a Board of Management for the Malabar Church Council's work, to be in charge until the Malabar Church Council could be organized according to its new constitution.

The steady growth continued in the caste group in Aruppukottai. Leading men of the various castes made the decision for Christ. One was a wealthy Nadar who immediately joined in the effort to lead a young lecturer and astrologer to the feet of the Saviour. In the evening meeting that day, the astrologer testified:

"For many years I have known of Christ, and have had the desire to give myself to Him from the time I was twelve years old, studying in the mission school. I confess that I have deceived the people for years with pretended skill as an astrologer and healer. This fraudulent profession I will put out of my life from henceforth."

The congregation clapped their hands with joy, and several young men followed his example in declaring their decision to follow Christ. On the following Sunday morning, a hundred and twenty-six adult candidates presented themselves for baptism, from fourteen different castes. Pariahs, Reddys, Nadars, Maravars and Kuruvars stood together in confession of Christ, most of them there as a result of personal testimony by Christians and new converts. Some already had a good knowledge of the Bible from attending mission schools. Some had been associate members of Christian-Endeavor societies.

A goldsmith said, "Others witnessed to me; I will witness to others, and not stop before I have brought ten families to Christ."

"I will bring my people to Christ; they are fifty families," said the rich young Nadar.

"But you have been their priest, leading them in the worship of the idol, honored with the privilege of presenting the offering and placing the garland of flowers round the neck of the idol! The god will be angry, and his worshippers will persecute you. Look out for poison!"

But he had been once a Hindu boy in a village school where Christian boys had invited him to their Endeavor meetings and made him an associate member. He returned home and witnessed boldly to the saving power of Jesus. They rose in opposition and cursed and beat him. They caught his young wife and stripped and beat her with rough ropes. They robbed him of his treasure box of jewels and money.

Instead of retaliating, he betook himself nightly to the "Cornfield Prayer Meeting," where forty young men gathered and scratched away the film of cracked mud after the light rains to kneel in the moonlight and pray. The sound of their voices came to the village on the still night air, praying mightily to God for wisdom and boldness against their enemies. In a pause, suddenly a new voice broke out in agitated confession to the true God—it was the voice of the chief persecutor!

Then arose songs of joy and gratitude from all together, and they came to the village proclaiming, "Lord, even the devils are subject to us through thy name!"

"Choose a name for me; I intend to be baptized a Christian and no name will suit but the one you choose, for you have brought me salvation by your brave testimony," said the former persecutor to the rich young Nadar.

"Then take the name Satgurnam, 'Good Character,' for like Paul you have changed from bad to good when the light of truth shone on you."

In the five years of the special evangelistic campaign, four thousand three hundred and forty-nine souls were added to the Madura Mission churches by baptism.

Chapter 45

The Women's Exchange

In 1917, the Christian women of the South India United Church, the churches of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church of Sweden, who had all worked as the Women's Evangelistic Committee during the campaign, planned to continue their association together by joining in a headquarters which they called the "Madura Christian Women's Exchange." Here experiences could be exchanged, service given and blessing received. It was a surprise to their small faith that they quickly and easily found a central location in a large house adjoining the great King Tower of the temple. And a greater surprise awaited them—the seven merchant owners agreed to empty the house of its stores of sugar and pepper and to lease it to them for three years at a low rental.

Five hundred people could be seated in the large room, around which were nine others, and the hall upstairs gave room for entertaining and teaching the children who came with their mothers to the meetings.

The women opened the Exchange with special exercises and a reception in the presence of four hundrd people on April 18. Miss A. Elizabeth and Miss C. Sornam, both experienced teachers from Capron Hall, were set apart for the work as secretaries, and twenty-eight of the Circle leaders formed a ring about them, offering prayer for their consecration to the work of serving India's women. After inspiring addresses, messages from sympathetic friends far and near, and refreshments, the guests inspected the house. Gifts were offered by many—folding chairs, books, tables, lamps and money.

During that year, Miss Elizabeth met with many of the Prayer Circles, visited hundreds of Christian and Hindu women and received hundreds of visitors at the Exchange. They came to sew or to sing hymns and lyrics, to look at pictures or to be read to, to be taught, comforted or advised, to find friends. Miss Sornam taught some pupils until September, when she was called to take up teaching at the Bible school. Miss Elizabeth arranged Gospel meetings with special speakers or with the cinematograph, or with singers accompanied by drum, violin or the bagpipe droning of the flute harmonium. Students and teachers of Capron Hall helped in the meetings or upstairs with the children.

Illiteracy held back the work, and Miss Swift inaugurated the special campaign slogan, "Each one reach one, each one teach one." Eighty-three per cent of Christians were illiterate; their consequent ignorance of Christian truth prevented them from living and thinking as Christians and hindered the power of the Church among Hindus.

"It may seem to you a small thing to teach one woman to read, or one girl. But if every one who knows how to read were to persevere until she succeeded in teaching someone else, what an immense change would be brought about! Think what a great work is accomplished when you teach a woman to read! Such a woman can help her children after her, and the blessing will go down to succeeding generations," she told them.

Miss Gertrude Chandler took charge of the meetings for children, arranging many at the Exchange or the Hindu girls' schools, with a hundred to three hundred children, and many Hindu mothers present.

Handwork classes were conducted by her kindergarten training classes from Capron Hall, called by the people Mangalapuram, the "Place of Festivals." Medical talks were given by Miss Soranam Stephens of the Women's Hospital, temperance, travel talks and war-work lectures were given, and much evangelism by ninety-two volunteer workers. Several baptisms took place, in spite of the fact that religious freedom is only a name to India's women—the sacrifices to be made are sometimes greater than death. Many as they came and went said, "I put my trust in Jesus; since I was a child I have trusted only in Him." And, "Pray for me; I am seeking the true Way." All this training of Christian women, and help for the Hindu women and some Mohammedans, was done at an expense of about sixty dollars a month.

Miss Swift stood talking with a Brahmin gentleman of high position, who had passed through much trial to become a Christian.

"We go over the same ground again and again with Hindu inquirers," said she, "their obligations to their families, often to little children, the inevitable loss of home, children, relatives and means of support."

"In the case of Hindu women, especially wives," said he, "you are face to face with conditions of exceeding difficulty. You can do nothing to force a decision for Christ in public against such odds. But though these secret converts cannot accept baptism, they are not without their own witness to their Saviour. They testify that they are believers, therefore baptized by the Holy Spirit of God, when they attend Christian meetings. They witness for Christ in their homes; in suffering sometimes, and in weakness, but that hidden witness will be very potent in bringing about the movement toward Christ in high-caste circles, which I confidently expect some day to see."

"And so do I!" replied Miss Swift. "Some make the most striking confessions to us. We wish for all Christian women a deep spiritual experience from which a loving testimony would spontaneously spring, as the water flows with unconscious constancy from its hidden sources."

Suddenly, in 1921, the owners raised the rent of the house from sixty rupees to a hundred.

"How is this? We cannot pay a hundred rupees!"

"We may confess to you now that we could not rent this house to anyone at the time you took it, because it was inhabited by devils. But now that you have been using it, the devils have all departed and the house has again become a valuable property. We cannot let you keep it for less than a hundred rupees, as when you vacate it in April, we can easily get good rent for it again."

In 1918, a group of Christian women had brought in five dollars requesting that it be put away as the first money toward a permanent building for this kind of personal work. It had so far been carried on by generous help in donations from Dr. J. X Miller and other friends among the missionaries and Indian Christians. In July, 1919, the Christian Women's Association was given permission to appeal to the American churches for a permanent building.

The women prepared and adopted a constitution which was approved by the Mission and the pastors and laymen of the city churches who were present at the meeting. Meanwhile, the women continued their circles for prayer and Bible study under volunteer Indian and missionary leaders, having as a basis for all their efforts to enlist every Christian woman as a personal witness and worker for Christ.

A building was found at 70 West Veli Vidhi, remodeled and put in excellent condition by Mr. J. H. Lawson, the Mission builder, and dedicated as the new Women's Exchange, on April 4, 1925.

Miss Swift retired in 1931, and went to live in Bangalore, where she graciously kept a missionary rest house. As always when one of many years' service retires, either missionary or Indian, there were farewell meetings with words of gratitude and love.

Men with whom she had been associated for forty-seven years, and with whom she had sat when the District Conference and the Church Council were organized, met to do her honor in the presence of hundreds of people. The schoolchildren, the church women, the Women's Exchange and the Bible and industrial schools gave words of love and appreciation, and showered her with gifts and garlands.

A Hindu woman of the robber caste was heard wailing as her car left the bungalow, and rose in the darkness to weep, "The mother is gone . . . is gone!"

CHAPTER 46

Malabar

A YEAR after the Great War was declared in 1914, the British government removed more than three-quarters of the two hundred German missionaries in India from their work. They interned and finally sent them back to Germany, never to return. The handful of Swiss missionaries left appealed for assistance to the South Indian Council of Missions. All churches, schools, mission houses and other property of the Mission were listed for sale by the custodian of alien enemy property. Mr. J. H. Oldham, secretary of the Conference of British Missionary Societies in England, and simultaneously the National Missionary Council of India, appealed to the British Government to stay the threatened confiscation. After long negotiations, a satisfactory conclusion was reached.

The Government vested all the old Basel Mission property in a board of five trustees, three of whom were appointed by the National Missionary Council of India and two by the government, a missionary being chairman of the board. With the approval of the Government, the Basel Mission work was redistributed. The Swiss missionaries were concentrated in the north section of the Mission, the South Kanara and South Mahratta Districts, under the superintendence of a British missionary. Another large section, in the Nilgiri Hills and Coorg districts, was adopted by the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England, and a section in the North Kanara District was assigned to the National Missionary Society of India.

The fourth portion was taken over by the South India United Church. This section, the Malabar District, is a hundred and twenty-five miles long, and from twenty to thirty miles wide at various places, with a population of three million, speaking Malayalam, a cognate language with Tamil. The center of the district is Calicut, a city of eighty-five thousand. It is a beautiful, verdant garden, abounding in rice fields, coconut groves, bananas, pineapples, mangoes and papayas. It is shut in by the sea on one side and lofty, craggy mountains on the other.

The Mission work comprised seventeen churches with eight thousand Christians; sixty-five itinerating evangelists, all educated up to college entrance, with a four-year seminary course in addition; forty-two village day schools; nine secondary schools, of which four were high schools; one normal school; all with more than nine thousand pupils in attendance; two orphanages; a leper asylum; a hospital; and four large industrial establishments. The last consisted of two weaving and two roof-tile factories employing over twenty-five hundred men and turning over annually to the Mission treasury before the war no less than a hundred thousand dollars of net profits.

These factories, which suffered severely from lack of skilled supervisors during the five years following the expulsion of the German missionaries, were then taken over by a group of English Christians interested in missions, who agreed to accept five per cent on their investment, all profits over this sum to be turned over as formerly to the Mission work.

With abundant funds and German thoroughness, the Mission organization was developed to a high degree of efficiency, buildings ample and beautiful, well planned and equipped. The organization was autocratic; everything moved with clocklike precision as long as the German missionaries remained.

When they left, disintegration set in. The hundred and fifty thousand Christians of the whole Mission were utterly unable to make the expenditure of over thirty thousand dollars a year needed to maintain the new responsibility or to assist in solving the financial problems. Their energies were wholly needed in support of work to which they were already committed in their own districts.

The four Mission Boards of the South India United Church decided that the necessary finances should be underwritten half by the English boards and half by the American. To replace eighteen missionaries, it was agreed that at least one missionary family for general supervision, one single lady for the large girls' high school at Calicut, and one Indian pastor of unusual executive ability was the absolute minimum.

The English societies, much depleted and weakened by the war, had sent home about half of their small force on long-delayed furloughs when peace came. The Dutch Reformed Mission, by a sad succession of deaths and withdrawals for health reasons, was unable to spare a single man or woman. A talented Australian lady was fortunately secured for a year to take over the Girls' High School. Dr. and Mrs. Banninga entered upon this large responsibility for one year in April, 1919, with the understanding that they would be succeeded by some other American Board missionary family. The Reverend V. Santiago, president of the South India United Church, was released from his Madura church for a year of pastoral supervision in Malabar.

Dr. Banninga became manager of three high schools, one in Tellicherry, forty-six miles north of Calicut, with over eight hundred pupils; one at Palghat, eighty miles south; and one, the girls' high school in Calicut, with three hundred girls. He also had the care of two orphanages, one at Parapperi with fifty-five boys, the other at Chombala with fifty girls, where remarkable pillow lace is made and shipped to the London market.

The General Assembly of the South India United Church held its biennial meeting at Calicut in 1919, lodging sixty Indian delegates in the Women's and Children's Hospital and entertaining the European delegates at the bungalows of friends. The most important subject that came up was the question of the union of the Anglican Church with the South Indian United Church, on a basis of union which had been formulated by a group of ministers of the two churches.

The Assembly adopted a resolution requesting the councils to consider whether or not it would be desirable to adopt a constitutional episcopacy, in which the bishops should be elected by, and be responsible to, the General Assembly, in which there should be a mutual recognition of the absolute equality of the ministry and of the membership of the uniting churches, and in which the resultant church should be an autonomous and independent entity.

On their return from furlough in 1921, the Reverend and Mrs. J. H. Dickson of the Jaffna Mission were sent to Calicut to take charge of the Malabar Mission work assigned to the American Board. Mr. Dickson arrived there July 26. The Moplah rising took place August 21, 1921. This outbreak was by Moslems, whose passions had been aroused by England's participation in the Sèvres treaty, with its dismemberment of Turkey and its demeaning of the Sultan as the caliph of the Moslem world. The Moplah's name is derived from the Tamil word for "bridegroom," as their ancestors had settled on the Malabar coasts and abducted Indian brides for themselves.

The rebels committed depredations on all sides. The railway was put out of commission for forty miles and the telegraph for more. For eleven days, the Dicksons were shut off from communication with the rest of the world, until the railway was temporarily restored. It was many months before the revolt could be suppressed, because of jungles so dense that they could be penetrated only by those familiar with them. British troops were of little use, and the Government enrolled and trained hundreds of native troops to deal with the situation.

There were twenty-three thousand refugees in the camps of Malabar; more than that number scattered in private houses; and thousands fled to parts outside Malabar. A hundred and sixty-one Christian refugees fled to the Mission compound in Calicut. Over four hundred fled to a camp seven miles away, and a hundred and eighty to a camp more than eighty miles away, besides many who hid in private houses. The rebels looted and burned houses, cut down coconut, rubber and tea plantations that had taken years to come into bearing, and rooted up plantain trees and gardens. The problem of feeding the refugees pressed upon the missionaries, but they knew the distress of these destitute people would be keen for years to come, even if they were able to return to their homes to face life anew without capital and cattle, their plantations ruined.

Scores of Hindus came daily into the government offices in Calicut to report that they had changed their religion. Hundreds were forcibly converted to Mohammedanism; this involved shaving the head, circumcision, some formal instruction and the repetition of certain formulae. The new converts had to put on the Mohammedan plaid vestee and to eat beef, which to the Hindu is an unpardonable sin. They knew that if ever peace came, their Hindu caste men would not take them back. But they would not dare to turn from Islam, once having been called Moslems, for the Moplahs boast that no one who has accepted Islam and turned his back on it has been permitted to live. Instances are quoted of the lapse of as much as twenty years after conversion, when the individual has been followed up and murdered. It does no good to emigrate; the Moplah follows his victim until he finds him.

In the years gone by, many Moplahs have become Christians; not one remains today. Some have recanted and the others have disappeared without leaving a trace. The common way of dealing with their victims is to behead them with a country-made sword about twenty-seven inches long, but they vary this by throwing them alive into wells or shutting them up in houses and setting fires. Women are outraged, little children tortured, and nameless barbarities practiced that fill one with hot indignation.

As a result of the Moplah rebellion, many Hindus who had been brought to believe that the Mohammedans were their friends, were disillusioned. The so-called Hindu-Moslem "friendship and co-operation" against British rule received a rude shock.

Hindus found the British government their sole protection against their erstwhile "friends," and nonco-operation with the government suffered in Malabar and throughout India what many felt would be an irreparable blow. Thinking Indians began to see that democracy requires character more than adhesion to formulae and catch-words.

CHAPTER 47

Thieves by Profession

GAILY DRESSED women, with flouncing wide-gathered skirts, their ears, noses, ankles, necks and arms heavily bejeweled, flitted about the streets of the village, offering with bold smiles to tell the fortunes of any who would cross their palms with silver. Some were dancing, while their menfolk circulated among the amused spectators, "lifting" coveted articles. At doorways along the way some stood by twos and threes bargaining with the Hindu housewives to reline the brass cooking vessels with zinc. Soon a woman would be seen here and there smearing the melted metal smoothly inside the spherical brass pot, with another blowing the bellows, while many a keen, quick glance from bright black eyes took in significant details of the houses near.

They noted the position of strongly brass-studded doors and windows; the box inside which might contain money or jewels; the watch dog. Soon the work was done, the tinners and fortunetellers received their pay and moved on, the streets were empty again.

Weeks later some night the houses of many in the village would be broken into and robbed, so cleverly that no alarm would be sounded. The people would wonder what thieves were so familiar with their homes that they could find their treasures without making any disturbance.

The Kuravas were only one of the many lower castes of thieves by profession. Some stole by night, some by day. Some broke into houses by holes dug through the mud walls, others by picking locks. Some stole sheep and cattle, others reaped the standing grain. Some could unhitch the plodding oxen while their assistants, imitating their measured gait, drew the bandy along the moonlit road so easily as not to waken the sleeping driver until they dropped the bandy-tongue and joined the oxen miles away. Some robbed sleeping travelers of their money, others picked the pockets of wide-awake shoppers in the bazaar streets.

Up to the nineties, it was hard to get any money but in silver or copper. Forty rupees weighed a pound, and those who had to carry two or three hundred rupees for payrolls were occasionally waylaid and robbed by night in their slow-moving bullock-bandies. This happened to several of the missionary ladies returning to their stations with money to pay their teachers and Bible Women.

Kallars are a higher caste of robbers. Those who did not practice stealing were able to make a fair living by acting as watchmen, guaranteeing that their employers' goods would be safe from their Kallar castemen.

"Do you mean to say that we have to submit to blackmail?" asked young Vaughan in 1895, when he was stationed in Battlagundu to study Tamil.

"Well, as things are now, you will hardly be able to keep anything safe unless you do," replied Chandler.

So Vaughan kept a Kallar watchman. As they practiced over some Tamil lyrics or quietly read in the evenings, suddenly a deep voice would thunder from the darkness outside, "Salaam!" This never failed to make them jump. They would turn, to find that it was only their faithful watchman, come to pay his respects.

The missionaries and others could thus protect themselves, but the poor were helpless. At last, in desperation, they drove the Kallars out of their borders and appealed to the police for protection. To preserve order, the police of Kallar villages required that all the men be registered with their thumb prints, should come every night to sleep at the police station in some villages, in others to respond to the roll call twice every night. Five or seven headmen were sometimes chosen a Panjayat, to stand sponsor for their village, to guarantee to keep it clean, to send the children to school, to hand over those guilty of crime, and to prevent their fellow villagers from going out on thieving expeditions. These various regulations became an insupportable burden to the Kallars, who by 1915 were sufficiently subdued to welcome Government plans to establish settlements for them.

In the Madura and Ramnad districts, the criminal castes were third in numbers among the other castes—two hundred thousand people. Though not all were actively implicated in crime, all were potential criminals, and kept their neighbors in continuous apprehension by their predatory habits. The Government established a department under a Kallar special officer and asked the mission to undertake the oversight of a settlement where the Kallars might be trained to weave, farm or engage in other trades. The Mission was asked to appoint a missionary and teachers, while the Government would build the needed huts, schools and a bungalow for the missionary, and supply agricultural implements, looms, tools, bullocks and the support of the settlers until the harvest.

As the Mission had for seventy-five years with limited resources been sending pastors, teachers and catechists to preach Christ among the various groups of Kallars, they were glad to come into such a partnership in work for them. Many of the leaders among the Kallars were the school youth of earlier years, and all were eager to come under the direct supervision of the missionary.

The Mission appointed the Reverend J. X Miller as superintendent of the proposed settlement until the time when the work would require the full time of a missionary, and asked the Board to send a man trained in agriculture and stock-raising. Mr. Miller and Mr. Clinch, Kallar special officer, chose a site of three thousand acres at the head of the Kambam Valley, near the village of Gudalur, forty-five miles from Periakulam and seventy miles from Madura. It is near the hills on three sides, at an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet, with good soil and climate, and thought to be free of fevers. In the villages nearby were seventy-five thousand of the most vigorous and aggressive people among the robber castes.

The war delayed the scheme, and not until 1917 was the Reverend E. P. Holton appointed. He left the Tirumangalam boarding school in the care of Pastor Thomas and went by motorcycle to Kambam for a chicken-curry lunch with Pastor Isaac, then on to Gudalur. There, with Mr. Clinch, the Reverend Harold C. Cooper and Mr. R. Thomas, Government agricultural expert, he chose sites for new houses.

"As the West Local Council already has a school bang in the middle of our land, at Pullappakavundanpatti, we won't need a new one until over a hundred families enroll," said he.

"It's so off the line of travel, that you'll find getting mail a bit difficult," remarked Clinch. "I'll give you a constable orderly, and Lassie, a mare you'll find very useful in inspecting and planning here. My big tent will be just the thing until you can get your hut built, which should be before the rains set in."

"So near the hills, it will be torrents then," said Cooper. "I'm planning to bring my family for a while if I can find a good place to camp. The Public Works Department bungalow at Gudalur would do, I suppose. What do you think?"

"If you want to be right in the settlement, you'll have to bring another set of old tents for the present," replied Holton. "For my part, there are so many enemies to the success of the Kallar Voluntary Settlement, and such a sight of work to be done, that I intend to stick right here until Christmas at least. It's not a good place for the family yet, but will be fine by the time Wife comes back from America."

"Here's fine grazing for cattle," remarked Clinch. "Couldn't be better. They get rains much more frequently from these hills than down below. We could sow and harvest two or three crops of dry grains a year. You might put in ten acres or so of American cotton as an experiment."

Thomas was drawing a map in his notebook.

"We could bring down some of those mountain streams for irrigating at small cost," said he. "Then gingelly and cholam would do well."

"What protection have our settlers against the other Kallars in the vicinity?" asked Cooper.

"Oh, three or four members of the district police live near," replied Clinch. "And you will need them, as their neighbors won't wish your settlers any good at first!"

Kallars had been settling there for thirty years, when driven from the villages on the plain. Twenty families joined the Kallar Voluntary Settlement, but three men afterward enlisted in the army.

The rains came heavily before Holton had finished his hut, his cook deserted him and he had to get along with an incompetent sixteen-year-old lad. Though harvest was on for a hundred and ninety acres of gingelly, and the cholam seed was ready, he was held up for lack of funds from the Government.

By lantern light in his damp tent, he wrote one of his voluminous left-handed notes to Wallace in the treasury office in Madura:

"I'm waiting for Government to wake up, yawn, stretch itself and pass the necessary orders, meanwhile shutting down business to the smallest possible extent."

The weather was cold as well as wet, and a severe epidemic of malaria broke out. Holton made plans for building his bungalow and the other buildings of the settlement, though he had repeated attacks of fever, until in December he had to take the bus to Madura to be under Dr. Van Allen's care. In June, 1918, he had three more severe attacks at Gudalur, which he succeeded in breaking up with a recently discovered American course of treatment. He also gave this to the members of the settlement, rendering them reasonably free from malaria and from Bombay, or Spanish flu, which was raging over the presidency and district. But he kept on until November, when he planned to leave to meet his family in America, while the Reverend and Mrs. B. V. Mathews were arriving and would take up the settlement work.

The Mission was, however, unable to station the Mathews there. The bungalow was not yet built, the Government malarial expert was not sure the spot chosen was a healthful place, and the Kallar special officer who had made the plans for the settlement had been transferred.

Holton got sailings booked in Madras, and arrived at Chandler's home there.

"How is the lexicon coming?" he inquired.

"We're still going over lists from every part of the Tamil country. I expect to get several thousands of words from the fishermen in Jaffna," replied Chandler. "And how are you? Are you all ready to sail?"

"I'm faint, yet pursuing!" exclaimed Holton, sinking into a rocking chair. "I'm seven-eighths packed and only three-fourths dead, so I hope to win out by a small margin."

"When do you sail?"

"Worse luck! I find that Government has again commandeered the boat I was booked on! Everything seems to conspire to keep me from my family!"

"Well, you'd best just go to Colombo and wait there, taking your chance that a boat will arrive and they will find a place for you," advised Chandler.

"I'll do it! They'll send me off to get rid of me!"

During Christmas week, Burleigh Mathews, new manager of the Kallar Voluntary Settlement, took the Reverend A. J. Saunders with him to make a tour of inspection up the Kambam Valley.

"How can you manage this work, with district work, West Local Council chairmanship, and boarding school management at Battlagundu?" Saunders wondered.

"I can't do it justice. I shall have to live at Battlagundu, where the mission has stationed me, and the work there is a full-time job. Too bad the Board could not send the trained agricultural missionary we need."

"Perhaps with the fever menace they seem to find here, and the changed emphasis the new Kallar special officer shows, we shall simply have to give up this wonderful opportunity," sighed Saunders.

"If the war had not interrupted, we probably could have carried on. The Government seems to have taken the stand that the best place to begin reforming the robber castes is with the young, by putting them into school."

This policy met with the approval of the Mission educators for Christian children as well as the Kallars. Dr. Miller, in presenting a report after Powers' survey of education in the villages, said, "Christian children are decreasing in attendance at our schools, and Hindu children taking their places. I am convinced that we should make a forward movement in evangelism and elementary education. We should ask the Board to double our appropriation for this and enlarge our Circle boarding-schools to meet the needs of the village schools. There is no department of our work so much in need of help now, nor any that will yield so large returns. These schools must no longer be content with payment of Government help based on results, but must also ask for Government grants, inspection and recognition. We are losing thousands of rupees of help annually by failure to do this."

CHAPTER 48

"All Thy Children Shall Be Taught of the Lord"

MR. JEFFERY had eight to ten Kurava boys on government scholarship from 1918 in the Aruppukottai Boarding School. The Kuravas are a housebreaking thief caste. By the help of Mr. Loveluck, Ramnad District Superintendent of Police, he had received a Government grant of seven thousand rupees for the full cost of a dormitory for fifty boys, and part of the funds for a two-storey dormitory for girls. Then serious illness required that he leave for America.

The managers of all the boarding schools were pleading for help to take advantage of the opportunities for work among young people in their schools. Their buildings were outgrown and in poor repair. They drew up a plan for new buildings for all the outstations at a cost of four hundred and fifty thousand rupees, with thirty thousand additional for equipment, and the Mission sent it to the Board with strong and frequent recommendations.

The Reverend and Mrs. Emmons E. White took over the Aruppukottai work in 1921, and finished the building of the boys' dormitory with the able help of Mr. Lawson, the Mission builder, at a cost of over ten thousand rupees.

The new Kallar special officer, a Brahmin, called on Mr. Lorbeer at Pasumalai.

"We are sending fifty Kuravas to the Aruppukottai Mission Boarding School, and paying all their expenses. Under our new system we are offering to release from the roll call requirement all the criminal-caste men in villages agreeing to appoint five responsible men as a Panjayat, or Council of Five, and to send their children to school. We plan to open three hundred village schools; all we need is the teachers. Can your Mission supply a hundred teachers? We will collect from the local Kallars, and with Government money pay all their salaries."

"I'll do my best. We've sent out hundreds of teachers in the past, but I'm glad to say all of them are now busy. We'll scour the horizon for trained teachers for you."

"Good! And we want the Mission to supervise them. The Kallars will supply the schoolhouses. Having been educated in the Christian College myself, I know nobody can help in our job of reclaiming the Kallars as you missionaries can."

Lorbeer wrote to the Board: "We must take in another class next year. We can give a year's training for twenty dollars. Can you send us six hundred dollars so that we can take in a class of thirty?"

But the Board could not send the money needed.

Seventy-five children were sent at Government expense to the Pasumalai and Tirumangalam boarding schools. Three thousand five hundred pupils were soon in the village schools. The few Kallar men trained in the past as teachers became invaluable in starting new schools. With Indian helpers, the missionary went from village to village.

Their appearance seemed the signal for the people to assemble, who pointed out a cow stable or the village resthouse, which they were willing to devote to the cause of education. Children waited in every group, and the missionary appointed some literate young man among the villagers as teacher, or sent a man. Within a few months there were a hundred and fifty of these village schools, and the next year two hundred, a third of which the Mission controlled.

Dudley and his Indian workers traveled among the schools in the Tirumangalam area, supervising the teaching, urging parents to send their children, trying to popularize the new idea that a girl can study just like a boy. Parents and Panjayat members left their work to listen to the Bible stories or instructions about new reforms.

"The tide has turned," said Dudley, "and now every village wants a school immediately. Why has the proud, conservative Kallar suddenly turned to welcome the preacher?"

"Sir, we have seen what wonders are done in the Mission schools. Ramasami studied; and now, instead of being an unclad and ignorant swineherd like his relatives, he is a learned man. First he was a teacher, then an evangelist, then a pastor, and now we hear he is president of the whole Assembly of the Church in South India."

"That's true! And we have heard of others," said another villager. "One is a pastor with you today—Mr. Gnanamuthu. Sir, were not your ancestors daring highway robbers, murderers and suicides?"

"Yes, that's true!" answered Gnanamuthu. "And I would have grown up to the same fate if God had not sent the saintly Reverend H. C. Hazen of Aruppukottai to take me into his boarding school, and afterward send me to the Pasumalai schools and the Theological Seminary."

"You are right," testified Dudley, "and those you name are not all; we could tell you many more. Some are humble Christians, some pastors, teachers and Bible Women, daring and consecrated in the service of their new Master."

During the year, sixty-four received baptism from this caste alone. In the boarding schools were fifty children sent by the Kallar Special Officer at Government expense. They read the Bible, prayed and went to church, and sometimes were seen in the weaving shed, or in the dormitory by lantern light, being taught by a youngster only a few months longer in the school than themselves, and praying before they slept. Kallar children soon became enthusiastic Christian Endeavorers, winning prizes in competition with Christian children for memorizing Bible verses.

They learned weaving and carpentry, and stayed during vacation to work at their trades, kept in order by a Panjayat of their own number. Each boarding school had some form of practical prevocational training, with a full-time teacher. Children who gained some skill in handwork returned to their homes with samples of the things they had made, to the pride of all their neighbors and friends. In the training schools, increasing emphasis was placed on preparation for rural life, so that teachers would know how to make village life more wholesome and attractive.

Wolsted was developing Manamadura into an agricultural training center.

The training schools were increasing their service without increased appropriations from America. The number of students in the Pasumalai Training School had doubled in five years. Because they guaranteed forty seats to Panchamas, meaning "Fifth Caste," or out-caste, the government now paid the salary of two teachers, and would pay a third salary if the school would reserve twenty seats for Kallars.

The tribal sport of the Kallar is the jellicut, in which they attempt to catch, empty-handed, large bulls especially bred for the purpose, and to take costly cloths wound round their horns as prizes. It is dangerous, but that is why the Kallar likes it. Seeing this love for sport, the missionary advertised races and went out to run off contests in the high jump, broad jump and distance runs. A huge crowd assembled, and a strenuous hour and a half followed. The police soon took up the idea, and established the custom of organizing three big sports carnivals a year.

The Kallar Special Officer and Mr. Lorbeer diverted the wild propensities of the boys into scout activities, and gathered twenty-nine men into camp to be trained as scoutmasters. Meanwhile, the Government was conducting many centers for industrial work, and loaning large sums of money through co-operative societies to enable the Kallars to engage in farming and stock-raising.

"These are stirring times," said Burleigh Mathews. "Twenty-two converts from one of the criminal tribes were baptized by the pastor in a village in my station at Battlagundu last week. We visited three other villages in which we found more than a hundred and seventy-five Hindus ready to be baptized."

The Reverend and Mrs. Cooper, touring the Kallar villages, found a movement toward Christ in many places. Some special donations from friends in America were welcome aids in pressing the evangelistic work, one friend of Mr. Cooper's supporting a touring evangelist and supervisor of the forty schools. At Pasumalai they started a monthly newspaper by the Kallars, *The Pasumalai Reformer*, which Lorbeer would add to his equipment of mat and blanket, roll of Sunday-school pictures and Gospel booklets, on his bicycle tours every week end into different sections of the Kallar Nad. Sometimes normal-school students would join him on these excursions, eager to tell the Gospel story to the groups of children they found in the village schools. Even where the people were still under the nightly check of the police, they gathered with the children and listened, buying Gospel portions.

"Please fill our water pots; we have been waiting for hours!"

begged a group of women, watching their high-caste neighbors drawing water.

"Why can't they draw it themselves?" asked Lorbeer, alighting from his bicycle.

"Those out-castes?" inquired the haughty Kallar women. "They are the Chuckliers who live in the huts over there outside the village—the lowest of the low! Carrion eaters! Their touch would pollute the well; they may not even approach it!"

"Here, Thambi! Run get a pail and rope. Our good deed is awaiting us at this well."

"Sir!" expostulated the men standing near. "You foreigners seem to have no idea of the respect due from out-castes like them! Oh, well, if you have no more dignity than to help them, of course we must do so, too!" And several high-caste men of the Kallar village were soon helping to carry the water to the Chuckliers waiting at the prescribed distance, and to pour it into their pots.

"See that you do not neglect these poor people again," admonished Lorbeer.

"As the Dhurai wishes! We will follow your honor's example and help them in future," they replied.

In 1923, J. Adhishtam, son of a Kallar convert, was ordained to the Tirumangalam West pastorate, Kavanadampatti. Back from the war in Mesopotamia, he had worked among the robber castes. Immediately after the ordination service, he baptized six adult converts, mostly Kallars. A hundred and seventy men, women and children had been baptized among the robbers in the previous three years, in half a dozen different pastorates.

One day in 1925, a Bible Woman was at David's house, pointing his wife to Christ. David, a convert from the Kallar caste, with a Kallar fellow workman, was at the bottom of an eighteen-foot well lined with cylindrical tiles. At five o'clock in the afternoon, he saw the tiles slip and the earth begin to fall in. The well filled with eight feet of earth over the two men, tiles fortunately leaving a little air space. Both men shouted in terror. Then came a word into David's mind: "Call on Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

A calm came over him, and he prayed, "My Father, Thou hast promised to deliver me in the day of trouble. Now save me from death in this well, both me and my Hindu friend."

"David! David! Let me use your Christian name, and pray to your God for me!" besought the Kallar.

"Yes, I will, and you may pray to Him, too. Repeat the words after me. Will you believe, and give yourself to Christ if we are saved?"

"Yes! Indeed I will, for I know He is God."

"Then say, 'O God, receive me now as Thy child through faith in Thy Son my Saviour, and save me with David from death in this well.' "

While the two were repeating their prayer, the pastor was sending an urgent telegram to Dudley Dhurai: "Come at once. Serious accident in our well."

A huge crowd gathered. Men worked desperately, lifting out in two hours the dirt it had taken days to move when the well was dug. The Hindu's elder brother reached them first, and found David. He leaned over him to speak to his brother; the crowd above surged in and started another slide which buried all three, and a fourth man who had followed him down.

"Now I am losing hope," said David, "but when we awake we shall be with our Saviour."

"So be it," replied the converted Kallar. "Surely I will be a Christian when I meet Him, whether we live or die."

Again the workers delved, the two men last buried were soon taken out alive, and once more David and his friend were sighted. Then Dudley arrived in his old Ford, and found the Government officer in charge. He drove to the nearby town and brought the police inspector to control the crowd. By ten o'clock, the last man came out of the bottom of the well almost unaided, once his legs were free. They brought him to the pastor's house, where David already lay.

"Brother in Christ, you won't forget your promise?"

"Indeed not! He has saved me! My promise was to God as well as to you. Pastor, will you baptize me next Sunday? Let me be called Moses, for I too was dragged out of a miry pit."

When the day came, David's wife also came forward and confessed Christ before all in baptism, with two other men. The whole countryside was present, wondering at the marvelous deliverance. And when the missionary went again to show pictures one evening with the magic lantern, some of these men were with him, singing Christian lyrics and planning to go out in a singing band to the surrounding villages, and to tell what Christ had done for them.

Eight Kallar boys in the Tirumangalam Boarding School asked to be baptized.

"Go home first," advised the missionary, "and ask your parents whether you may."

"Sir," said a dark-skinned villager, taking his shoulder cloth down to tie it round his waist, "I am the father of two of the Kallar boys who want to be Christians. I am the priest in our temple, and every day I offer gifts and adoration to the idol. But I have heard what my sons say of Jesus Christ and of the Book religion. And I have talked with the headmistress and now with you, and I am willing that they should leave the temple worship and become Christians."

At Capron Hall, the Christian girls looked with dread at their robber-caste classmates. Saturday came, and the girls were assigned to domestic work. The Kallar girls energetically completed their housework, baths and oil shampoos. In the afternoon, Miss Noyes asked, "Where are the Kallar girls?"

"Find the Kallar girls! They were here fifteen minutes ago. I do hope they have not run away!" exclaimed the matron in great anxiety. "We thought they were happy here, and they all call themselves Christians."

"Akka, we have found them," reported the messengers. "They are all studying in the library!"

"But the library is locked!"

"Well, it was. But they have pulled the pins from the door hinges and gone in!"

In 1920, the Church of Sweden Mission and the American Mission had made plans to ask the Government for help to open ten schools in villages, and to enable the American Mission to take a hundred Kallar boys into the boarding schools. More than this had now been done, and the Mission was planning to develop a boarding school scheme, making much-needed enlargements, estimated to cost two hundred thousand dollars.

The buildings were dilapidated. With the exception of the girls' dormitory and the one for Kurava boys at the Aruppukottai, and the new recitation hall at Dindigul, the schools had received in the past very few building grants from the government. There were five boarding schools—Dindigul, with Mr. Lorbeer as correspondent with the Government; Tirumangalam, with Mr. Dudley; Manamadura, with Mr. Wolsted; Battlagundu, with Mr. Martin; and Aruppukottai, with Mr. White. In all these the ladies were managing the schools, watching over the health of the children, the supplies and the cooking, and supervising the teaching, besides teaching some subjects themselves.

These schools showed old leaky dormitories condemned for the past ten years by Government and Mission inspectors alike as unsanitary and utterly unfit. They lacked benches, desks and other necessary equipment. Where classrooms had benches, the children crouched on the floor to use them for desks. Classrooms served by night as dormitories, the children unrolling their mats on the floor to sleep.

The Mission had in 1922 authorized Mr. Lorbeer and Mr. Martin to seek permission from the Board to ask for donations to complete the scheme. But the Prudential Committee refused to allow missionaries on furlough to solicit money for this purpose. When Mr. and Mrs. White made their plea before the Prudential Committee early in 1924, they at last received permission to appeal for fifty thousand dollars for this urgent need. During their furlough, they received nine thousand; and on their return, Mr. Lawson completed the buildings at Aruppukottai. In 1925, Elwood and Wolsted were asked to plead again, this time for half the amount originally requested.

In 1926 came a deputation consisting of Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, president of the Board; the Reverend William E. Strong, secretary; Miss Amy O. Welcher of Hartford, representing the Council of the Women's Boards; and Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Austin Decatur, who were valuable associates. They visited for a short month the stations of the Mission—Manamadura, Aruppukottai, Tirumangalam, Battlagundu, Dindigul, Pasumalai, the Kambam Valley outstations and the Hill Station at Kodaikanal, going up by car over the beautiful ghat road.

Said Dr. Potter, "The outstanding need of the Madura Mission is for equipment for the station boarding schools. This need is flagrant and, one might almost say, scandalous. The buildings at present in use are tolerated by the government inspectors only because of their regard for the character and ability of the missionaries who are in charge of these schools. A beginning has been made in providing new equipment at Aruppukottai and at

Dindigul. Complete new equipment for both boys and girls in each of the five station schools is an imperative and an immediate necessity."

The crowded conditions made it difficult to prevent the spread of itch and other discomforts. The isolation ward was a cowshed in some of the schools, open on three sides to the weather.

Funds were in hand for two new dormitories. In 1928, Mr. Dudley and the other boarding school managers prepared a request to the Government for a building grant of almost a hundred and sixty thousand rupees for the five schools. Dindigul, Manamadura and Aruppukottai had been raised to complete elementary schools. Battlagundu had opened a sixth standard, and this and Tirumangalam would soon be made complete eight-class elementary schools.

In four lines, the boarding schools rendered a unique and important service toward the reconstruction of the rural areas of the Madura and Ramnad districts—the education of girls, the reforming of the criminal tribes, prevocational training and the training of teachers. These schools were to be kept strictly elementary schools, their instruction mainly in Tamil. They were to keep their emphasis on prevocational work and other branches desirable for village life.

While the Dudleys and Wolsteds were in America in 1927, money had been secured to help move the Tirumangalam school to a better place; and by 1930, they had purchased nearly all the land needed. In May the Government sanctioned the grant requested, which would cover half the cost of the boarding-school scheme. Mr. Lawson immediately let the contracts for three recitation halls. Wells were dug on the new Tirumangalam site, and excavations begun.

Dudley visited the Government cattle-breeding station, established a little co-operative store, put four acres of the thirty under cultivation, and moved much of the industrial work to the new quarters.

One morning Dudley took a carful of visitors to the new site. He was so much engaged in giving facts to the back-seat occupants that he drove the car into a trial pit and bent the body enough so that no door would open. The fact-finders climbed out as best they could and watched Dudley and some obliging workmen extricate the car. With justifiable pride, he then pointed out the new buildings—the recitation hall for coeducational classwork, the vocational building, the two-acre enclosure for the girls' dormitories, the main kitchen and storerooms, the sickroom, the well, two double cottages like Miss Swift's for four families of twelve girls each, where for a part of the year they would cook, keep their accounts, garden and study as a family.

"How about the rest of the girls?" asked Mrs. Betts.

"As yet there are only thatched sheds for them. They can take turns living in the cottages until we get four more of them finished. Over there is the boys' dormitory, where a hundred and twenty boys eat, sleep and have their evening study hours. There is the garden where the boys work; they are growing alfalfa, sweet potatoes, onions, cucumbers, hot chillies and pumpkins for the school. Ten acres are given over to dry crops, like peanuts and cholam."

"Those are fine-looking water buffalo," remarked Dr. Barber.

"Yes, we have them for our milk supply for children found underweight when they come from the village. They have eaten and slept irregularly; there's a scarcity of food often enough and plenty of tomtomming and noise to keep a child restless. Their fathers earn not more than sixteen cents a day, and the children must also work in the fields. And many have been drinking dirty pond water because their parents have not been allowed to draw from the village wells. But here they get simple, wholesome food for the first time in their lives, and we soon notice a great difference, just from regular sleep, good food, baths, clean clothes and care when they are sick."

"What other stock do you have?" inquired Dr. Brown.

"Well, you see that boy escorting the big white goat?"

"Just look! Isn't that a beauty! Not much like the ones we've seen!"

"That's the Prince of Denmark. We have him for breeding, and hope to improve the milch goats in the surrounding countryside. And we have Berkshire pigs. We are trying, like Mr. Wolsted at Manamadura, to introduce and encourage the use of the regular iron plow instead of the iron-tipped stick you have seen. And the rural guide got me to help him persuade the people within a ten-mile radius to buy fourteen Kangayam breeding bulls and seventeen heifers for various people, in order to build up that variety of cattle and improve the stock."

"There is the athletic field; after school you would see girls as well as boys trying out the shot-put, playing tug-of-war and soccer."

They stopped before the gray-bearded old Chucklier, sitting on the ground, holding a loop of leather thong with his toes while he cut and shaped it.

"Behold the type of the missionary of the future!" proclaimed Dudley. "He is a specialist in his field, coming to the work with a specific contribution! He can't read his own name, but he can teach the boys and girls to make sandals; they can learn just that one thing from him."

"That seems to be the latest idea of the modern, liberal rethinker! Sewing, carpentry, rope-making, mat-weaving, cooking, poultry and stock-raising and gardening certainly should raise the village standard."

"Yes, and our boys go right on with this type of work when they get to Pasumalai High School," said Dudley. "They help to earn their way by cleaning the grounds, making bunds to hold the precious irrigation water, cleaning the classrooms and keeping poultry or bees to sell eggs and honey."

"It ought to make the children industrious and dependable," remarked Dr. Petty.

"That is the important reason for doing it. And we raise the ideal of the dignity of labor before the boys and their people. In the caste society of the village, that is very much needed."

CHAPTER 49

Pasumalai Expands

"OUR SCHOOLS keep their doors open to Mohammedans, Hindus and Christians, but they do it without compromise," declared Dr. J. X Miller of Pasumalai. "We are here to serve, primarily by teaching and training Christian workers. 'Come, if you will,' we say to them, 'you are welcome. But come knowing that we shall teach our Scriptures.' And Mohammedans and Hindus come with their eyes open, because they prefer Christian schools to others they might attend."

A certain man asked Dr. Miller to select twelve promising Indian lads who would be unable to secure an education unless aided. "I will pay their way," he said, "through school and college." This involved an investment of twenty-five dollars a year for each boy.

Of the boys selected, two were forced through family complications to drop out before they finished high school, having gained only enough training to enable them to become village teachers. Two had to leave after finishing high school, one becoming an inspector of police and the other a guard on the South Indian Railway. The remaining eight all became Christians. Two are ministers, two schoolmasters and four professors in Christian colleges, where they did important and valuable work.

In 1920, while on furlough in America, Dr. Miller called on his friend Walter C. Winchester, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and put before him the needs of Pasumalai.

"For fifty years," said he, "Pasumalai has kept the lead in training teachers and leaders in our Christian community, and we now feel that we have reached the stage of development where we should train our graduates from college for the teaching profession. We were pioneers in introducing manual training in the schools, and the study of agri-horticulture. These subjects have now found a recognized place in the secondary schools of the Madras Presidency."

"I would like to help in the building of the manual-training school," Mr. Winchester decided, "and I will give ten thousand dollars for that if you missionaries can secure gifts totaling forty thousand to meet the need of an adequate water supply, electric lighting plant and a new and modern high-school building."

That year Mr. Winchester died. But he had made provision for the fulfillment of his promise, including his conditions. The Board gave permission to raise the money as a special project. Dr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Lorbeer and Mr. Dickson took up the task. Mrs. Miller's part was to raise the money needed for the well and swimming pool, a suitable task for one so beloved by her boys in the Pasumalai schools.

They called her "Mother Miller," because she treated sore eyes on her verandah, visited the sick, nursed boys suffering from the dreaded cholera when the cautious dared not go near them, and swept their rooms herself. She received a gift from Mrs. E. Y. Hinks of Cambridge and built the Caroline Clark Hospital and Dispensary, named in honor of the donor's mother. She raised more money for the support of the hospital, for the well and the swimming pool, which were completed in 1924. At the time of her death in 1923, she was working with her needle for a sale of handwork to further the water-supply system.

Mr. Dickson's efforts were given to the improvement and enlargement of the Trade School, which he brought to a high state of efficiency, installing the water and light plants and training men to run them.

In 1924, the Pasumalai schools celebrated their seventy-ninth anniversary in the outdoor auditorium, called in Tamil the "Arangasalai," and added twenty-four acres to the farm and campus. Here an annual Passion Week play, "Love Divine," attracts thousands to view the Gospel message. With the help of friends in the Long Beach church, and a gift of fifteen thousand dollars from Miss Vorhees, the task of raising the fifty thousand dollars was completed. The cornerstone of the Walter C. Winchester Manual Training School was laid by the Reverend William E. Strong, secretary of the American Board, during the visit of the deputation of January, 1926. Though building plans were held up by the Government for minor changes, the school was finished and opened in 1927. The handwork classes moved joyfully from the verandah of the old West Bungalow to this splendid building, and the drawing classes into its upper story. The old church was repaired and made an attractive place for kindergarten classes under Mrs. Dickson's direction.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1931, the Appraisal Commission was in Pasumalai, and re-opened the Caroline Clark Dispensary and Hospital after the addition of the new Edward Y. Hinks wards and a new dispensary, storeroom, kitchen and bathrooms. The new Glen Ridge Hostel was then being built. The commission members enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner that evening with the whole Mission group, and then spent a week in studying the problems of the work and in sending out questionnaires.

"It does not seem possible," remarked one of the missionaries, "for any group to understand the problems that confront us, with so brief a study."

It was hoped that the Government authorities in education would grant recognition in the field of training college graduates in the teaching profession. But the plans of the Mission for a teachers' college met with serious snags. Education being a transferred subject, handed over to the Indian legislature, the process of securing approval and sanction of building grants was difficult. The alumni had raised almost money enough to build, with Government grant, the new library building, a memorial to Mother Miller.

Devoted American friends sent the money needed to begin the new high school, and the Mission planned to secure affiliation with the University of Madras as a teachers' college. On January 10, 1931, a tribute to the indomitable perseverance of Dr. Miller, the last of the group of buildings begun in faith in 1920, and planned and built by Mr. Lawson, was opened—the new high school—in the hope that it would some day become the teachers' college.

The masonry work was done by Mr. Muthu Kothanar, the woodwork and furniture by the Pasumalai Trade School.

The Government gave a grant of more than twenty-five thousand rupees for furniture, equipment, electric lighting and gas plant, and more than fifty thousand for buildings. The total cost of the equipment was almost forty-three thousand rupees, and of the building ninety-eight thousand, five hundred rupees. The building has fourteen large classrooms, laboratories for physics, botany and agriculture and elementary science. It has a gallery lecture room, a teachers' room, reading room and storeroom.

CHAPTER 50

The Hospital for Leprosy

IN 1926, Mr. William Danner, general secretary of the American Branch of the Mission to Lepers which supports this work, visited the Dayapuram Hospital at Manamadura and addressed the patients in an open-air meeting.

"If you will pray earnestly for a church building, I am sure your prayer will be answered," he assured them.

At the close of the address, a patient rose and said, "Thank you, sir, for promising us a church!"

Mr. Danner carried with him the touching faith of the patients, and within a year the funds for the church were in hand. Soon stone was being quarried, bricks made on the spot, lime and mortar mixed, and the church built, with work contributed by the patients to the value of fifty rupees, and a total cost of six thousand rupees. The money was largely raised by Mrs. R. R. Harrison, who signed herself "The Pig Lady" because of the "Pete Pig" which supported a leper.

The little daughters of patients as yet untainted with the disease, living in a crowded temporary thatched ward, were the same year moved to the new Neilson Memorial Home.

The Reverend Stanley Vaughan was then manager of the hospital. Whenever he paid a visit to the hospital, he was immediately surrounded by a circle of prostrate figures of old and young, begging with faces in the dust for admission to the hospital. He had to turn away two-thirds of them for lack of room. And always two or three, refusing to be dismissed, came to the bungalow to camp under a tree at the missionary's door, like the importunate widow, until he found a corner for them in the crowded wards.

Mr. Cardinal was a soldier in North India in his younger days; and of all the sights that touched his heart there, the plight of the lepers most appealed to his sympathy. During the Great War, he served with the Post Office Rifles in France. When he returned to London after the armistice was signed, he found himself alone in the world, and an inner voice directed him to the last house at which he had delivered a letter before he left for service in France. Here lived alone an old acquaintance, now a venerable silver-haired lady of eighty, Miss Anne Fletcher, who became a foster mother to him.

Living with rigid economy, she was giving a guinea a year to the work for lepers in India. Cardinal's salary as a postman was equal to seventeen dollars a week, but when Mrs. Fletcher died four years later, he had put aside enough to build a memorial to her in an Indian leper colony. For three more years he saved for a trip to see this memorial, then asked for three months' leave without pay, to the amazement and admiration of the post-office authorities.

In November, 1927, he arrived in Manamadura and found the Reverend and Mrs. Stanley Vaughan planning to open larger accommodations for the women patients on land allotted them by the government. This Mrs. Vaughan was formerly Dr. Harriet Parker, who married Mr. G. Stanley Vaughan in 1922 and retired from the work of the Mission Hospital for Women and Children. It was taken up by Dr. K. B. Scott, Dr. I. Roberts and others, as well as Dr. Grace Kennett, the first Birds' Nest orphan and long an associate of Dr. Parker. Mr. Cardinal forthwith laid the cornerstone for a four-room ward for women, which Mr. Vaughan named the Fletcher-Cardinal Ward.

"What a wonder!" said the Brahmins who attended the impressive ceremony. "A post-peon becoming a benefactor for the poor lepers of India!"

"See how he loves us!" said the patients. "He weeps for our suffering! As soon as the equipment can be supplied in this ward when it is finished, twelve patients can be benefiting from your self-sacrifice."

"Equipment! Of course! I had not thought of that. I was intending to visit some of my old haunts in North India. Instead I would like to give the money I had meant to spend there, for the equipment. I shall be back in three years with money for another ward. It can be done with the three P's; Pluck, Perseverance and Prayer."

So he took the train directly to the seaport to take passage home, where he worked among his comrades to raise money for a "Union of Post Office Workers" Ward in the Dayapuram

Leper Hospital, the "Place of Mercy for Lepers."

In 1928, a group of wards for women were built, one in appreciation of Mr. Lucas, two in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas, another for twelve lepers given by Mrs. Robert Reed and her brother, all of Canada. The government gave a grant to dig a well for the Adi-Dravidas in the hospital, thus ending the constant complaints of caste Hindu patients when Pariahs drew water from the common wells.

There were two hundred and forty patients in the hospital and twenty-eight children in the Untainted Children's Homes. Several treatments were in use, with more favorable results than in previous years, while careful records were kept and periodical examinations of every patient maintained. Patients realized the need for treatment, and initial cases came with the hope of being cured. Treatable cases helped to keep the spirit of the hospital one of cheer and hope, showing faith and courage in their endurance of the trying needle treatments.

Mr. Wolsted, in charge of the Manamadura Station work, carried on agricultural work in the hospital, where patients worked to earn a small wage and prizes for fine gardens and fields. They raised vegetables, grain, fodder and fruit for the use of the hospital and its stock. Some raised flowers, wove mats and cloth. Visitors marked the happy faces of the busy patients, in contrast with the despair exhibited in previous years, when they sometimes ran away and went back to their old occupation of begging from place to place. Now the accommodations were not sufficient for the need. That year Dr. Wilder, on his inspections, discharged twelve patients as symptom-free, their disease completely arrested.

The Government of Madras gave building and maintenance grants, the Ramnad District Board an annual grant toward maintenance, the Rajah Sahib of Sivaganga a grant for a bed, the Collector of Ramnad District and the Commissioner of Labor for the Madras Government gave a well. Friends in America, Australia and England sent Christmas gifts and help for the patients.

After two years, Mr. Cardinal came back with money for two wards. He laid the cornerstones for the Emily G. I'Anson Ward, named after a lady in England who had given him much encouragement and support, and for the "Union of Postal Workers"

Ward. Mr. I. D. Narayana Iyer, Superintendent of Post Offices, presided at the ceremony, and at the close he opened a fund for an Indian Postal Workers' Ward with a personal subscription. The Fletcher-Cardinal Ward, designed for twelve patients, was accommodating sixteen, and the hospital was filled with three hundred patients and already again compelled to turn patients away.

"My heart brought me again to your midst," said Mr. Cardinal, returning to Manamadura on February 5, 1932, "with money for three wells."

The patients gave him an address:

"We praise our Lord God Almighty for His wonderful promise which is fulfilled through this gift of the Reverend Arthur Henry Stanton Memorial Well, the Emily M. E. Monk Irrigation Well, and the Sarah Hughs Memorial Well. 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' And through the kind efforts of our dear father and mother, the Reverend and Mrs. Vaughan, we are blessed with a new shop building and a dressing station."

The spiritual needs of the patients were not neglected, and their little church was filled on Sundays and for evening prayer. Patients who could read would give Bible readings, and the simple faith of the illiterate patients was a joy to the missionaries and the doctor.

Chapter 51

The New Hospital

Dr. Wilder had been asked to raise money for extending the Albert Victor Hospital while on furlough in 1929 and 1930. In spite of the business depression in those years, he succeeded in raising thirty thousand dollars. The old building was still in excellent condition, but was not large enough to meet the increasing demands for caring for the sick and suffering. Over twenty patients were in the one free ward, with less than two feet of space between their beds. Additional patients had to be laid on the floor, to the discomfort of both patient and examining physicians. A corridor in the interior of the building was the only place for examining the patients who daily thronged the clinic, with inadequate light and no quiet or privacy. A room twelve by twenty feet, opening on an upstairs verandah, served for anesthetizing patients, preparation of surgeons, and operating. It had no windows; ventilation was secured by opening two doors on the verandah, when the passerby could satisfy his curiosity while cutting off light and air from the room. The space was cramped and noisy, as the hospital was built close to the streets in both front and back, and neighboring buildings left little space at the sides.

There were no running water and no toilet facilities, except in a detached building. The laboratory was a room six feet wide, with one door, no windows and a little balcony.

When they asked Dr. Van Allen why he had planned to build in this narrow space, instead of using the large open ground of the East Gate compound, given by the Government on ninety-nine year lease at the founding of the Mission, he replied, "After me is coming a young doctor who will build on that space a bigger, finer hospital than this, with modern equipment undreamed of today. Leave that space for him."

Meanwhile, Indian and missionary friends, under organization by Mr. Wallace, raised seventeen thousand dollars. When Dr. Wilder returned with his family and Mother Wilder in February, 1931, he was ready to begin the first block of the new building. The Madura Mills Company, in addition to the ten-bed ward they had already promised, offered a gift of eight thousand dollars for an X-Ray plant. The Government granted the request for a building grant of thirty-seven thousand dollars, "if and when funds are available."

For two years Dr. Wilder and his colleague, Dr. Thomas, worked with the builder and the architect and with the government on the plans. In September, 1933, ground was broken for the first block. On August 15, Sir Mohammed Usman, first Indian Governor of the Madras Presidency, opened the block.

The ground floor housed the X-ray equipped for later electrotherapy, darkrooms with electrically cooled developing tank, and an underground room for storing films. Visitors viewed with awe the powerful plant competent to supply power for both diagnosis and treatment, and in the larger room the table and controls for radiography and fluoroscopic examination of patients of both the women's and the men's hospitals, all given by the Madura Mills. This made possible the modern treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis.

The second floor contained an anesthetic room, scrub-up room with running water and a sterilizing room with a fine battery of American sterilizers and a good armamentarium of instruments. On the top floor were three private rooms for patients able to pay the fees and accustomed to a Western mode of life. Here immediately began to come, as patients, English tea-planters from the western hills, Scottish executives from the Madura Mills, American and English missionaries, all previously accommodated in the doctor's bungalow.

This added but three beds to relieve the crowding in the old Hospital. The Wilders moved into the old Mission Bungalow, back farther in the compound, and the doctor's bungalow was soon filled with patients, even on the wide verandahs. Rooms and sleeping lofts were used as living quarters for the new men nurses and nursing students, who held their classes in the X-ray waiting room. Miss Betty Taylor, the first nursing superintendent in the men's hospital, organized the training school for men nurses in the hospital.

The cash in hand was not enough to begin the second block, and the Government grant had not yet begun to come in.

"At least we've got one block in centenary year; now we must do our best with this much until the depression is over," thought the doctors.

But in three months came a cablegram: "Could you use fifty thousand dollars for your new hospital?"

Years before, a country doctor in Carson, Iowa, with his wife, had determined to save and give some day a large sum to the American Board for mission building, and had made a will to that effect. In 1934, that doctor, then a retired widower in California, was guided in a decision to give the money immediately.

"Surely God wants us to have an adequate hospital in Madura now!" exclaimed Mr. Chinniah.

"Right! There's no depression in heaven," replied Dr. Mathew.

Work started on the second block—three floors, each with two light and airy wards of ten beds each, with plenty of service and storerooms. It was completed in 1936, and gradually occupied, as equipment was supplied. Then the front unit was begun, inscribed on the facade, "Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital."

The Government came forward with nearly half the grant promised, so that this unit, the mortuary and half of the private kitchens were also finished in the middle of 1937, and occupied as equipment and increased staff permitted.

The ground floor of the front block contains a big and conveniently arranged out-patient department and dispensary, three consulting rooms for private examination of patients, a darkroom for examination of ears, nose and throat, operation and dressing rooms. The second floor is given over to administration, with offices, laboratory, drug and record rooms, a library and a fine recreation and study hall for the nursing school. The top floor supplies an open pavilion for patients with pulmonary tuberculosis. Here is a ward large enough for twenty-five beds, and two smaller private wards.

Owing to the depression, the American Board was forced to ask the hospital to contribute a substantial sum annually toward the salaries of the missionary members of the staff. This made evident the need for adding to the tiny and dwindling endowment fund. Without any request from the doctors came a gift of over twenty thousand dollars from the management and one of the proprietors of the Madura Mills, for any use the doctors might like.

"There's our endowment! But we may borrow from it for building until we can sell the old hospital, and until the Government pays the balance of the building grant. That will make it possible for us to finish the fourth block of the new hospital."

Friends in America gave ten-bed wards, private rooms and other gifts. The operation suite was given in memory of Mrs. Ruth Talcott Britton, and Dr. Van Allen's class of 1885 at Yale gave a ward in his memory. Late in 1937, the final block was completed, containing twenty-six private wards and contributing much in room rents for the upkeep of the whole hospital. The four blocks completely surround an open courtyard with lawn and gardens, and supply light and air on the four open, verandah-lined inner sides.

The Surgeon General of the Madras Presidency inspected the new hospital before the formal opening.

"It is the most compact and easily administered hospital of a hundred beds I have seen," said he.

The Minister for Public Health came from Madras for the opening and paid a tribute of gratitude and appreciation for the gifts America had made for the healing of India's ills.

CHAPTER 52

The Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial High School

IN 1915, the attendance at Capron Hall had increased to three hundred students.

"If they continue to increase at this rate we must soon enlarge the school. But there isn't room on our grounds for many more," said Miss Noyes.

"There's the lovely coconut tope between us and the river," they remarked, as Miss Gertrude Chandler, Miss Martha Van Allen, Miss Pauline Jeffery, Miss Metzger and Miss Powers came and worked for various terms of service.

They soon found that the tope was owned by several people, who would not sell at a price within the ability of the Mission to pay. So they applied to the Government for the acquisition of the site, and for a grant with which to buy it for educational purposes.

While the Government was gradually acquiring the land, Miss Noyes returned from furlough with Miss Harriet Wyman to join in the work at the school. A year to the day after their arrival, December 1, 1922, the police department sent word that the Vaigai River was rising at an alarming rate, and it would be necessary for all to leave the school. The five hundred girls were all sent to their homes or to the higher ground at East Gate compound. Miss Noyes, Miss Chandler, Miss Van Allen and Miss Wyman, dressed in bathing suits, escaped through the rising flood by the help of the police, to the railway embankment.

"See how the streets are flooded! The poor people, escaping with nothing, while their houses melt away in the flood!" said Martha. "Father and the Chandlers will find a place for us at East Gate, but what will the people do?"

"This settles forever the question of acquiring the coconut tope!" remarked Miss Noyes. "We must give up that plan. We shall have to divide the school and find a new place for the high-school department."

"Here comes the school back to Otis Hall!" exclaimed some of the teachers who had been pupils there, as they marched with the girls into the East Gate compound.

Through the efforts of members of the staff, an attractive place was finally found in an undeveloped part of the city across the river and near the college. It took years to purchase the land, as it was divided up into fifty small plots, and held by different owners. After Miss Noyes's return from her next furlough, Miss Wilcox was given permission, as she left for America, to raise up to twenty-five thousand dollars for the new high school.

A lady promised to give five thousand when the rest should be in hand, and the Board gave twelve thousand. The depression still held American money tight; many had lost all they had. Many gave small gifts with large self-sacrifice, but there was still a long way to go when a man gave four thousand. When Miss Wilcox had almost given up hope, and her time was short, more friends were raised up, until as she boarded her ship in New York Harbor the sum was tantalizingly short. As her ship was about to sail, a letter came informing her of a gift of two hundred dollars, so that the promised final gift of five thousand could be claimed.

But in India she was greeted with the discouraging news that the Government could not pay any building grants for five years. A campaign of canvassing was launched in India, to which many loyal friends responded with grateful hearts. Faithful Capron Hall alumnae were found in many villages, and a hundred of them were teaching in the Madura municipal schools. In a year ten thousand rupees had been raised for the Noyes Memorial High School.

Miss Katharine Hardeman was then teaching in the new Physical Education Department, Miss Sellamani Dhavamani was in charge of the new Domestic Science Department, and Miss Abigail Wallace had reopened the kindergarten-training department, in which Miss Gertrude E. Chandler had worked for many years. There were seven hundred and eighty-eight pupils in Capron Hall.

But the Board was now in great difficulty, and asked that the American donors might be released from their pledges and allowed to give them to the on-going work of the Board instead. The campaign in India stopped, as the people thought the school would never be built. The Board suggested that part of the land be sold.

But God is not limited by a world-wide financial depression. Long years before, He had laid up the money for the new school, and it was ready. A cable came from America, asking if a gift of twenty thousand dollars would be acceptable, provided the name chosen by the donor were adopted. This was Dr. Willis F. Pierce. With joy and thanksgiving, the answer was cabled.

Mr. Lawson, the Mission builder, put up the building after his beautiful and appropriate plan of the High School at Pasumalai. It was opened with joy and gratitude on December 18, 1937, by the Minister of Education of the Presidency, Dr. Subaroyan. At the close of the meeting, three new hostels were opened by Mrs. Martha Miller, Dr. Grace Kennett and Mrs. Helen Doak.

The grounds are called "Noyes Gardens," while the school is named after the wife of the donor, "The Orlinda Childs Pierce High School." Like the faithful workers of the hospital, those of the schools of Capron Hall and the Orlinda Childs Pierce High School will remember how God provides with prompt and generous hand for the needs of His work.

CHAPTER 53

Preparations for the Centenary

THE SUGGESTION of using the Centenary idea to stir up the Christian community to greater efforts during the following thirteen years was presented to the Mission and church in 1920. A committee appealed to all to reconsecrate themselves to their task as Christian witnesses. Many names were on the church rolls which should no longer be there; the pastors revised the total of communicant members from twenty-eight thousand to twenty-five thousand. The Evangelistic Forward Movement Committee was asked to arrange for conventions, which were held in every pastorate. The object of the Centenary plans was to build up the church in preparation for a worthy celebration of her historical inheritance.

"We must be strong in spirit, increase in size, have all our members literate instead of the thirty-eight percent at present, so that they can read the Bible, be self-governing and practically self-supporting," announced the committee. "For this, let us make next year's program to improve the observance of the Lord's Day, attendance on the church services and observance of the family altar."

Mr. Zumbro of the Madura Mission was a member of the committee of three representing the Interchurch World Movement, for visiting the Protestant missions of India. In their report occurs this reference to the Madura Mission:

"The Mission, while asking for considerable sums from the Movement, voted that as early as possible, and in any case not later than in fifteen years, the Centenary of the founding of the Mission, they will begin to reduce the amount of money asked for in America. The Madura Church Council has also endorsed this resolution."

On the question of better salaries for pastors, catechists, Bible Women, teachers, doctors and nurses, and better plant and equipment, they said, "It is always more economical to maintain a plant in a high state of efficiency than to maintain it in inefficiency and neglect."

In 1924, it was decided in the Madura Church Council to raise a Centenary Church Building Fund, to be used where congregations needed help. All gifts were voluntary, and many gave at the rate of two pies per rupee of their income. Two-thirds of the money was invested; the interest with the remaining third of the money raised was used for building churches. The minimum cost of a church building was fixed at a thousand rupees, and the dimensions at not less than fifteen by thirty feet inside. When a congregation had raised half the cost, it secured from the fund a gift of one-fourth the cost and a loan of the remaining fourth at six and a half percent interest.

By March, 1933, the gifts amounted to almost thirty-three thousand rupees and gifts from three hundred to seventeen hundred and fifty had been made to eleven churches.

After much deliberation, in 1929 the Mission brought a further scheme of devolution before the leaders of the Christian community. It would give a large share of responsibility and a more determining voice to the Indian church and its members, in the administration of all the work under the control of the Mission. A new organization, the Madura Mission Sangam, meaning "Association," was formed to take over the conduct of the work. The first chairman of the Sangam was the Reverend A. A. Martin, who had a distinguished record of service as chairman of the Madura Church Council.

The majority of the members were Indians, elected by bodies preponderately Indian. Missionaries would hold office only as elected by the Sangam, which was organized and took over its duties on January 15, 1934, as a part of the Centenary celebration. Under the Sangam were institutional councils and executive committees, controlling Pasumalai High, Training and Trade Schools; Capron High and Training Schools; the Pasumalai Theological Seminary; the Lucy Perry Noble Bible Institute, called Rachanyapuram, the "Place of Salvation"; the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital; the Mission Hospital for Women and Children; and the Christian Economic Improvement Association. These all sent representatives to the Sangam.

The Work for Women—comprising Bible Women's Work and Hindu Girls' Schools and the Women's Exchange—was transferred to the Madura Church Council, which made provision for carrying on the work by appointing lady superintendents for each of the five Local Councils and their Executive Committee.

Usually, the wives of the local council chairmen have done this work. Exceptions were the Central Local Council, where for many years Miss Mary Root carried on the work, and later Mrs. Banninga of Pasumalai; and the South Local Council, where Miss Quickenden and Miss Bertha K. Smith worked together until Miss Quickenden's retirement, since when Miss Smith has managed it.

The organic separation of the American College from the Madura Church Council, the Madura Mission Sangam and the Mission, recommended by the Lindsay Commission, was deemed necessary in order to provide a wider opportunity for co-operation with the university and other colleges. The controlling agencies of the college are the American Board, the Board of Trustees of the Endowment Funds in New York, the Governing Council, the Madras University and the Madras Government. The membership of the governing council is entirely Christian and a majority Indian. This council has an executive body, the Senatus, which functions through its committees.

The development of the grounds and buildings, as well as the scholastic standing of the college, followed the plans Mr. Zumbro had made. His successors in the principalship after his death in 1922 were the Reverend W. W. Wallace, Mr. Peter Isaac, the Reverend Bryan S. Stoffer and Mr. E. M. Flint. Missionaries working with them were the Reverend and Mrs. Edward L. Nolting, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Saunders from Australia, the Reverend and Mrs. J. M. Hess and Mr. and Mrs. L. Curtis Guise.

The affiliation of the American College with Madras University was soon extended to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts in Zoology, Botany and Mathematics. The resultant influx of students was accommodated in the enlarged main hostel, given by Indian friends and built on land acquired south of the original campus, bringing its total to forty acres. Here is also the spacious athletic field and a new road for the city's use on the south side of the campus.

Between 1911 and 1926, besides the Ellen S. James Science Hall, six houses for the staff were built, and dining halls and kitchens for the students. In 1930, Binghamton Hall, given in memory of Mr. Zumbro by the First Congregational Church of Binghamton, New York, was opened for the study of Natural science and History. Dr. Washburn gave the Porter's Lodge and Washburn Gate at the main entrance to the grounds. The beautiful chapel was dedicated in 1932, and soon after ground was broken for the Daniel Poor Library, given by Poor's granddaughter.

Chapter 54

A Hundred Years!

Small congregations in the villages could not send many representatives to the larger gathering in Madura, but were inspired with the Centenary idea to hold smaller gatherings in outlying centers. One for the east section of the Mission was held in December, 1933, in Manamadura, with visitors from Melur, Tirupuvanam and Sathur pastorates. The Reverend C. E. Wolsted, chairman of the East Local Council, arranged for accommodations for the speakers, delegates and missionaries.

Sadhu Kochu Kunju of Malabar was invited with his band of seven members. He gave inspiring evening devotional messages, with personal testimony and evangelistic music. Addresses were given in the morning sessions by pastors and missionaries, on "The Church and Evangelism," "Women's Work," "Our Future Church," and "Village Education." One evening nine congregations took part in a singing competition in which prizes were awarded to four choirs.

Crowds were conducted around the Mission compound to view the industrial exhibits; cloth-weaving and mat-making, molding pottery, and the Village Uplift program of thoroughbred chickens, cows and buffaloes.

Reports on medical progress and other phases of the work were given. One night the pandal was crowded with hundreds listening and watching a pageant of history, showing the four periods of the past century of Mission work in Manamadura in four acts, by members of the four pastorates represented. On Sunday, Indian pastors celebrated the Lord's Supper for two hundred and fifty communicants. An afternoon praise service followed, then a consecration meeting, and finally, a procession with banners, drums and songs wended its way to the river, where thirty people from the four pastorates were baptized.

Many Hindus wonderingly watched the service, as the five pastors gave Christian names to the kneeling converts in the

Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Sadhu, in his orange robes, preached in Malayalam and was interpreted into Tamil, while even the Hindus listened attentively. The procession then marched to the recitation hall for prayer and benediction.

The Harijan Seva Sangh had worked in the Devakottai area for four years, trying to stem the tide of untouchables being converted to Christ.

"The great Hindu community has yet to realize the peril to Hinduism if untouchability lingers long," said they, "as nearly three hundred and fifty families have already turned Christians."

Mr. Wolsted found more than a thousand people earnestly appealing for baptism; but on account of the serious financial difficulties of the Board, he was unable to give the instruction needed. Yet at the local Centenary celebration at Devakottai, the Madura Church Council held a baptismal service for a hundred newly converted souls from the surrounding villages.

The general celebration took place on the American College campus in Madura. A Centenary Pandal of bamboo and coconut palm leaves sheltered six thousand people. Hundreds of families from the villages lived in the college hostel rooms or with friends in Madura, and the missionaries' homes were filled with delegates and visitors.

Friday, January 12, was a day of thanksgiving and praise to God, with celebration of the Lord's Supper, public meeting in the Pandal, services of song and prayer, cabled greetings and congratulations, and presentation of thank-offerings for the Centenary Church Building Fund. In the afternoon the crowds gathered again to hear an evangelistic address by Sadhu Kochu Kunju. At the same time, another public meeting, partly in Tamil and partly in English, was being held in College Hall, where historical papers on the church, medical work, Women's and Industrial Work were read.

Collector W. Scott-Brown presided, speaking appreciative words of the work of the Mission and of the friendly relations which had always marked its efforts in co-operation with Government agencies to promote the good of the people of the district.

In the evening came a celebration of the Lord's Supper for another designated group, in the beautiful new College Chapel.

Then the historical pageant was presented in the Pandal on the outdoor platform erected for the purpose, "The Truth Is Marching On." It was in three parts, showing first the beginnings of American Mission work in Madura. Costume and stage setting, lighting and dialog depicted the arrival of the founders of the Mission—Daniel Poor pleading before the Brahmins in the palace for schools; Dindigul giving tomtom recognition of the American doctor; street-preaching; caste and the love feast; the power of the press; feeding the famished; the foundations of church unity.

An incident from the 1860's was used to show how the printed word was used of God to bring a family into a knowledge of the truth. It was the story of Sokapan, a rich, intelligent high-caste Hindu, who wore, as the symbol of a vow to his god, an iron cage riveted on his head. He became interested in the Christian religion through the mission paper which he used to read, and came to inquire, "Who is Jesus?" His conversion followed, when he removed the cage and presented it to the missionary who baptized him.

Part two showed the home of today as a center from which goes out the light of Christian influence. We saw the Indian pastor and his wife, their children coming home from school with new light of truth, new intelligence and new consecration to the Saviour, all available for the service of their village.

Part three showed the village of tomorrow in two scenes, youth's vision, and Christ in the village. All the scenes were given by the boarding schools, by groups of teachers and friends, and by students of Capron Hall, Pasumalai and the College.

The Thanksgiving service showed representatives from every institution, with banners and placards, giving the dates of their founding and the figures of growth during the past quarter of a century. The service closed with the "Te Deum" sung in English by a large chorus of young men and women from Capron Hall, Pasumalai and the college.

Saturday was a day of fellowship and service. The meetings began early in the morning with a communion service. This was celebrated every day, but for different groups. The people had tickets, so that no group would be too large for the spacious College Hall. Missionaries, pastors and deacons took part on a prearranged schedule.

At the public meeting in the Pandal, a welcoming address and greetings were brought by appointed representatives. Dean T. W. Graham of Oberlin responded for the American Board. Telegrams and cables of greeting were read from Boston, from the Governor of Madras, from the Bible societies, from friends in America. The church councils of the South India United Church sent messages of congratulation, as did the Madras Representative Christian Council. The Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Literature Society and other missions brought greetings by chosen representatives. Miss Jeyamani Taylor brought greetings from the National Missionary Society.

Mr. C. J. Lucas spoke for the Madras Council of the South India United Church, and said in closing, "May the new period you are entering upon see an ever-growing advance in all phases of work. May the Great Head of the Church 'who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think,' vouchsafe His richest blessings unto the scheme of the Madura Mission Sangam you are launching forth at this assemblage, and use it to the advancement of His cause and to the promotion of His glory, which is the aim of you and of us, and of all who are separated from the world and called to His service."

Dr. Ida Scudder responded for the Union Educational Institutions in which the Madura Mission is associated; the Women's Christian College, Madras; the United Theological College of Bangalore; the Men's Christian College of Madras; St. Christopher's Training College of Madras; and the Medical School of Vellore.

Maha Rajah Sree T. C. Srinavasa Iyengar Avarharl brought greetings and words of appreciation from the Hindu community, and Maha Rajah Sree Mh. Gulam Hussian Avarharl from the Mohammedan community. The Reverend R. Robertson brought greetings from the Christian Endeavor Union of India, Burma and Ceylon, and said at the close of his short address:

"In the providence of God it might well be that in the coming century there would be hindrances like financial depression, and opposition such as persecution seemingly to retard the progress of the Kingdom of our Lord, yet in reality these very things might prove to be the means whereby our spiritual life would be deepened and made the more effective for the Kingdom of our God to which there would be no end in time and no boundary whether on earth or in heaven. I appeal to the young people to remember that our greatest offering to Christ, the Church and our country is that of a consecrated spiritual life."

Addresses followed on the general theme of "Building the Kingdom." The Reverend Paulraj Thomas spoke on "The King," the Reverend G. P. James on "The Prophets and Ministers," and Mr. J. I. Manikavasaham on "The Soldiers of the Cross."

In the afternoon, while the Sadhu was giving an address in the Pandal, a meeting in English was going on in College Hall. Addresses on India in transition were given, each looking to "Our Second Century." The Reverend J. S. Masillamoni spoke on the church, Miss Frances Dhyriam on the village schools, Mr. Devaraj Paul on higher education, and the Reverend Adhishtam on rural work. Dr. Thomas sent his address on the medical work to be read.

Every day offerings were received, some for the Church Building Fund, some for the expenses of the Centenary celebration, some for the Board in the time of stringency. On Sunday afternoon, Dean Thomas W. Graham presided in a service of inspiration and consecration, when the ordained men, evangelists and Bible Women were rededicated to preach the good tidings to the poor; the teachers and student teachers, to proclaim release to the captives and the recovery of sight to the blind; the doctors, nurses and compounders, to set at liberty them that are bruised; and the fathers and mothers and other church members, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. At the close, Dean Graham gave a charge to the congregation.

In the evening, Mr. Wolsted presented a moving picture of the life of Christ, "I Am the Way," to a large audience, itself an inspiring spectacle in the deep and reverent attention of all, while Victrola choruses supplemented the pictures. On other evenings, he showed pictures depicting how America helps her Negro farmers, with many suggestions for the Indian farmer.

In the classrooms of College Hall were exhibits and demonstrations of educational, industrial and agricultural work. Saturday was the great day to the youngsters, when the boarding-school intersports competitions were held on the athletic field.

In the late afternoon, a great procession in three divisions proceeded from the college gates through the streets of the city. The institutions had banners and music, the pastorates followed in the order of their organization, each with banners and bajanais, and decorated motor cars carried elderly dignitaries and brightly colored banners.

Dean Graham presided as the representative of the Board in the organization of the Sangam on Monday morning. Those chosen as charter members of the Sangam had been appointed as representatives of the various educational and medical institutions and the Church Council, with its five local councils and Women's Work. By the constitution, Indians were in the majority, and those chosen were able and experienced men and women.

The Madura Mission handed over to this body the full management and control of all the work they had carried on. The Church Council continued its responsibility for primary education, evangelistic and pastoral work.

APPENDIX

ROLL OF MISSIONARIES

1	Rev. William Todd	July 30, 1834	Jan. 21, 1839	Married Mrs. Woodward, Dec. 22, 1836, died in Wakefield, Kansas, Aug. 10, 1874, aged 73.
2	Mrs. Lucy Brownell Todd	July 30, 1834	Sept. 11, 1835	Died in Devapatam, Sept. 11, 1835, aged 35.
3	Rev. Henry R. Hoisington	July 30, 1834	Sept., 1834	
(14)	Mrs. Clarissa E. Woodward Todd	Dec. 22, 1836	June 1, 1837	Died in Madura June 1, 1837, aged 39.
4	Rev. James Read Eckard	Feb. 16, 1835	July 28, 1836	
5	Mrs. Margaret E. Bayard Eckard	Feb. 16, 1835	July 28, 1836	
6	Rev. Alanson C. Hall	Oct. 18, 1835	July 28, 1836	
7	Mrs. Frances A. Willard Hall	Oct. 18, 1835	Jan. 2, 1836	Died in Madura, Jan. 2, 1836.
8	Rev. John J. Lawrence	Oct. 18, 1835	Dec. 20, 1846	Died in Tranquebar, Dec. 20, 1846, aged 39.
9	Mrs. Mary Hulin Lawrence	Oct. 18, 1835	Dec. 20, 1846	
10	Rev. Daniel Poor, D.D.	Oct. 18, 1835	Oct., 1841	Died in Manepay, Ceylon, Feb. 3, 1855, aged 66.
11	Mrs. Ann Knight Poor	Oct. 18, 1835	Oct., 1841	Died in England.
12	Rev. Robert O. Dwight	April 22, 1836	Jan. 8, 1844	Died in Madura, Jan. 8, 1844, aged 43.
13	Mrs. Mary Billings Dwight	April 22, 1836	Mar. 12, 1845	Married Dr. Winslow, died in Madras, April 20, 1852.

14	Mrs. Clarissa E. Woodward Todd (See No. 1)			
15	Rev. Edward Cope	May 10, 1837	Jan., 1840	
16	Mrs. Emily Kilbourn Cope	May 10, 1837	Jan., 1840	
17	Rev. Nathaniel M. Crane	May 10, 1837	June, 1844	Died in Iowa, Sept. 21, 1859, aged 53.
18	Mrs. Julia Ostrander Crane	May 10, 1837	June, 1844	
19	Rev. Clarendon F. Muzzy	May 10, 1837	Nov., 1856	Married Miss Mary Ann Capell Feb. 1, 1848, died in Amherst, Mass., Jan. 4, 1878, aged 73.
20	Mrs. Samantha Bowen Robbins	May 10, 1837	Dec. 3, 1846	Died in Madura, Dec. 3, 1846, aged 38.
(47)	Mrs. Mary Ann Capell Muzzy	Feb. 1, 1848	Nov., 1856	Married in Jaffna, died in New York, Dec. 6, 1898, aged 78.
21	John Steele, M.D.	June, 1837	Oct. 6, 1842	Died in Madura, Oct. 6, 1842, aged 38.
22	Mrs. Mary Snell Steele	June, 1837	Oct. 13, 1843	Married Rev. J. C. Smith of Jaffna, died at Rocky Hill, Conn., May 15, 1873.
23	Rev. William Tracy, D.D.	Oct. 9, 1837	Nov. 28, 1877	Died in Tirupuvanam, Nov. 28, 1877, aged 70, buried in Pasumalai.
24	Mrs. Emily F. Travelli Tracy	Oct. 9, 1837	April 17, 1879	Died in Tirupuvanam April 17, 1879, buried in Pasumalai.
25	Rev. Ferdinand D. W. Ward	Oct. 9, 1837	Jan., 1843	Died in Genesco, N. Y.
26	Mrs. Jane Shaw Ward	Oct. 9, 1837		

27	Rev. Henry Cherry	Dec. 29, 1837	July, 1849	Married Miss Jane Lathrop in Jaffna, Feb., 1840, married Miss Henrietta Ebal in Madura, Nov. 9, 1844, died at Pompey, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1891.
28	Mrs. Charlotte H. Lathrop Cherry	Nov. 4, 1837	Nov. 4, 1837	Died in Jaffna on the way, Nov. 4, 1837, aged 37.
29	Mrs. Jane E. Lathrop Cherry	Feb., 1840	Jan. 20, 1844	Died in Madura, Jan. 20, 1844.
(34)	Mrs. Henrietta Ebal Cherry (See No. 27)	Nov. 9, 1844	July, 1849	
30	Mr. Alfred North	Dec. 30, 1843	Jan., 1847	Died at Chilton, Wis., March 3, 1869.
31	Mrs. Minerva North	Dec. 30, 1843	Jan. 13, 1844	Died in Madura Jan. 13, 1844.
32	Rev. Horace S. Taylor	Oct. 11, 1844	Feb. 3, 1871	Died at Kodaikanal, Feb. 3, 1871, aged 57.
33	Mrs. Martha E. Taylor	Oct. 11, 1844	Mar., 1875	Died at Ruggles, Ohio, Aug. 1911, aged 86.
34	Mrs. Henrietta Ebal Cherry (See No. 27)			
35	Rev. James Herrick	April 29, 1846	Feb. 28, 1883	Died in West Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 30, 1891, aged 77.
36	Mrs. Elizabeth H. Crosby Herrick	April 29, 1846	Feb. 28, 1883	Died in West Brattleboro, Vt., Oct., 1900, aged 84.
37	Rev. Edward Webb	April 29, 1846	July 12, 1864	Died in Oxford, Pa., in 1898, aged 84.
38	Mrs. Nancy Foote Webb	April 29, 1846		Died in Oxford, Pa., Jan. 20, 1902.
39	Rev. John Rendall	April 29, 1846 June 13, 1883		Died in Bombay, June 13, 1883, aged 62.

40	Mrs. Jane Ballard Rendall	April 29, 1846	Sept. 4, 1867	Died at sea Sept. 4, 1867, aged 41.
41	Rev. George Washington McMillan	Sept., 1846	May, 1854	
42	Mrs. Rebecca N. McMillan	Sept., 1846	May, 1854	
43	Rev. John Henry Chandler	April 15, 1847	Jan. 10, 1894	Died in Madura, Jan. 10, 1894, aged 76.
44	Mrs. Charlotte Maria Hopkins Chandler	April 15, 1847	Sept. 25, 1891	Died in Auburndale, Mass., Sept. 25, 1891, aged 70.
45	Rev. George Ford	April 15, 1847	Sept. 25, 1852	Died in Kansas City Feb. 2, 1901, aged 82.
46	Mrs. Ann Jennet Ford	April 15, 1847	Sept. 25, 1852	Died at Elk Point, S.D. March 21, 1882.
47	Mrs. Mary Ann Muzzy (See No. 19)			
48	Rev. Charles Little	May, 1848	July, 1858	Died in Lincoln, Nebr., Aug. 19, 1892, aged 74.
49	Mrs. Amelia M. Newton Little	May, 1848	July 18, 1848	Died in Pasumalai, July 18, 1848, aged 25. Buried in Madura.
(54)	Mrs. Susan R. Little	Mar., 1854	July, 1858	Died in Lincoln, Nebr., Aug. 31, 1873.
50	Mr. Charles Smith Shelton, M.D.	Mar., 1854	Nov. 24, 1855	Died in Jersey City, May 21, 1879.
51	Mrs. Henrietta M. Shelton	Mar., 1854	Nov. 24, 1855	Died in Montclair, New Jersey, Dec. 14, 1908.
52	Rev. Joseph T. Noyes	June, 1853	Aug. 9, 1892	Married Miss Mandeville in Rome, May 30, 1881. Died in Madras Aug. 9, 1892, aged 72.

53	Mrs. Elizabeth A. Noyes	June, 1853	April 10, 1880	Died at Lone Cottage, Palni Hills, April 10, 1880, aged 58.
(102)	Mrs. Martha J. Mandeville Noyes	June 29, 1882	Mar. 9, 1894	
54	Mrs. Susan Little (See No. 48)			
55	Rev. Thomas S. Burnell	Dec. 30, 1855	July, 1882	Died at Northampton, Mass. April 10, 1899, aged 76.
56	Mrs. Martha S. Burnell	Dec. 30, 1855	Mar., 1883	Died at Belleville, Can., March 13, 1885.
57	Rev. Charles T. White, D.D.	April 4, 1857	Mar., 1869	
58	Mrs. Anna Maria White	April 4, 1857	Mar., 1869	Died in Cambridge City, Ind. July 30, 1877, aged 43.
59	Rev. William Banfield Capron	April 6, 1857	Oct. 6, 1876	Died in Manamadura, Oct. 6, 1876, aged 52.
60	Mrs. Sarah B. Hooker Capron	April 6, 1857	1886	Inaugurated the Women's Department in Moody Bible Institute.
61	Rev. Edward Chester, M.D.	May 6, 1859	Mar. 26, 1902	Married Miss Kistler in Guntur, April 9, 1896. Died in Dindigul, Mar. 26, 1902, aged 74.
62	Mrs. Sophia Chester	May 6, 1859	Mar. 13, 1895	Died in Dindigul March 13, 1895, aged 65.
(136)	Mrs. Susan K. Kistler Chester	April 11, 1896	July 28, 1904	
63	Miss Sarah Wilbur Ashley	May 7, 1859	Jan. 29, 1864	Married Mr. Yorke. Died at Kodaikanal March 23, 1872, aged 32.
64	Rev. George T. Washburn, D.D.	May 4, 1860	Mar. 30, 1900	

65	Mrs. Eliza Case Washburn	May 4, 1860	Mar. 30, 1900	
66	Rev. David Coit Scudder	July 23, 1861	Nov. 19, 1862	Drowned in the Vaigai River Nov. 19, 1862, aged 27. Buried at Kodaikanal.
67	Mrs. Harriet L. Dutton Scutter	July 23, 1861	May, 1863	
68	Rev. Nathan L. Lord, M.D.	Dec. 26, 1863	Mar., 1867	Died in New York, Jan. 24, 1868, aged 47.
69	Mrs. Laura W. Delano Lord	Dec. 26, 1863	Mar., 1867	
70	Rev. Thornton B. Penfield	May 11, 1867	Aug. 19, 1871	Died in Pasumalai, Aug. 19, 1871, aged 36. Buried in Madura.
71	Mrs. Charlotte E. Penfield	May 11, 1867	1872	Married Dr. J. B. Devins of New York. Died there in 1932.
72	Miss Rosella A. Smith	May 11, 1867	May 24, 1872	
73	Miss Martha S. Taylor	Jan. 16, 1868	May 24, 1882	
74	Miss Sarah Pollock	Jan. 16, 1868	Aug., 1871	Died in Chicago May 16, 1911.
75	Rev. Hervey C. Hazen	Jan. 16, 1868	July 20, 1914	Not connected with the Mission 1869 to 1884. Returned to Madura Dec., 1885. Died at Manamadura, July 20, 1914.
76	Mrs. Ida Chapin Hazen	Jan. 16, 1868	July, 1869	Died at Holley, N. Y., March 29, 1883.
(104)	Mrs. Harriet Cook Hazen	July 16, 1884	April 9, 1909	Died at Kodaikanal April 9, 1909, aged 50.
77	Henry K. Palmer, M.D.	Mar. 5, 1869	May 4, 1874	
78	Mrs. Flora D. Palmer	Mar. 5, 1869	May 4, 1874	
79	Miss Carrie Hartley	Mar. 5, 1869	Jan., 1871	

80	Miss Mary Elizabeth Rendall	May, 1870	Sept. 11, 1877	Married Rev. Hugh Horsley in Madura.
81	Miss Elizabeth Sisson	May, 1872	Jan., 1878	
82	Miss Flora Chandler	May, 1872	Aug., 1874	Married Mr. W. Yorke at Palni Aug. 1, 1877. Died at Southboro, Kent, Sept. 12, aged 27. Not under full appointment.
83	Rev. John Scudder Chandler	Dec. 12, 1873	Jan. 1, 1928	Married Miss Henrietta Shelton Rendall at Lincoln University, Pa., July 17, 1887. Died June 19, 1934 at Kodaikanal.
84	Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Minor Chandler	Dec. 12, 1873	April 3, 1886	Died in Auburndale, Mass., April 3, 1886, aged 36.
(94)	Mrs. Henrietta Shelton Rendall Chandler	Nov. 8, 1877	Jan. 1, 1928	Died July 9, 1932 at Mountain Rest, Mass.
85	Rev. William S. Howland	Jan. 6, 1874	Mar. 7, 1887	Died in Auburndale, Mass., Mar. 7, 1887. Buried in Monson.
86	Mrs. Mary L. Howland	Jan. 6, 1874	Mar. 5, 1887	Died in Auburndale Mar. 5, 1887. Buried in Monson.
87	Mrs. Judith M. Taylor Minor	Dec. 11, 1875	Mar., 1884	Died in New Haven, Conn., March 26, 1900.
88	Rev. Marshall R. Peck	Jan. 14, 1876	April 24, 1876	Died in Brookfield, Vt., Aug. 6, 1876.
89	Mrs. Helen Maria Nelson Peck	Jan. 14, 1876	April 24, 1876	
90	Miss Henrietta Susan Chandler	Nov. 14, 1876	Jan. 26, 1879	Died in Madura Jan. 26, 1879, aged 23.
91	Miss Emma K. Ogden	Jan. 13, 1877	Jan., 1878	Transferred to Sholapur.

92	Rev. James Edward Tracy, D.D.	Nov. 8, 1877	Aug. 4, 1923	Died Aug. 4, 1923 in Kodaikanal. Had retired there.
93	Mrs. Frances Sabin Woodcock Tracy	Nov. 8, 1877	Dec. 29, 1927	Died Dec. 29, 1927, in Kodaikanal.
94	Miss Henrietta Shelton Rendall	(See No. 83)		
95	Rev. John Peter Jones, D.D.	Dec. 14, 1878	Mar., 1914	Died Oct. 6, 1916, in America.
96	Mrs. Sarah Amy Hosford Jones	Dec. 14, 1878	April 14, 1914	Died at Buffalo, N. Y., July 14, 1943.
97	Rev. George H. Gutterson	Mar. 10, 1879	Jan., 1889	Died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1926.
98	Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson	Mar. 10, 1879	Jan., 1889	Died in California, March 11, 1927.
99	Miss Gertrude Abigail Chandler	Jan. 7, 1880	June 27, 1892	Married Dr. J. H. Wyckoff at Wellesley College.
100	Rev. Alfred H. Burnell	Jan. 29, 1882	Jan., 1887	Died at Nordhoff, Calif., Nov. 2, 1891, aged 38.
101	Mrs. Abbie J. Snell Burnell	Jan. 29, 1882	Jan., 1887	Died Mar. 13, 1935.
102	Mrs. Martha J. Mandeville Noyes	(See No. 52)		
103	Miss Eva May Swift	July 16, 1884	Oct. 1, 1931	Retired in Bangalore. Died.
104	Mrs. Harriet Cook Hazen (See No. 75)			
105	Rev. James Coffin Perkins	Oct. 14, 1883	1914	Married Miss Lucy Crosswell at Kodaikanal. Died in America, Mar. 29, 1939.
106	Mrs. Charlotte J. Perkins	Oct. 14, 1885	Jan. 19, 1888	Died in Tirumangalam, Jan. 19, 1888. Buried. Buried in Madura. Teacher at Kodai School, released Dec. 6, 1910. Reappointed and

				sailed from Boston Jan. 13, 1912.
(150)	Mrs. Lucy Crosswell Perkins	Mar. 24, 1904		
107	Rev. David Scudder Herrick	Oct. 14, 1885	Feb., 1931	Associate missionary from 1885 to 1890. Permanent appointment 1894. Married Miss Dency Root in Newton, Mass., Sept. 26, 1894. In the United Theological Seminary 1912-1931. Died in Auburndale, Mass., 1953.
(113)	Mrs. Dency T. M. Root Herrick	Jan. 7, 1888	Feb., 1931	Died Jan. 16, 1941 at Watertown, N. Y.
108	Miss Mary Metcalfe Root	1886	Dec. 31, 1929	Died in Auburndale, 1947.
109	Miss Hattie A. Houston	June 4, 1886	Oct. 12, 1893	Married W. S. Hitchcock of Jaffna Mission, in Madura.
110	Miss Carrie S. Bell	Oct., 1887	Dec. 10, 1891	Died in Dindigul, Dec. 10, 1891.
111	Miss Bessie Browning Noyes	Oct., 1887	Nov. 4, 1907	Died in Madura Nov. 4, 1907, aged 47.
112	Miss Mary Pauline Root, M.D.	Jan. 7, 1888	1891	Died at Christmas Cove, Maine, July 10, 1947.
113	Miss Dency T. M. Root	(See No. 107)		
114	Rev. Frank Van Allen, M.D.	Nov. 28, 1888	Dec., 1922	Died August 20, 1923 at Melur.
115	Mrs. Harriet A. Gurnee Van Allen	Nov. 28, 1888	June 5, 1911	Died in Madura June 5, 1911.
116	Miss Mary R. Perkins	Nov. 28, 1888	Mar. 6, 1901	Came to keep house for her brother, James C. Perkins; appointed Jan. 24, 1899.
117	Rev. Robert Humphrey	Nov. 11, 1889	April 6, 1891	Died in 1926 or 1927.

118	Mrs. Olive Humphrey	Nov. 11, 1889	April 6, 1891	Died Jan., 1939 at Mattapoisett, Mass.
119	Rev. Henry Lincoln Bailey	Nov. 14, 1889	Oct. 1, 1890	
120	Mrs. Nellie Clute Bailey	Nov. 14, 1889	Oct. 1, 1890	
121	Rev. Franklin Elsworth Jeffery	Oct. 28, 1890	Feb. 28, 1921	Died Aug. 4, 1924 at Lorain, Ohio.
122	Mrs. Capitola Maud Berggren Jeffery	Oct. 28, 1890	Feb. 28, 1921	Died July 20, 1928 at Oberlin, Ohio.
123	Howard M. Stutson	Jan. 16, 1891	April, 1894	Died in Baraboo, Wis., June 18, 1910. Not under full appointment.
124	Rev. Willis P. Elwood	Jan. 7, 1892	Jan. 11, 1927	Died in America, 1943.
125	Mrs. Agnes A. Elwood	Jan. 7, 1892	Jan. 11, 1927	Died May 7, 1943 at Columbus, S. C.
126	Rev. George W. Wright	Jan. 7, 1892	Mar., 1896	Died in Cleveland, Ohio, 1899.
127	Rev. Edward Payson Holton	Jan. 3, 1892	Nov. 15, 1927	Married Miss Sears in Amherst Aug. 7, 1894. Died in Newburyport, Mass., June 19, 1934.
(134)	Mrs. Gertrude Mimie Sears Holton	Nov. 4, 1894	Nov. 15, 1927	
128	Miss Mary Tucker Noyes	Sept. 12, 1892	Jan. 14, 1931	Died in Madura Jan. 14, 1931.
129	Rev. Charles Stanley Vaughan	Oct. 11, 1893	Jan. 30, 1934	Married Dr. Harriet Parker May 24, 1924 at Neutral Saddle, India. Died at Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 28, 1936.
130	Mrs. Martha Ella Vaughan	Oct. 11, 1893	Dec. 23, 1922	Died Dec. 23, 1922 at Manamadura.
(135)	Mrs. Harriet Eliza Parker Vaughan	Nov. 15, 1895	Jan. 30, 1934	Died in Madura Feb. 27, at Parker Vaughan Home.
131	Miss Ella Samson	Oct. 11, 1893	Aug. 1, 1895	

132	Miss Lydia Gertrude Barker	Dec. 16, 1893	Mar. 6, 1901	
133	Rev. William Michael Zumbro	Nov. 3, 1894	Oct. 17, 1922	Married Miss Hyde at Yantic, Ct., Nov. 13, 1907. Died in Madura Oct. 17, 1922.
(153)	Mrs. Harriet Stuart Hyde Zumbro	Jan. 3, 1908	Jan. 2, 1923	Died Sept. 3, 1958 at Norwich, Conn.
134	Mrs. Gertrude Mimie Sears Holton	(See No. 127)		
135	Miss Harriet Eliza Parker, M.D.	(See No. 129)		
136	Mrs. Susan R. Kistler Chester	(See No. 61)		
137	Rev. William Wood Wallace	Aug. 15, 1897	Sept. 30, 1936	Died June 21, 1945, in Bridgewater, Conn.
138	Mrs. Genevieve Sanford Wallace	Aug. 15, 1897	Sept. 30, 1936	
139	Mlle. Zeline Eugenie Cronier	Nov. 15, 1897	Jan. 14, 1912	Died Jan. 14, 1912 in Madura aged 63. Not under full appointment.
140	Miss Helen Elizabeth Chandler	Nov. 22, 1899	April 19, 1911	Married Rev. I. Cannady in Madura.
141	Rev. George Sherwood Eddy	1900	Mar., 1911	
142	Mrs. Maud Arden Eddy	1900	Mar., 1911	
143	Miss Agnes Russell	July 3, 1901	Aug. 8, 1906	Under local appointment. Married Rev. W. A. Sanford in Madura.
144	Rev. John J. Banninga	Dec. 10, 1901	April 15, 1942	In service in Mesopotamia Sept. to Dec., 1918.
145	Mrs. Mary Damson Banninga	Dec. 10, 1901	April 15, 1942	Died May, 1949 in Claremont, Calif.
146	Miss Annie Young, M.D.	1902	1903	

147	Miss Catherine Sarah Quickenden	Jan. 1903	July, 1932	Not under full appointment until Nov. 27, 1906. Died in England Feb. 5, 1953.
148	Rev. John X Miller	Dec. 8, 1903	Mar. 31, 1932	In service in Mesopotamia Sept. to Dec., 1918. Married Miss Martha Van Allen April 1, 1924 in Madura. Died in Coonoor April 6, 1951.
149	Mrs. Margaret Jane Young Miller	Dec. 8, 1903	Oct. 9, 1923	Died in Pasumalai, Oct. 9, 1923.
(190)	Mrs. Martha Montague Van Allen Miller	Sept. 29, 1918	Mar. 31, 1932	
150	Mrs. Lucy Perkins (See No. 105)			
151	Miss Kathleen Florence Tremenheere	June 18, 1907	Aug. 31, 1933	Not under full appointment.
152	Miss Margaret E. Bishop	Oct. 7, 1907	Dec., 1909	
153	Mrs. Harriet Hyde Zumbro (See No. 133)			
154	Miss Gertrude Ethel Chandler	May 10, 1908	Dec. 31, 1955	From 1908 to 1924, Capron Hall, to 1929, St. Christopher's Training College, Madras, Kindergarten Department. 1929 to 1948, Women's Work, Madura. Died in Auburndale, May 14, 1960.
155	Rev. Burleigh Voorhees Mathews	Nov. 26, 1908	Sept. 13, 1924	Married Miss Carroll in Pasumalai Dec. 13, 1910. Died Nov. 13, 1957.
(157)	Mrs. L. Pearl Carroll Mathews	Dec. 14, 1910	Sept. 13, 1924	Died 1957.

156	Rev. Lawrence Clement Powers	Oct. 10, 1910	Mar. 3, 1916	Died of cholera, March 3, 1916.
157	Mrs. L. Pearl Carroll Mathews	(See No. 155)		
158	Miss Zada Aurelia Curtiss	June 5, 1911		
159	John Wistar Stanley	Aug. 4, 1911	April 12, 1914	
160	James Hoy Lawson	Oct. 4, 1911	June 21, 1945	Died Sept. 16, 1957 in Concord, Calif.
161	Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Jones Lawson	Oct. 4, 1911	June 21, 1945	
162	Miss Gwen Margaret Jones	Oct. 4, 1911	July 23, 1914	
163	Miss Katherine B. Scott, M.D.	Oct. 4, 1911	May 18, 1928	In Vellore Dec. 1920 to May 1924 and July 18, 1925 to May, 1928.
164	Rev. Lyman Curtis Guise	Mar. 24, 1912	Mar. 24, 1943	
165	Mrs. Nettie Bradley Guise	Mar. 24, 1912	July 13, 1931	
166	Edgar Martin Flint	July 5, 1913	June 30, 1951	Died in Madura June 30, 1951.
167	Mrs. Susanna Quale Flint	July 5, 1913	Aug. 14, 1951	
168	Rev. Albert James Saunders	Sept. 12, 1913	Mar., 1944	Died July 29, 1958, in Melbourne.
169	Mrs. Jessie Moysay Saunders	Sept. 12, 1913	Mar., 1944	
170	Rev. Azel Anson Martin	June 17, 1915	Feb. 26, 1953	Married Miss Emma Webb Oct. 3, 1916.
(179)	Mrs. Emma Webb Martin	Sept. 26, 1916	Feb. 26, 1953	
171	Rev. James Milton Hess	July 6, 1915	Mar. 2, 1952	In Japan Jan. 28, 1916 to Feb. 5, 1920.
172	Mrs. Mildred Waldo Hess	July 6, 1915	Mar. 2, 1952	In Japan from Jan. 28, 1916 to Feb. 5, 1920.
173	Lloyd Louis Lorbeer	Nov. 9, 1915	Mar. 11, 1957	Married Miss Olive Lydia Nelson Feb. 9, 1953, in Bombay.

174	Mrs. Elva Henry Lorbeer	Nov. 9, 1915	Dec. 3, 1951	Died Dec. 3, 1951 in Pasumalai.
(242)	Mrs. Olive L. Nelson Lorbeer, R.N.	Aug. 14, 1933	Mar. 11, 1957	Left Aug. 1, 1943 and returned Feb. 9, 1953, to marry Mr. Lorbeer.
175	Miss Katie Wilcox	Dec. 11, 1915	1960	First to fly, London to Paris, 1923.
176	Miss Mable Leonard Chase	Dec. 11, 1915	Nov. 20, 1916	Died in Mandapasalai Hospital, Nov. 20, 1916.
177	Rev. Harold Cooper	Feb. 17, 1916	May 2, 1920	Died July 24, 1947 in Marion, Ind.
178	Mrs. Harriet S. Cooper	Feb. 17, 1916	May 2, 1920	
179	Miss Emma Webb	(See No. 170)		
180	Julius S. Bixler	Sept. 26, 1916	1917	Came for one year in the American College.
181	Miss Edith Marixon Coon	Sept. 30, 1916	June 1, 1939	Vice Principal of Women's Christian College, Madras. Died in Kandy, Ceylon, June 1, 1939.
182	Aralsey Ferguson	Sept. 26, 1916	1917	Came for one year.
183	Rev. Edward Louis Nolting	Sept. 26, 1916	April 16, 1953	In Santo Tomas Internment Camp, Manila from Jan. 5, 1942 to Feb. 5, 1945. Returned to the Missio n July 5, 1946.
184	Mrs. Eda Rosina Witt Nolting (Rosalie)	Sept. 26, 1916	April 16, 1953	Note as for No. 183.
185	Miss Mary Pauline Jeffery, M.D.	Sept. 24, 1917	1934	Came for 3 years to Capron Hall. Returned Nov. 18, 1926 as M.D. for work in Vellore Women's Medical

				College. Since 1934 in Medical Fellowship Hospital in Kotagiri, Nilgiri Hills.
186	Miss Bertha Keeler Smith	Dec. 8, 1917	June 30, 1961	Bible Women's work. Retired to Kotagiri, Nilgiri Hills.
187	Rev. Emmons Eaton White	Dec. 10, 1917	1957	Retrenchment by the Board caused absence from Nov. 1934 to Nov. 1937.
188	Mrs. Ruth Esther Parker White	Dec. 10, 1917	1957	As note No. 187.
189	Miss Mary Mathews Rogers, R.N.	Sept. 28, 1918	May 21, 1926	
190	Miss Martha Montague Van Allen			(See No. 148) From 1918 to 1924 in Capron Hall.
191	Rev. Raymond Augur Dudley	Nov. 26, 1919	April 23, 1943	
192	Mrs. Katherine Ellen Clark Dudley	Nov. 26, 1919	April 23, 1943	
193	Miss Evelyn Rider, M.D.	Mar. 13, 1921	Fall, 1922	Went to Uduvil, Ceylon.
194	Edward Wheeler Wilder, M.D.	Nov. 29, 1921	Sept. 8, 1961	Married Miss Wyman Jan. 15, 1923 in Madura. From Oct. 20, 1947 Secretary of the Christian Medical Association, residence in Nagpur.
195	Mrs. Harriet Minerva Wyman Wilder	Dec. 1, 1921	Sept. 8, 1961	From Dec. 3, 1949, residence in Nagpur.
196	Rev. James Henry Dickson	Aug. 29, 1922	July 11, 1934	Came from the Jaffna Mission to work in the Basel Mission, Calicut. In Pasumalai Trade School from 1924 to 1934. Died Sept. 26, 1937 in Bangalore.

197	Mrs. Frances Adelia Hale Dickson	Aug. 29, 1922	July 11, 1934	Died in May, 1944 in Bangalore.
198	Rev. Clarence E. Wolsted	Sept. 27, 1922	June 6, 1936	
199	Mrs. Mabel Ewen Wolsted	Sept. 27, 1922	June 6, 1936	
200	Miss Alice M. Vogt Sept., 1923	Sept. 1923	1924	Came from Ceylon to work in Capron Hall until Miss Wilcox recovered.
201	Miss Ellen Schmotin, M.D.	Oct. 18, 1923	Sept. 24, 1927	
202	Rev. Bryan Sewell Stoffer	Nov. 21, 1923	May 11, 1935	Principal of Washburn University, Topeka, Kansas. Died there March 19, 1961.
203	Mrs. Frieda Elizabeth Price Stoffer	Nov. 21, 1923	May 11, 1935	
204	Miss Hattie May Brown	July 30, 1924	Sept. 2, 1926	Capron Hall. Left for Aleppo.
205	Miss Lila Fern Wyman	Sept. 5, 1924	Mar. 2, 1925	
206	Miss Florence T. Swan	Oct. 17, 1924	1929	Left for Scutari.
207	Miss Grace Margaret Rood, R.N.	Nov. 17, 1924	April, 1930	
208	Horace Stuart Thomas M.B., B.S.	1924	1957	Internship in Albert Victor Hospital, returned on full appointment Mar. 14, 1929, to W.F.P.M. Hospital, then to Kodaikanal Hospital and School.
(225)	Mrs. Sarah Marion Thomas	Mar. 14, 1929	1957	
209	Miss Evelyn Lorbeer, R.N.	Jan. 23, 1923	1927	
210	Miss Pennington, M.D.	Sept. 15, 1924	Nov. 30, 1925	
211	Rev. Ralph Richard Keithahn	Nov. 18, 1925		Returned to America July 8, 1930 on Government insistence by order of the Dis-

				trict Collector that the Mission disassociate itself from him. Married Miss McKie Feb. 24, 1931. Returned to Mission March 26, 1935. Family deported by Government order August, 1944. Returned June 11, 1947, under National Government.
(240)	Mrs. Mildred Winifred McKie Keithahn, M.D.	Mar. 26, 1935	Feb. 7, 1960	
212	Miss Juanita Ragsdale	Dec. 3, 1925	Dec. 18, 1928	
213	Miss Florence T. Young	1926	Feb. 11, 1927	Women's work.
214	Miss Maria Korchagina, M.D.	Feb. 11, 1926	Feb. 11, 1927	Transferred to Marathi Mission.
215	Miss Anna M. Otto, M.D.	Feb. 10, 1927	May 31, 1932	Went to Kodaikanal Hospital, then to Niagara Falls.
216	Rev. Charles Winthrop Miller	Mar. 1927	April, 1930	Pasumalai.
217	Mrs. Edith Gates Miller	Mar. 1927	April, 1930	
218	Miss Jennie Mae DeForrest	Oct. 20, 1927	Oct. 1, 1928	Became a Roman Catholic, took the veil and was sent into educational work.
219	Edson Clark Lockwood	Nov. 15, 1927	1936	Married Miss Patton Dec. 8, 1928. Worked in the American College and went to Jaffna college in 1936.
(221)	Mrs. Dorothy Frink Patton Lockwood	Dec. 2, 1928	1936	
220	Miss Isabella Mary Roberts, M.D.	Jan. 25, 1928	Aug. 1, 1943	

221	Miss Dorothy Frink Patton (See No. 219)			
222	Miss Joan Van der Spek	Dec. 18, 1928	April 6, 1931	Women's work.
223	Rev. Max Hunter Harrison	Jan. 22, 1929	1958	From Jaffna Mission. Left for work in Bangalore Theological Seminary, 1931.
224	Mrs. Minnie Hastings Harrison	Jan. 29, 1929	1958	
225	Mrs. Sarah Marion Hare Thomas (See No. 208)			
226	Miss Helen Louise Gaylord	April 7, 1930	Aug. 19, 1931	Married Mr. James Doak.
227	Miss Abbe Wallace	Sept. 15, 1930	Sept. 13, 1938	Married Mr. Jock Stewart.
228	Miss Genevieve Wallace	Sept. 15, 1930	April, 1934	Married Mr. Jack Marshall.
229	Miss Lucille Lee, R.N.	Oct. 27, 1930	Jan. 22, 1934	
230	Miss Dorothy Blanke, R.N.	Nov. 27, 1930	Feb. 24, 1931	
231	Rev. Edward Genung Nichols	Jan. 2, 1931	May 9, 1953	From Jaffna Mission.
232	Mrs. Grace Mary Vining Nichols	Jan. 2, 1931	May 9, 1953	From Jaffna Mission.
233	Miss Betty Taylor, R.N.	Oct. 27, 1931	Jan., 1937	
234	Miss Margaret Katherine Hardeman	Oct. 27, 1931	Aug. 1, 1943	Capron Hall, returned Jan. 15, 1938 with R.N. to work in Women's Hospital.
235	Miss Hilda Smith, M.D.	1933	May, 1937	Women's Hospital.
236	Miss Olive Lydia Nelson, R.N.	(See No. 173)		
237	Miss Margaret Lawson	June 19, 1934	July 1, 1936	In St. Christopher's College, Madras.
238	Miss Pearl Gibbs	Aug. 4, 1934	Mar. 25, 1935	Capron Hall.
239	Miss Olive Moses	Aug. 4, 1934		Capron Hall.

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